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Feb. 12, 1872.

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From no one, perhaps, in the whole catalogue of the Fathers, do we learn these lessons with greater clearness than from the great Bishop of Milan, whose name stands at the head of this paper; who, from the prominent position which he was called upon to fill before the world, amid vicissitudes the most extraordinary and in face of difficulties and duties the most opposite and the most grave, has been enabled to leave us a typical picture, singular in its completeness, of the spirit of the Church which he represented, applying to a number of the most momentous questions, and showing to the eyes of the world how all the imaginings of philosophers are eclipsed by the realities

of Christianity. There is no one, moreover, who was called on to speak more unflinchingly on questions which have a living interest for us in our day too, upon the mutual relations of the spiritual and the temporal—whether they happen to stand towards each other as open enemies, or as seeming friends; and while none was ever more rigidly dogmatic, more intolerant of error, or of concession, none also more conspicuously and more unmistakeably exhibited a large, a generous, and a practical philanthropy; and to none, while seeking with all his earnestness in the first place God's kingdom and His justice, was it more markedly given in addition to prove himself even temporally a benefactor of his kind, whose deeds outshine those of men who profess their whole aim to be such benefactors.

The times in which Ambrose was called to play so high a part were such as to enhance tenfold the difficulties which it must always and everywhere present. The Church had found, in the converted Cæsars, friends frequently more dangerous than were the open enemies who had persecuted her. Men in whom it had to be noted as a stretch of generosity that they refused to be honoured as gods, even when entreated by a servile senate to permit themselves so to be; who knew that their predecessors had claimed omnipotence, and that there was no earthly power to hinder themselves from trying to exercise it; who were forced, by the very instability of the eminence on which they stood, to be violent and energetic, and to make the world feel that they were in truth its masters—men such as these were prone to think that the condescension was theirs when they made friends with the Church, that they did her a mighty favour when they deigned to lend their august minds to the consideration of her controversies, and that she ought, even in matters of dogma, to submit only too thankfully to their imperial award. At the moment when Ambrose received the burden of the episcopate, the evils of Cæsarism were conspicuously manifested both in East and West. In the East, Valens had declared for the Arians, and brought on the Church all the troubles which an imperial heretic can bring; making bitter the last years of Athanasius and installing in his chair a worthless successor, attempting to bully and browbeat Basil of Cæsarea, putting to death the Catholic deputies of Constantinople who dared to ask him for a Catholic Patriarch, and on every occasion making violence and cruelty do duty for what he lacked in firmness and in strength. In the West, if things were not actually so bad for the Church, it might be said that the evil

was, in a different and truer sense than is usually attributed to the much used phrase, conspicuous by its absence. Valentinian was a Catholic, and moreover, with rare moderation, he declined to use his civil power in matters ecclesiastical; but a mind at all acquainted with his character cannot help reflecting that if he had chosen to be otherwise he would have been a persecutor beside whom his brother would have paled. The prince who could have a page beaten to death for being too frightened to manage a hound, who could order a groom's arm to be cut off for not hindering a horse from prancing, who could send an artizan to execution because a breastplate was an ounce or two short of weight, and who could keep pet bears in his palace to feed on the flesh of his victims, had plainly qualities which might easily have made him a far more formidable plague of the Church than was the more timorous Valens.

It was in an age when the peace of the world depended on the whim of men like these, that the disunited flock of Milan resolved to convert Ambrose, their civil governor, into their bishop. Catholics and Arians had been emulously clamouring for a pastor, each of their own creed; but all were united with enthusiastic unanimity when his name was mentioned. In the midst of hubbub and tumult so great as to have called him in his official capacity to quell it, the clamorous partizans having been hushed up for a moment by his presence, a child's voice from the midst of the throng that filled the great Basilica, had, on a sudden, been heard to cry, "Ambrose is the Bishop;" and this nomination of a layman—nay, of a catechumen, who not only was in no sense a churchman, but had not yet even been baptized into the Church—had silenced all contention and satisfied every heart except his who was the object of it. And so he was swept away, protesting and resisting with all his might, declaring his unfitness and trying to destroy his character, having prisoners put to the torture that he might seem cruel, and using a still more extravagant expedient that he might be thought unchaste—but all in vain. The people knew their man, and had made up their minds to have him, and so, as they saw the criminals laid on the rack, or the bad characters brought to his house, they only replied by the cry, "On us be thy sin." At last, flight having been tried and having failed, the Emperor having consented to lose the service of his officer, and no possible excuse being left to urge, the Saint accepted the situation, and showed that if he became bishop by compulsion, he did not

therefore hold himself excused from that change of habits and character which was needed for the due fulfilment of the sacred office. There is something like our own St. Thomas à Becket in this part of the history of St. Ambrose. They had been alike successful and glorious in their worldly career, in the midst of which they had both kept free from the faults of worldlings; alike they were forced into the episcopate, and with equal thoroughness did they accept the necessities and the duties of the new office. They had both also in the sequel to make a stand for the rights of the Church against the encroachments of the State, though the Archbishop of Milan had to make in will only that last sacrifice which was demanded in deed from his brother of Canterbury.

We know from our Saint's words and deeds alike how he thought and felt of his new character and its duties. "Lord Jesus," he cries,* "how should it be said of me, 'Many sins are forgiven him, for that he hath loved much?' I own that my debt was more grievous, that more was remitted to me, who was called from the wranglings of the courts and the unenviable execution of public justice, to Thy priesthood; and therefore do I fear lest I should be found ungrateful in loving less when I have had more forgiven." Nor did he stop at words. He hastened to shape himself in earnest after the counsels of the Gospel. His personal property—his gold and silver, says his deacon, Paulinus—he bestowed on the poor; his lands on the Church, making his sister tenant for life. He next formed himself and his clergy into a sort of religious house, where no employment was to find place but the love and service of God, for he thought that though a priest was called to dwell before the eyes of the world, and not in a desert-hut like a monk, he was no less bound than was the latter to a hard and toilsome existence; "for the life of the one," he says, "is spent in the arena, the other in his grotto; the one in combating the tumults of the world, the other the lusts of the flesh; the one subdues bodily delight, the other flees it; the one life is more meritorious, the other more secure; but each alike renounces itself that it may belong to Christ."† In accordance with this programme, he devoted himself body and soul to the service of God and of his flock. Not to go into all the holy particulars of his self-sanctification, his days of fasting and nights of prayer, his tears for his offences, and his pilgrimages to beg grace and strength

* *De Penitentia*, ii., 8.

† *Epist.* lxiii.

at the tombs of the martyrs, we may well find in the external side of his life, with which alone we can at present attempt to deal, the model of a Christian pastor who treads resolutely in the steps of the Good Shepherd. On every Sunday and holiday (which latter category included the feasts of martyrs), and throughout the whole of Lent, he mounted the marble pulpit of his Basilica to break the bread of the Word to his people, his lips ministering, as his great convert, St. Augustine, declares,* "unto the people of the Lord the fat of His wheat, the gladness of His oil, and the chaste inebriation of His wine." Nor was it in the Church alone that his subjects pressed around him. Every day, and at all hours, as the same authority tells us,† crowds besieged him with petitions or grievances, or to ask advice, and to all he gave his attention and his aid. And when he found a moment to himself, he set himself to study—"reading with the eye only, and searching after the meaning in his heart, while his voice and tongue were quiet;" and as there was no hindrance ever put upon any one walking in upon him when he would, and no necessity for a visitor to be announced, it often happened that his disciple and friend came in and found him thus employed, so intent on the page before him as to be unaware of the others presence, who was able, unperceived, to slip away again, unwilling to break in upon that hard earned leisure.

His studies were devoted to those matters a full knowledge of which was necessary in his position in those days of dogmatic controversy, matters with which his life previous to the episcopate had made him but little acquainted, so that, as he himself complained,‡ he had to become a teacher without having ever been a scholar. To Scripture accordingly, and to the Fathers of the earlier Church, he devoted his attention, as also to the writings of his great contemporary, Basil of Cæsarea, and what his earnestness and labour in this direction must have been his position in the Church attests. In his audiences with his people he had to play a no less difficult and delicate part. The civil power in those days was, we know, anything but parental, the administration of the laws anything but what it should have been, and not unnaturally it came to pass that the people, ground down by highhanded and corrupt magistrates, feared to have recourse to them in any circumstances, and turned instead to the new dignitaries whom the triumph of

* *Confess.*, v., 13. † *Confess.*, vi., 3. ‡ *De Offic. Min.*, i., 1—4.

Christianity had placed in every town on an elevation not less conspicuous than that of the prætor or prefect. In the case of all bishops, speaking broadly, this sort of jurisdiction—at first not sanctioned by force of any law, but in some way approved by Constantine and afterwards legalized by Arcadius—seems to have obtained, but Ambrose, who was known as a singularly just and equitable magistrate before his elevation to the sacred office, came to exercise it in a more marked manner than his brethren. But while his time and his counsel were at the service of all, he would neither himself forget nor suffer others to forget that it was as a priest of the living God that he acted, and that no business should be handled by him that was repugnant to his character. "A priest ought," he tells his clergy,* "to be of harm to none and of good to all; if one cannot be benefited without another being hurt, it is better to assist neither than to aggrieve one. And so a priest should not mix in money matters, in which it cannot be but that the loser shall often take offence, imputing his loss to the arbitrator. A priest should thus desire to do good to all; to succeed in doing so belongs to God alone. In a criminal case, to bring injury on him whom you should help in his necessity is gravely sinful; in a question of money, to expose yourself to odium is the part of folly." With equal care did our Saint shun all interference in match making; he never would persuade any one to serve in the army, nor would he recommend any one to a place at Court. The exception often proves the rule, and what we learn of one instance in which he overstepped his usual practice as to money matters, best illustrates the spirit in which he always regarded them. A brother bishop, Marcellus, had made over his lands to the Church, making his unmarried sister tenant for life. His brother Lætus contested the arrangement, and it seemed likely that, in the process of litigation, the property would melt away. Then Ambrose, "thinking it unfitting that a prefect should sit in judgment on a bishop," consented to arbitrate. And what was his award? He himself tells Marcellus†—"I knew that if I decided for you, he (your brother) might refuse to agree; if I gave my verdict for him, your opposition and that of your holy sister would cease. . . . I thought that I should follow such a course that none should lose, but all should gain. I have succeeded; you are all gainers—in brotherly love, in the bonds of nature, in conformity

* *De Offic. Min.*, iii., 9.† *Epist.* lxxii.

to Scripture. But you may think yourself injured for having been deprived of your right and having lost your money. In truth, for priests the losses of this world are better than its gains. . . . I have decided that Lætus shall have the land, and shall provide his sister yearly with a fixed amount of oil, corn, and wine. . . . You are therefore all gainers; Lætus in having possession of the land, your sister in having a yearly revenue without litigation or wrangling, and yourself more gloriously than all in having conferred on both of them the benefaction you intended for one. And for the Church, she loses nothing where there is gain of right feeling, for charity is no injury to Christ, but His greatest gain. . . . And fear not lest the Church should have no share in your liberality. She also possesses your fruits, and your best fruits—the fruits of your learning, the riches of your life, the fertility of your doctrine. She does not care for temporal benefactions while she has these that are eternal."

Leaving this typical example to indicate the character of others, which time and space preclude us from recounting, we must pass on to those more public scenes in which the Saint was called to figure, and the more striking—we would not say grander—parts which he was forced to play before the world. Here again we must be content with the slightest indication of the various lights in which his greatness and sanctity shone forth; or rather, while we can in no instance do more than indicate, in many we cannot even do so much, and must be content with touching on what seems best to give some notion of what he was, and best to serve as encouragement and example for ourselves. We are not attempting to write a life, so we shall not tie our narrative to chronology, but shall arrange the events to be noticed rather by the character in which they caused him to appear than by the order in which they happened to occur.

We have seen that in the service—even the temporal service—of his flock, Ambrose was ready and willing to expend his labour and his time. He did not hesitate, in the same good cause, to face even graver forms of trouble. Valentinian the First was a prince whose path it was not altogether safe to cross. His great qualities were tarnished by brutal severity, often exercised in defiance of all justice, and his maxim, that without harshness there could be no law or order, was eagerly caught up by his lieutenants, who proved by their performances

that at least the presence of the one did not always ensure that of the others. Against some of these excesses Ambrose undertook to protest to the Cæsar himself, and though the words in which he did so have not come down to us, we learn their tenour from the imperial reply. "I was already aware," says Valentinian, "of your freedom of speech."* The said freedom, however, he took in wonderfully good part; reminded the Saint that in spite of it he had approved his elevation, and begged him to continue to apply the same salutary medicine to the evils of the imperial soul.

But the violent and powerful Emperor passed away; and the Goths, admitted by the folly of his brother into the Empire, not only overwhelmed with misery that prince himself and his dominions in the East, but swept in the West even to the confines of Italy. Amid the woes and afflictions which they brought in their train, Ambrose found occasion to prove, in a memorable manner, how sincere was his attachment to his spiritual children, and his neglect of the goods of this world. A vast number of captives had fallen into the hands of the barbarians, at whose hands they experienced the most brutal treatment, and were exposed to the greatest evils alike of body and of soul. The story of their sad case reached Milan, where it caused pity and consternation in the minds of all. The holy Bishop heard of it, and his active practical charity would not allow him to remain content with unavailing sentiments. His church was rich; it had much valuable plate, the gift of Emperors and the wealthy faithful. Not content to expend what money he still possessed on their behalf, he, on his own responsibility—it is particularly noted that, contrary to his custom, he did not consult his clergy—broke up first such of the vessels as had not yet been hallowed by use in the sacred mysteries, then, finding the metal so obtained was insufficient for his purpose, he treated in like manner some of those which had been so employed;† then melting the gold into ingots, he sent off ambassadors provided with them, who brought back a goodly number of ransomed captives. But the boldness of the deed, and its strangeness,‡ furnished a handle to the Saint's enemies—and there was a strong Arian party at Milan—

* Theodor., *H. E.*, iv., 8, 9.

† This is not stated explicitly, but seems clear from the words of the Saint's apology quoted below.

‡ The like had, however, been done in similar circumstances by St. Cyril.

who murmured against what they styled this unbecoming employment of God's property. But mounting the pulpit, he justified his act in this glorious apology: "Who is so hard, so cruel, so stony-hearted as to begrudge the rescue of men from death, of women from insults worse than death, of children from the worship of idols to which they were driven by their fears? . . . The Church has gold not for the sake of keeping it, but of using it! What is the good of hoarding that which is of no use? . . . Would not the Lord have asked, 'Why suffer so many to die for want of food? Thou hadst gold, thou mightst have provided them with sustenance. Why were so many led unransomed to slavery or death? It were better to have preserved my living vessels than those of metal.' And what answer could I have made thereto? Could I say, 'I feared, O Lord, that Thy temple should lack adornment?' The Sacraments need no gold, they are not enhanced by it, as they cannot be bought. But the redeeming of captives is their adornment. Truly those are precious vessels which redeem souls from death. That is the true treasure of the Lord which works that which His own Blood worked; then do we see that a vessel is worthy of the Lord's Blood when in each we see redemption, in the one from slavery, in the other from sin. How beautiful that it should be said of the line of captives ransomed by the Church, 'These hath Christ ransomed!' Here is gold that we may esteem; gold that is of value, gold that is Christ's, which ransoms modesty and preserves purity. . . . I see that the Blood of Christ poured upon it has not empurpled it merely, but endowed it with the power of redemption."*

Tender as the heart of Ambrose could show itself for the love of Christ, it could for the same love be stern and relentless. It was no mere philanthropy or human compassion which led him in such instances as that above, it was his duty to his Master, and for the sake of that duty he could no less put forth those qualities which an age careless of principle lightly stigmatizes as the stupid intolerance of the churchman. Believing with all his heart in a dogmatic creed, he did not find in the object of his belief that aridity and lifelessness which it is the fashion with some writers to consider that a faith pinned to dogma must always present. On the contrary, it was in the vividness with which he realized the truths of faith that he found courage and

* *De Offic. Min.*, ii., 28.

strength for his life of toil, just as we easily see that the tenderness of heart which prompted him to the ransom of the captives sprang out of the firm grasp he had of the doctrine of the Redemption.

The two great obstacles to the Catholic Church in the latter part of the fourth century were Paganism, not yet extinct, and the rampant Arian heresy. As for Paganism, it had continued still to leave its mark in one of the most conspicuous parts of the Roman world. The Senate, as a political assembly, might be but a shadow without substance, but the Senate House, was, for all that, a notable and official place. In this house the Pagans had contrived to keep up an altar to Victory, the most thoroughly Roman of all the gods, and though Constantine had caused it for a moment to be removed or veiled, yet either covertly in his reign, or openly in Julian's, it had found its way back, and in the official hall of an Empire officially Christian, sacrifices were still burnt and libations poured.

This altar the devout Gratian, the disciple and admirer of our Saint, caused to be definitively and finally removed; though we are not expressly told that in so doing he acted under the influence of Ambrose. The holy Bishop's undoubted influence was, however, employed to prevent the restoration of the odious shrine, and after his royal pupil's untimely death, the same influence was used to the same effect with the younger Valentinian, in words which will paint to us what was the Saint's idea of the positive relation of a monarch and a priest. The young prince had been well nigh overcome by the importunities of the Pagan party, and was minded to order the restoration of the altar. This is the manner in which the Bishop opposed the resolution.* "What answer will you make to God's priest when he says, 'The Church wants not your gift, for you have adorned with gifts the temple of the Gentiles?' The altar of Christ rejects your offering, for you have built an altar to idols; for to order is to do, and your signature is your handiwork. The Lord Christ refuses and disdains your service, who have done service for false gods, for He has told you, 'You cannot serve two masters.'" And so in like manner did he oppose with all his might the great Theodosius when he wished to force the Christians of Callinicus to rebuild a Jewish synagogue which they had destroyed. And when the same pious and powerful Emperor was at one moment inclined on grounds of policy to

* *Epist.* xvii.

allow the restoration of the odious altar in the Senate House, the Saint not only did not fear "to tell him to his face"* that he was wrong to entertain the thought, but when the prince still hesitated, and would not promise to follow his counsel, he retired, and did not seek his presence for several days, and, as himself relates, "the Emperor did not take it ill, for I acted not for my own gain, but for what profited his soul and mine."†

So again when the Emperor Eugenius, after the murder of the younger Valentinian by Arbogastes, came to Milan, having previously given some signs of indulgence to Paganism to gain its followers to his cause, Ambrose left the city, and would not even see him; and let him know the reason of this conduct in no ambiguous terms‡—"To the most clement Emperor Eugenius, Ambrose the Bishop. The cause of my going was the fear of the Lord, for my practice is to direct all my acts, as far as in me lies, to Him, never to turn my mind away from Him, and never to make more account of the favour of any man than of the grace of Christ. I do injury to no one if I put God before all; and, trusting in Him, I do not fear to tell you Emperors what, for my poor part, I think; and so what I have not been silent on before other Emperors I will not be silent on to you. . . . Although imperial power be great, take thought, O Emperor, how much greater is God. He sees the heart, He questions the inmost conscience, He knows all things before they come about. How will you offer your gift to Christ? Although you are an Emperor, you ought still more to be the subject of God."

As to the Arian faction, it had—as a still more dangerous enemy—to encounter his more vehement opposition; and in this contest he had the most marked occasion to show that he was that "just and steadfast" man, the even tenour of whose mind circumstances could not affect. At the very time when the heresy was well nigh stamped out in the East, which had been its stronghold, partly by the Council of Constantinople and partly by the civil action of Theodosius, it found occasion for a temporary official triumph in the West. Valentinian the First and his son Gratian had been firm Catholics. Valentinian

* *Epist.* lvii.

† *Ibid.*

‡ It is hardly needful to remark that the title "Clementissimus" was a formula prefixed as a thing of course to every Emperor's name, and in no way implied the private view of him who employed it.

the Second began life under his mother's tutelage as a patron of Arianism, and it was during the short period of his residence at Milan that the holy Bishop was called upon to resist more openly than ever the encroachments of the civil power on the domain of Christ. The Arian party, which included many officers of the Court, having managed to procure a Bishop of their own sect to contest the see with Ambrose, went on to demand from him—the Emperor being their spokesman—the surrender of one of the Milanese churches for their use. At first it was for the Portian Basilica, outside the walls, that they asked; then for the larger or new Roman Basilica—otherwise the Ambrosian—within the walls: but for both equally they asked in vain. Seeking as we are, primarily, to know the man rather than to trace every circumstance of his life, there is no need to go through the history of the struggle, the fury of the Court against him, and the enthusiasm of his people in his behalf; the plots and expedients of Justina and her crew, the projects to kidnap him, the chariot prepared and harnessed and kept near the church to whirl him away on the shortest notice if they could but get him out of sight of his faithful flock, the siege which he and his subjects endured in the Basilica, a one-sided siege, in which there was little or no resistance from inside, while the soldiers without would not suffer the Bishop's party to leave the sacred precincts for several days and nights—days and nights which Ambrose spent in introducing to the faithful around him the sacred chants which till then had not penetrated from the East, and which are still known by the name of Ambrosian. Suffice it to say that he triumphed, that he kept both his Basilicas, though throughout great part of the Holy Week one of them had been occupied in the Emperor's name by armed men. Rather, we would examine the mood in which he went through the combat, the motives of his action, and the sources of his strength. As before, he shall speak for himself.

And first as to the grounds of his obstinate refusal to consider the question of a surrender, he thus explains himself to Valentinian*—"Trouble not yourself, O Emperor, with the thought that as an emperor you have power over sacred things. Lift yourself not up, but as you would have your power endure, be God's subject. It is written, God's to God, and Cæsar's to Cæsar. The palace is the emperor's, the churches are the bishops'." And thus, again, he describes the matter to his sister†

* *Epist. xx.*† *Epist. xx.*

—“The captains and the counts came to me to get me to give up the Basilica and to take measures that no disturbance should be raised by the people. I replied according to the obligation of my order, that God’s temple could not be surrendered by His Priest. . . . If the Emperor should ask for what was my own, for my lands or my money, or anything of the like, I would not refuse, though my property in truth belongs to the poor; but what belongs to God the imperial power cannot touch. If you wish my patrimony, seize it; if my person, here I am. Would you cast me into chains, or lead me to death? I shall rejoice in it. I will not defend myself behind the rampart of my people, nor as a suppliant will I cling to the altar, but rather will I willingly be a sacrifice in behalf of the altar.” And thus, again, did he address his faithful flock in the midst of their common trouble*—“I see that you are disturbed beyond your wont, and more than usually your attention is on me. . . . Do you fear then that I shall desert the Church, and in anxiety for my own safety abandon you? But you might have known how I had spoken, and that I could not think of abandoning the Church, for I fear the Lord of all things more than the Emperor of this world. . . . Why, then, are ye disturbed? Never will I, of my own accord, abandon you; if force be used, I cannot resist. I may grieve, and weep, and sigh; against their arms, their soldiers, their Goths, tears shall be my weapons: these are the protection of a priest. Otherwise, I neither can, nor should resist. . . . I have answered their demands that I can give up nothing from God’s temple, which has been given me to keep and not to surrender; that in thus doing I look to the Emperor’s good as well; for it would be neither good for me to give nor for him to take it; for let him give ear to the free spoken words of a Priest, and shrink from this injury to Christ, if he would have things go well. . . . You remember what we read today, how holy Naboth when ordered by the King to give up his vineyard, made answer—‘God forbid that I should give thee the inheritance of my fathers.’ . . . If he would not give up his vineyard, shall we give up the Church of Christ? How then was my answer contumacious? when I said, ‘Far be it from me to give up the heritage of Christ! And,’ as I added, ‘the heritage of my Fathers, the heritage of Denis who died in exile for the faith, the heritage of Eustorgius who confessed it, the heritage of Myrcles, and all the other bishops that have gone

* *Serm. contra Auxentium de Basilicis tradendis.*

before.' I have answered as a Priest, let him act as an Emperor. But sooner shall he touch my life than my faith. And to whom am I asked to give it up? . . . To the support of that synod's doctrine* which has called the Lord a creature."

But in the midst of the struggle he received comfort and encouragement from a source that is eloquent as to the real temper of his soul. He was inspired to search a certain spot of ground near the tomb of the martyr, St. Nabor, in the confident hope of finding some fresh relics to place under the altar of his new Basilica. He was rewarded by finding the skeletons of St. Gervasius and St. Protasius.† A blind man was healed by the touch of the sacred relics, and the Catholics took heart at this manifest sign of the approval of heaven.‡ As for our Saint, he thus thanked his Master for the timely consolation—"I thank Thee, Lord Jesus, that Thou hast aroused in us the spirit of Thy holy martyrs, at this time when Thy Church hath need of Thy special help. Let all men know what manner of champions it is I want—such as can defend, but do not attack. These soldiers have I enlisted for thee, O holy people: soldiers who do good to all and harm to none. I fear no odium on their account, whose patronage I desire for those who grudge it to me. The Scriptures tell us that Eliseus, when hemmed in by the army of the Syrians, bade his frightened servant not to fear, 'for,' said he, 'there are more for us than against us;' and in proof he prayed the eyes of Giezi might be opened, and then he beheld standing by the prophet a mighty host of angels. So the Lord hath opened our eyes, and we see the defenders by whom we are guarded."

It need hardly be added after this, with what dignified scorn the Saint rejected the proposal of the youthful Cæsar, that he should submit his creed—as his rival, Auxentius, was, on his part, willing to submit his—to the judgment of the Emperor and other courtly arbitrators. "When did you ever hear," he

* The Council of Rimini.

† It is curious to note how short a period constituted antiquity in the ideas of the ancients, and how fixed was their persuasion of the constant degeneracy of the human race. St. Ambrose writing an account of this discovery to his sister, says—"Invenimus miræ magnitudinis viros duos, ut prisca ætas ferebat;" just as Virgil never doubted that the skeletons of Pharsalia and Philippi would strike awe into the husbandman of the future. "Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris."

‡ Even a Protestant like Dr. Cave feels bound to submit to the testimony which witnesses to this miracle. It is, however, no part of our object to pursue this question here.

says, "most clement Emperor, of a layman passing judgment on a bishop? . . . Who can deny that in questions of faith—of faith, I say—Bishops are wont to judge of Christian Emperors, not Emperors of Bishops. . . . Ambrose is not so precious as to dare for his own sake to degrade the priesthood."

But, as *Æsop* has told us, the sun is oftentimes more powerful to disarm than is a blustering tempest; and some men, rather than cross a friend, will relax that sternness which all the opposition of an enemy only makes them more determined to preserve. That Ambrose was superior to this temptation, also, we see from the history of his relations with the great Theodosius, a prince who most fully appreciated and honoured, both in word and deed, the consistency and fearlessness of the great Bishop, and whom the world would probably, therefore, have set down as a prieststridden and incapable prince, if he did not happen to be manifestly about the mightiest and most successful ruler whom the Roman world had found since Trajan. The story of the relations of Theodosius with our Saint is probably better known than any other part of the history of either; we shall therefore confine ourselves to the most cursory notice of its chief points.

When the Emperor, who had been allowed by the more courtly bishops of the East to take up a place in the sanctuary during the performance of the Holy Sacrifice, came to Milan, he never doubted that he should be allowed and expected to do the same there. Accordingly, on his first occasion of attending the Basilica, after, according to custom, going up to place his gift before the altar, he did not retire to the body of the church as did the others. Ambrose perceived this, and if we would understand the full dignity of his conduct, we should try to remember what was the position and what the power of the man who tacitly asked him for this mark of honour before the people. On the will of that man, humanly speaking, depended the safety of the Church throughout the world. He was Emperor of the East, which he had found a prey to barbarians, and which he had brought round to a state of prosperity and peace undreamed of for years. He had, moreover, just led a victorious army into the West, to suppress a usurper and restore the rightful sovereign. In this man was centered Ambrose's cherished hope of seeing the Empire saved and restored to the glories of its youth by the influence of the Church, and then, in its turn, aiding the Church to subdue all the nations of the

world. How many in such circumstances would have shut their eyes to what the Emperor was doing, and, rather than risk offending so necessary a patron, would have allowed him the small privilege which the Patriarch of Constantinople even pressed him to accept!

But Ambrose was not such a man. He sent his archdeacon to the monarch to ask him for what he was waiting inside the rails. The Emperor replied that he was waiting to assist at the sacred mysteries. And Ambrose answered,* "The sanctuary, O Emperor, is for Priests alone. . . . The purple makes Emperors, but not Priests." Theodosius submitted, and thereafter took a place without the rails; and when he returned to Constantinople he pursued the same course. The Patriarch Nectarius, observing this, sent to request him to remain, as had been his wont, within. "I have at last heard the truth," replied the prince; "I have at last met a bishop indeed, and that is Ambrose."

But still more wonderful, and also more generally known is the history of the penance of the same Emperor. He had in a fit of passion given orders, under pressure from his Minister, Rufinus, to chastise the turbulence of the Thessalonians by a massacre of the most cruel description. Ambrose had attempted before the event to counsel moderation, and had flattered himself that he would be heard, but when he found how things had really gone, he could not contain his grief and indignation. At first he thought it well to wait without taking action, in the hope that the Emperor might, in his more sober mood, recognize the greatness of the crime which he had committed under the influence of passion. When no sign of repentance appeared, he wrote to Theodosius. He explained his estrangement from Court and his silence, and set forth in his usual fashion the grounds on which he felt himself bound to speak. "Is it not written, 'If God's minister fail to speak to the sinner, the latter shall die in his sin; but he shall answer for not speaking.' . . . I thought it best to leave your own reflections to overcome your passion, instead of running the risk of increasing it by some public interference. So I made up my mind to be if anything rather wanting in what my office called for than in respect towards you, and that others might think me deficient in priestly vigour rather than that you should accuse my loyalty; so that you might be unhampered in coming to a right mind."

* Theodoret, *H. E.*, v., 18.

. . . A deed has been done at Thessalonica which has no precedent . . . Are you ashamed to act as David acted? who confessed, 'I have sinned before the Lord.' Do not you, then, O Emperor, take it ill if it be said to you, 'What the Prophet told David, that you have done.' For if you will hearken duly, and will say, 'I have sinned before the Lord,' that also shall be said to you, 'For that thou hast repented, the Lord taketh away thy sin, and thou shalt not perish.'"

This letter did not produce the hoped for effect, and Ambrose was called on to speak more plainly by action. On the next occasion when the Emperor came to the Basilica, he found the way blocked at the porch by the resolute Archbishop. "You seem to be unaware, O Emperor," he cried, "of the gravity of the massacre which you have caused; and even now, when your passion is cooled, your reason does not recognize your crime. 'Perchance imperial power blinds you, but you might know the frailty of your being and the ancestral dust from which we all are sprung, and to which we all must again return. You rule those who are of a nature like your own—who are your fellow slaves. There is but one King and Lord of all—He Who made us all. With what eyes, then, will you look on the temple of our common Lord? With what feet will you tread the sacred threshold? How will you raise up your hands, still reeking with unjust slaughter? How will you receive in those hands the Body of the Lord? How will you approach His precious Blood to your mouth, which in its fury has shed so much blood unjustly? Begone hence; add not a fresh crime to your old one. Submit to the bonds with which the Lord of all would have you bound—it will be a medicine to cure your soul.'*" The Emperor, recalled by this bold admonition to a better mind, returned to his palace sighing and weeping, for, says the historian, bred as he was in the discipline of the faith, he knew what belonged to the priest and what to the prince. During eight months he abstained from attempting again to enter the sacred building, but yet he took no active means to restore himself to the communion of the Church. The feast of Christmas came, and the unprincipled Rufinus found his royal master in tears, and on asking their cause, was answered—"Slaves and beggars may freely enter the church to join in prayer, but against me the gates of heaven are shut; for well I know that the Lord has

* Theod., *H. E.*, v.

plainly said—"Whomsoever ye bind shall be bound in heaven." The Minister undertook to hasten to the Bishop, and to persuade him to revoke his sentence. The Emperor warned him that the attempt would fail, "for," said he, "I know what manner of man he is;" but at last, overcome by the other's importunity, he not only allowed him to go off to make the attempt, but, hoping against hope that the appeal would be successful, he started with his retinue for the Basilica. Rufinus, however, instead of obtaining grace for his master, only gave Ambrose an occasion to overwhelm him himself with reproaches, both for being the original cause of the crime and for showing so little appreciation of the need of repentance. Finding matters hopeless, the Minister despatched a messenger warning Theodosius not to come on, as he would only expose himself to shame; but the contrite monarch, saying that he would submit to the confusion he had deserved, proceeded onwards to the church, gave humble ear to the prelate's unsparing reprehensions, accepted penance at his hands, appeared in the guise of a penitent in the Basilica, and, to guard himself against a like crime in future, agreed to pass a law that thirty days should always elapse between sentence and execution in all cases of death and confiscation.

To many minds, however, all this firmness and fearlessness will seem tainted by its object. Some men there are who can see nothing admirable in the conduct of a churchman so long as he is battling for the Church. Whilst he professes himself to be anxious only for the glory of God and the good of souls, his firmness is set down as obstinacy and his zeal as priestly ambition, and it is only when he steps out of his own proper province and does something in the cause of mere human interests that he becomes capable of anything good. And so we see that men who deny the smallest meed of praise to Dunstan or Becket or Fisher, are quite ready to applaud the seven Bishops, and even, in spite of his Cardinalate, Stephen Langton. In the minds of such, some promise of interest may be awakened on hearing that Ambrose too could in troublous times take upon himself a political office and import into the discharge of it all that greatness of soul of which we have already seen so much. We hardly think, however, that further investigation will afford any satisfaction, if such is to depend upon finding evidence of human motives. In political things, as elsewhere, Ambrose was in the first place and before all

a bishop; he would neither himself forget the fact nor suffer others to forget it: he held fast here also to the notion that the only rule of action about which he need trouble himself was the rule of God's good pleasure, and he embarked in such matters only so far as he saw that by so doing he might defend the right and just, and so virtually, in things political as in things more strictly religious, carry out one only end. He had striking occasion to manifest this spirit on occasion of his double embassy to the tyrant Maximus at Treves, for the better understanding of which a word of preface must be said as to the history of the time.

Valentinian the First, at his death in 375, left the Western Empire to his two sons—by different wives—Gratian and Valentinian the Second, of whom the latter was still an infant. Gratian was, therefore, virtually the sole ruler; and four years later, on the defeat and death of his uncle Valens, the East was added to his rule. Feeling himself, however, unable to manage such vast dominions, he made Theodosius Emperor of the East, while the West was supposed to be divided between himself and Valentinian, the latter living at Milan and being the nominal ruler of Italy, while Gratian assumed the more difficult rule of Gaul and the westernmost provinces. In 383, however, Maximus, General of the troops in Britain, revolted against his master, and, having put Gratian to death, usurped his power. Theodosius, too much occupied with his own troubles in the East, could not at once avenge his benefactor, while the young Valentinian and his mother, utterly unable to contend with the master of the most warlike provinces in the Empire, only feared that, unsatisfied with these, he would extend his ambition to Italy also. If he would refrain from doing so, they were willing to recognize him as lawful ruler of what he already possessed—and it was to such an agreement that Ambrose was sent to bring him. He was also to beg for the surrender of the body of the murdered Gratian. It should be added, in order to show with what manner of man he had to deal, that the efforts of our Saint were fruitless. The body of Gratian was not obtained, and Maximus did finally take the course which had been feared and cross the Alps into the almost defenceless regions of Italy. Valentinian and his mother had to take ship and fly to the protection of the great Theodosius, who, having finally reduced to order his own hitherto chaotic dominions, was able to turn his arms against the usurper of the West, whom having

defeated and slain, he replaced the rightful Prince upon his throne.

Such was the tyrant to whose Court at Treves Ambrose undertook a double embassy, first in the year 383 or 384, and again just before the final crisis in 387. These dates are themselves deeply significant. It was in the year 385, about half way between them, that the contest about the Basilicas occurred, and in that contest Maximus, desirous to borrow every possible lustre for his insecure authority, affecting a championship of orthodoxy, uttered a solemn protest against the violence of which the holy Bishop was the object. Valentinian, it should also be noted, remained an Arian, and so far an enemy of Ambrose, until he fell under the influence of the good Theodosius after his flight from Italy. It was, therefore, at a time when they stood in such a position of antagonism to each other that the Emperor asked the Bishop to undertake on his behalf this grave and dangerous task. Can there be a more unmistakeable proof of the conspicuous rectitude which guided the Saint throughout, which made him struggle only when he felt that he was responsible for interests not his own, and bear no grudge for injuries received—not allowing him to hesitate when the Prince claimed what was his right, just as he did not hesitate when the same Prince exceeded his province and asked for what was wrong? And not only does the Bishop's conduct prove his notions right in themselves, but the Emperor's act in choosing him for such an office proves that these notions were so clearly expressed as to be liable to no misconstruction. Otherwise, how could the Prince have so soon and so thoroughly forgotten that fear which he that does an injury proverbially feels?

Such, then, was the honourable and perilous mission with which Ambrose was intrusted. Of the first embassy we shall say nothing, as the Saint has not himself left us any account of it, and our other chief authority, the Deacon Paulinus, deals with the two embassies as one. But from the full account which we have of the second,* we can perfectly well judge the difficulties of the first. The complications that must have perplexed any envoy were in this case aggravated by the temper both of the tyrant and of him who was sent to him. Maximus seems from the commencement to have conceived displeasure at the choice made by Valentinian, while on his part Ambrose, after

* Ambrose, *Epist.* xxiv. *ad Valentinianum.*

his usual fashion, refused to observe diplomatic reticence, and boldly told the usurper what he thought of the murder of Gratian. Nay, he refused communion with the murderer,* "warning him to do penance for the blood which he had shed—the blood of his master—and, moreover, innocent blood; otherwise he could not make his peace with God." On his side, Maximus strove by marked discourtesy to cow the unbending spirit of the ambassador, that he might then be more easily able to work his will with him. He refused to receive him, as was usual, in private audience, but summoned him to a meeting in public consistory. Ambrose protested "it was unbecoming towards a priest, and there were some matters of moment that needed privacy;" but finding that his protest was vain, he gave in, preferring, as he tells us, his master's interest to his own right. He accordingly entered the consistory, and Maximus must at once have seen that, if intimidation was his object, he had mistaken his man. "When he had taken his seat," Ambrose tells Valentinian,† "I came in. He rose to give me the kiss. I stood still amongst the members of the Court. Then they began to bid me go up to him, and he began to call me. I made answer—'Why kiss him whom you will not recognize? for had you recognized me I should not be here.' 'You are put out,' said he, 'O Bishop.' 'Not as with resentment,' I replied, 'but as with shame to see myself in a position not my own.'" And then he went on to remind the usurper that he came to treat with him on behalf of an equal. "By whose gift my equal?" asked Maximus, indignantly. "By that of the Almighty," replied Ambrose, "Who preserves to Valentinian the kingdom He has given him." At this the tyrant lost his temper, and proceeded to reproach the Saint with the results of the former embassy. "You befooled me. . . . Had I not at that time been kept back, who would have withstood my valour?" "To this," says Ambrose, "I replied mildly. 'There is no need,' I said, 'for you to be indignant, as there is no cause for indignation; but listen patiently to my reply. For this very reason have I come, because in my former embassy you say you were taken in by me. A glorious charge against me, that I should have so looked to the safety of my ward the Emperor. For of whom should we Bishops take more care than of wards committed to our charge? . . . But I will not plead this good service towards Valentinian. In truth, how

* Paulinus, *Vit. Amb.*, xix.† *Epist.* xxiv.

did I withstand your legions, to hinder their entrance into Italy? with what works? with what forces? Did I with this body of mine shut the Alps against you? Would that I could have done it, I should not be hindered by what you might say." And in such terms as these did the fearless prelate go on to speak his mind to the murderer of Gratian. "Why deny to Valentinian the remains of his brother? You fear, as you allege, that the translation of the body might awake the recollections of the soldiery. Do you think they will avenge him dead whom they betrayed when alive? Why do you fear him after death whom you slew, when you might have saved him? 'It was my enemy,' you say, 'whom I slew.' No; he was not your enemy, but you were his. . . . Unless I am quite wrong, a usurper makes war, and an emperor but defends his right. . . . And how can it be thought that you had no grudge against his life, when you grudge him even a grave?" The letter giving an account to Valentinian of this strange interview, then concludes—"Such is the history of my embassy. Farewell, O Emperor. And be much on your guard against a man who under the guise of peace conceals designs of war." This prophecy was not long in being verified by facts.

But the visit to Treves was not to close without another display of boldness on the Saint's part, and one that we should perhaps hardly have expected. From what we have hitherto seen of him, it might seem unlikely that a profession of orthodoxy should embroil any one with Ambrose, still less perhaps shall we be prepared to find him disapprove of any form of State protection for the Church, as it might be supposed that his steadfastness in enduring persecution would, when occasion served, become sternness in inflicting it. But here again we see that his dogmatic and polemical zeal nowise interfered with the largeness and tenderness of his heart. He, doubtless, considered it the duty of the civil power to lend its utmost aid towards the triumph of the faith. But he well knew what the limits of that power are; that it may silence the voice of error, but that it steps beyond its province if it attempts to compel an acceptance of truth. Also, while with all his heart he detested the errors of the Arians and other sectaries, he never forgot to distinguish between the hateful doctrines and his misguided brethren whom they enslaved. And consequently, although at various times, in the days of Gratian notably and Theodosius, he

might have extended to his opponents that measure which they in their day did not scruple to mete to him, he yet restrained his zeal, while he did not seem to feel even a temptation to revenge. "Let us act," he says, "by moral means, let us convince them of that which is to their advantage, let us send up our prayers and entreaties to the Lord Who made us. For we desire not to overcome, but to heal. Oftentimes kindness masters those whom neither strength nor reasoning could subdue."

But it happened, as we have already had occasion to remark, that Maximus affected a zeal for orthodoxy, under which guise he had protested in favour of Ambrose himself against the violence of Valentinian. But the zeal of the usurper was tinged with the fierceness of his character, and the murderer of Gratian had also ordered, or permitted, the execution of Priscillian, the heretic bishop of Avila. Against this high-handed method of vindicating the faith, the bishops of the provinces about Treves had been afraid to protest, and they had made the act their own by their approval: some of them, indeed, had originally instigated it. One prelate alone had been bold enough to lift up his voice against the deed—St. Martin of Tours*—and it had needed all the ascendancy which he had acquired over the mind of the tyrant to induce him to take such remonstrances in good part. Ambrose was in a more delicate position than Martin, and there might have seemed to be difficulties enough in his path already without adding another. But unable, as usual, to keep silence where duty bade him speak, he refused to communicate† with the Ithacians, as the persecuting faction were called. We have already seen that all along he declined to communicate with Maximus himself. This insult to his bishops seems to have been too much for the tyrant's patience, for Ambrose himself tells us—"Afterwards, seeing that I held aloof from the bishops who were of his communion, or who sought to put to death certain men who had gone astray from the faith, in a rage, he bade me begone. I, on my part, started with joy, although many thought I should not escape some snare. The one thing that troubled me, was to see the aged bishop Hyginus led forth into exile—although his last breath must have been close at

* Sulp. Severus, *H. E.*, ii., 51, and in *Vita B. Martini*.

† To communicate—that is, in the ecclesiastical sense of recognizing the person communicated with as a coreligionist. See *Epist.* xxiv. and xxvi.

hand. When I made application to the counts of his Court, that they would not suffer the old man to be thrust forth without cloak or coverlet—I was thrust forth myself." Such was the close of the bootless embassy; but it is not improbable that political reasons had as much to do with this discourtesy as personal resentment. Maximus could make nothing of Ambrose—he could neither browbeat nor hoodwink him, and so he got rid of the envoy who stood so steadfastly in his way, and found in Dominus, who was sent instead, a more facile tool, whose foolish blindness made possible the contemplated seizure of the passes of the Alps.

It was not only in theory, nor in criticism on the work of others, that our holy Bishop gave his countenance to a gentle and kindly treatment of those who differed from him in faith. The trophy of his practice in this regard is the conversion of another, who is now one of the Church's Doctors, like himself—the great St. Augustine. That brilliant and ardent African, by profession a rhetorician, in creed a Manichean, but unsettled and unsatisfied, with a passionate yearning for truth, but with a heart of flesh that clogged the aspirations of his intellect, not given, perhaps, to all the excesses with which his own after words have made some credit him, but with no glimmering, as it would seem, of the Christian view of virtue, and a seeming incapacity for attaining to the Christian idea of faith; having professed at Carthage first, and then at Rome, obtained in the year 384 a professorship at Milan—which the presence of the Court had made the most important town in Italy—and coming there with views of earthly ambition, found the more precious gift that has made him what he is. To Ambrose, under God, he attributes this good fortune. "I was led," he cries, "to him by Thee, O Lord, blindfold, that by him, with my eyes open, I might be led to Thee."

Before coming to Milan, Augustine had heard the fame of Ambrose as a speaker, and as such he longed to hear him, not for the matter in which he had made up his mind truth could not be found, but for his style and manner—objects of professional curiosity to a rhetorician. We will leave Augustine to give his own account of what he found in the great prelate—"The man of God," he says,* "received me cordially, and took a bishop's kind interest in me as a stranger;† and I, on my part, began to love him, not, indeed, as a teacher of truth, which I

* *Conf.*, v., 13.

† "Peregrinationem meam satis episcopaliter dilexit."

despaired of finding in the Church, but as a man personally kind to me. And I carefully listened to his discourses before the people, not with that object which I should have had, but estimating, as it were, his eloquence, seeing whether it equalled his reputation, or exceeded or fell short of it. And I was taken up with his words, but carelessly and contemptuously let the matter pass, finding pleasure in the sweetness of his speech, which was more learned, but not so taking nor so smooth as that of Faustus,* as far as manner goes, that is, for as to matter there could be no comparison. . . . But† while I opened my heart to recognize his eloquence, I began at the same time, little by little, to recognize his truth." And then the holy convert goes on to make the acknowledgment, which proves that just as little as the Church herself have the ways of her adversaries changed; that as he proceeded to learn from the lips of Ambrose what was really to be believed, he blushed to find that he had been crying out those many years, not against the Catholic faith, but against the figments of his own earthly imagination.‡

Ambrose does not appear to have engaged in set controversy with him whose soul he so desired to win. He trusted rather to kindness as a preparation to soften the other's mind, and then left the rest to the grace of God, which he implored in prayer, and to which he lent such aid as he indirectly could from the pulpit. Whether any of his sermons were expressly aimed at Augustine we cannot know; but, at any rate, they exactly suited his particular frame of mind. He learnt from them to receive the Old Testament, which the Manicheans rejected, to understand the Catholic view of God and of man, so that at last he gave up his Manicheism, though without embracing the Faith, and allowed that if the Catholic doctrine were not proved, neither was it disproved.

And then, with his restless craving for what was perfect and true, and his unending dissatisfaction with himself and his position, he began to look on Ambrose as himself an argument for his cause, a proof in practice of the truth which he preached. Yet he could not satisfy himself that the great bishop was a happy man, and therefore a model to be copied. He was honoured and esteemed, it is true; but then came the difficulty, the old difficulty ever new—"His celibacy seemed to me a grievous thing."§ What was the hope that gave his heart

* The Manichean Bishop of Carthage. † *Conf.* v., 14.

‡ *Conf.*, vi., 3.

§ *Conf.*, vi., 3.

courage for that? how did he guard himself against the perils which his own greatness and goodness brought? where did he find solace in his trials? what were the secret thoughts and aspirations of his heart? All these things were a puzzle to Augustine, who could not imagine the hidden sources of his strength.

But the affair of the Basilicas came to prove the sterling nature of the prelate beyond a doubt, and the impression produced on the doubting and hesitating mind of Augustine by the chants which we have already mentioned as being taught during the days of trial by the bishop to his flock, whilst it doubtless advanced him one degree more towards conversion and strikingly illustrated the wisdom of the invention, seems also to show how in the hands of God and by the ministry of His Saints, all that is beautiful and good becomes a weapon for the armoury of the Church. As a question also arises hereon which has not lost its interest in our own days, we cite a passage or two in which Augustine describes the effect upon himself, though we must certainly exclaim *tempora mutantur*, when we find the query arising as to whether the Ambrosian chant was not perhaps too ornate. He first heard these chants, as we have said, during the siege of the Basilica: this is his description*—“The people were keeping watch, O Lord, in the church, prepared to die with Thy servant the bishop. There was my mother, Thy handmaid, who, foremost in care and watchfulness, lived on prayer. I, unwarmed as yet by the fire of Thy Spirit, was yet excited by the trouble and excitement of the city. Then was it first ordained that hymns and psalms should be sung in the fashion of the East, that the people might not be unnerved by weariness and sorrow. And from that time even until now has the custom been retained, yea, and imitated by Thy faithful throughout the world.” And thus again does he describe the effect of the same chants on the occasion of his baptism:† “How I wept over those hymns and canticles of Thine, O Lord, keenly touched by the sweet sounding voice of Thy Church. My ears drank in that voice and its truth distilled into my heart and gushed forth again in tears, and I was happy in them.” And again, he says‡—“Sometimes I think that I give too much to these (pious melodies), for I feel more moved by these sacred words when they are sung than when they are not. . . . Sometimes in avoiding this snare I go to the opposite extreme of

* *Conf.*, ix., 7.

† *Conf.*, v., 6.

‡ *Conf.*, x., 23.

undue severity, and would fain banish from myself and from the Church the melodies of sweet chants to which we sing the Psalms of David ; and then that method seems the more secure which, as I have often heard, was adopted by Athanasius of Alexandria, who made the reader chant with so slight a modulation that it was more like speaking than singing. But yet when I recall the tears which I shed on hearing the chants of Thy Church in the beginnings of my recovered faith, and that now I am moved in truth not by the singing but by the thing sung, when it is enhanced by clearness of tone and aptness of melody, I must again allow the usefulness of this practice."

The complete history of the conversion of Augustine it does not concern us now to follow, its later stages not being directly connected with the name of Ambrose, although he it was who put his seal upon it by the waters of baptism. Enough has been said to show how true our saint always and everywhere was to his principles, and to allow us to gather from the effect produced upon the acute and not altogether friendly philosopher that Augustine was when first they met, what must have been the holy charm which was exercised on those about him by his great qualities and great virtues.

No less clearly than in the nature of his controversy do we see the goodness of his heart in his relation with his kinsmen and his friends. As to the first, we find the model of a Christian family in the lifelong affection that bound him to his brother and sister, Satyrus and Marcellina. Over the grave of the former he poured forth his grief in words which reveal the cruel wound inflicted on his heart, though he consoles himself with a thought like to that in which the author of another and very different lament finds consolation, that "it is a cause of more joy to have had such a brother, than it is of grief to have lost him."* Still more, of course, did he find consolation in his lively faith and his constant habit of looking beyond the bounds of this visible world. Such a faith and a habit of so looking seem in fact, in his friendships as elsewhere, to have been the regulating principle of all. "He wept most bitterly," says his biographer,† "as often as he chanced to hear of the death of any worthy priest, so much so that we used to try to console him, not understanding his deep feeling nor the motive of his weeping. And he would make answer, that he did not weep because he was gone of

* *De Excess. Satyri*, i., 3.

† *Paulin.*, n. xl.

whom he had heard as dead, but because he had gone before himself, and because it was hard to find a man worthy of the high dignity of the priesthood."

We have, however, dwelt so much on the sublime and supernatural features of his character, that we will close this hasty and imperfect sketch with a letter which presents to us rather the human side of the man. It is addressed to a friend who had disappointed him of a visit, and to make up had sent him a present.* "Ambrose to Felix, greeting. You have sent me some truffles, and indeed astonishingly fine ones, so that I was struck with astonishment at seeing them so big. I was unwilling to keep them to myself, and preferred to let others see them too, so I have given part of them to my friends and kept part for myself. The gift was acceptable, but not so much so as to stifle my complaint that you do not come to see us who love you so much. . . . Get yourself to hinder me from grieving at your absence, and try to be less generous in future. Make no more excuses; for however this peace-offering of yours may serve as such, you have a poor opinion of yourself and not much better of me if you think that your absence can be compensated by gifts, or that I can be satisfied. Farewell, and love us who love you."

And now, that we have thus imperfectly glanced at some few of the facts of his history which go to demonstrate the character of this glorious prelate, we would ask one or two questions which that character suggests. And, first—if the aggressiveness and inflexibility with which the Church is now so frequently reproached be really a fault, is it not a fault ingrained in the nature of Christianity? Were its pretensions one whit less in the days of Ambrose than they are in ours? Is there, or can there be, any doubt as to what would be the judgment of this great prelate of the fourth century, if he were asked to pronounce upon such questions as Civil Marriage or Secular Education in this the nineteenth? Again, can any one who studiously communes in his writings with this great man, seriously flatter himself that the fashionable creeds of the day—the scientific, the philosophic, or what not—tend even remotely to turn out characters that can compare with a character like his? Nay, are we quite sure that even our minds, basking as they are in the noonday blaze of scientific knowledge, are very much superior to that of this man, who

* *Epist.* iii.

believed in the Phoenix and the Music of the Spheres? We think that a little acquaintance with those whom it so lightly undervalues could hardly fail to prove to a vain and self-sufficient age that there are after all more things both in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in its shallow philosophy, and that in its various searches after an ungodly perfection it is but repeating the folly of those who of old, leaving the fountain of living waters, troubled themselves with digging broken cisterns that could hold none.

J. G.

"Tout est dit."

LA BRUYERE.

MAY thought no more with wit aspire
New language to the soul to give?
Nor Genius more to words yield fire
Their fleeting utt'rance to outlive?
While speach to man new light imparts,
While echoes wake in human hearts,
Shall language ever weave a spell
Responsive to the springs that dwell
Where searching glance ne'er yet could steal.

Oh, urge not, then, that words no more
May take new impress from the mind!
Such light as broke on days of yore—
A treasure, garnered still, we find
Bequeathed by thought of other days,
Yet sparkling with its mellowed rays,
Tho' chilled by eld and hoared with rime:
Last relic of a bygone time,
Stray vestige of its woe or weal.

P. M.

*Episodes in the Life of a Scotch Missionary
Priest in the Seventeenth Century.*

THE hero of the following notices was Father Gilbert Blakhal, Priest of the Scots Mission in France, in the Low Countries, and in Scotland, in the seventeenth century. Little is known of him besides what is recorded in what may be called three chapters of his autobiography, which, under the title of *A brief Narration of the Services done to three noble Ladies*, still exists in the original manuscript, in the author's handwriting, amongst the papers of the late Bishop Kyle, and has been printed by the Spalding Club. This short narrative, though concerned only with the fortunes of three private persons, whose names, but for its existence, would never have reached our times, is not without interest, as furnishing us with some insight into a missionary priest's life and work in those hazardous times, as well as into the social state of the period in Scotland and in France. It also gives us a few glimpses into the homelier phases of the lives of some whose names are household words in the countries where their lot was cast, but who are only known to us for the most part under the stately garb imposed upon them by history.

Blakhal was most probably descended from a family of the name of Blakhal who appear in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries as landed proprietors in Aberdeenshire. This family adhered to the ancient faith at the time of the Reformation, and, in the persons of various members, it fell in for its full share of Protestant amenities, in the shape of banishments and excommunications. In the year 1626, Gilbert Blakhal entered the Scotch College at Rome, founded by Clement the Eighth in the year 1600, and remained there for four years, prosecuting his studies, and assisting at the lectures of the Roman College. Amongst his fellow students were John Smith and Francis Dempster, who afterwards became Jesuits, and laboured on the mission in Scotland, where Dempster carried on a controversy with John Menzies, Professor of Divinity at

Aberdeen, and both suffered imprisonment. Other College companions of Blakhal were William Leslie, who died at an advanced age, Canon of St. Quintins, in France, and Thomas Chambers, who became one of Cardinal Richelieu's almoners. From these and similar instances we may infer that the Church of France was not an unsympathizing spectator of the trials and sufferings of the Church of Scotland, but received with open arms those who were driven by the rigours of the Presbyterian persecution from their homes and country, and admitted them to a share in her rich endowments.

Having finished his theology, Blakhal was ordained sub-deacon on the 23rd of February, deacon on the 16th, and priest on the 30th of March, Easter Eve, 1630. Immediately after this, he seems to have left Rome and proceeded straight to Paris, where, in 1631, at the instance of a cousin of his of the name of Forbes, he became confessor to the Lady Isabella Hay, and it is to this lady that the first chapter of his narrative has reference. Lady Isabella was the fifth daughter of Francis, Earl of Errol, Hereditary Constable of Scotland, the head of the great family of Hay, which still remained true to the Church. She had come to France with her father's permission eight or nine years after her mother's death, where she was put under the protection of Mr. James Forbes, a cousin of Blakhal's, then living in France; but she had not long been in the country when Mr. Forbes, taking advantage of his position, forced his visits and attentions upon her in such a manner as to show that he wished to draw her into a marriage with himself. This proposal seems to have been by no means to the lady's taste, and gave still less satisfaction to her brother, the Earl of Errol, at that time in Scotland. Lady Isabella, in her difficulties, appealed to Blakhal for assistance, and he warmly took up her cause. This led to a serious quarrel with his cousin, Mr. Forbes, and the good Father enters at somewhat tedious length into the various details connected with it. The issue of the quarrel certainly went to show that Blakhal was not a person to be trifled with.

Lord Errol, when he heard of Mr. Forbes' pretensions, desired his sister to return at once to Scotland, if she could not make up her mind to become a religious, of which there may have been some question previously, stating that he had provided a suitable match for her at home, and threatening to withhold all supplies of money in future, if she did not comply with his request. But the young lady happened to have a very decided

will of her own, happily, in this instance, turned in the right direction, for she declared to Blakhal her firm resolution not to go home; and when he "inquired what way she thought to subsist in France, she answered that if she could do no better, she and her servant would rather earn their bread with their needles than expose her soul to danger, which she did and ever would prefer to all earthly things, which she was morally assured would follow if she should marry a heretic husband, and she did not know any Catholic fit for her then in Scotland." Lady Isabella retired for a time to a convent at some distance from Paris, and at length resolved to throw herself upon the protection of the Infanta Isabella Clara Eugenia, at that time Governor of the Low Countries, and induced Blakhal to use his endeavours to obtain a canonry for her at Mons from that Princess. This object was not of easy attainment, for there were only five Colleges of these canonesses in the Netherlands, each consisting of thirty members, and admission into them was sought with great eagerness by the nobility for their daughters, who would sometimes put their girls forward as candidates before they were six years old. After some preliminary correspondence with friends in Brussels, where the Infanta then resided, Blakhal proceeded to that city, and reached it in safety after what must have been a tedious journey of nine days by coach. On his arrival, he endeavoured to interest some friends in his cause, but, as he says, "I perceived that I could not expect any friends to assist me; yet, said I, without either alms or answer I shall not return; I am too far engaged to do nothing but return again home with my finger in my mouth, or, as the French say, *Avec un pied du ne*—My honour is engaged. An honest man, we say, is a lion in his own cause, and now the cause is not hers only, but mine also; therefore, I will speak myself to the Infanta, without the mediation of any, and so I am sure I shall be soonest despatched."

In pursuit of his object, he spent a whole week "in writing and disposing my harrangue," and in the meantime went every day to the Court, to see and learn the ceremonies, which he found to be the same as at the Court of Rome. He gained an entrance at the commencement as one of the suite of the Duke of Orleans, who happened to be at the Court of Brussels at the time; but when it was discovered "that I was none of his, but was for some business, they did hold me out, which, I seeing, and knowing that I behoved to make a key of gold, I scraped

again, and presented a single pistole of gold to him who immediately had shut the door upon my nose." He applied the same golden key to three others, and thus made them his fast friends.

The good Father's perseverance was at length crowned with success. He says—"When I had well considered what I was mindful to say to Her Majesty concerning the lady, and had repeated it to my own self over and over again so often, that I was not afraid to stutter or stand dumb, I being every day in the chamber of audience, did speak to her master household, who then was in quarter, the Comte de Noel, without whose license none had audience. He granted my request, and prayed me to be short, because it was past midday, and Her Majesty was yet fasting. I promised to be very brief."

It will not be without interest to cast a passing glance at the illustrious person in whose presence this single hearted man thus found himself. Daughter of Philip the Second, Spain's most conspicuous monarch, and born in 1566, the political storms of more than half a century of that agitated period had surged around her, and to no inconsiderable extent felt the pressure of her guiding hand. Once a candidate for the throne of France, proposed as the wife of Henry the Fourth and the Duke of Guise, she saw those high destinations pass away from her unrealized, and in 1597 married the Cardinal Archduke Albert, by dispensation from Rome, and was invested, together with her husband, with the joint sovereignty of the Netherlands and Franche-Comté. Their rule, that of the Archdukes, as it was called, is still gratefully remembered in Belgium, where their names, especially that of Isabella, are yet in benediction. Left a widow in 1621, when she was deprived of the sovereignty of the Low Countries by her nephew, Philip the Fourth, though continued at the head of affairs there with the title of Governor, she was now drawing towards the close of her busy career, loved by her subjects, and held in estimation, even by her opponents, for her virtues and gentleness of spirit, for she was, says Blakhal, "the rarest, not only Princess, but I may well say woman, that was in her time, for I do not think that any man, let be woman, had such a grave affability and affable gravity as she had."

Notwithstanding his promise to be brief, it took the Father a good half hour to lay his case before the Infanta, and bring out the various grounds of his client's title to Her Highness' charity. He urged the virtues of her parents, and showed that her father had suffered long exile, and had his best castle blown

up by the Puritanical ministers, and been three times imprisoned on account of his religion, and, notwithstanding, had brought up his numerous family in the Faith, and been the benefactor of the poor Catholics around him, not forgetting to bring forward the good points in the young lady's character and her heroic resolution to suffer any privation rather than return home again among heretics. On the conclusion of his harangue, the Infanta promised to consider his petition, whereupon Blakhal shot his final bolt, in which is manifested not unfavourably the proverbial canniness of his countrymen. "Then I subjoined, madam, if your Majesty do not grant this suit, I humbly beseech your Majesty to do me the favour not to discover to any person the demand, for if it come to the ears of our countrypeople who are here that this lady hath desired such a thing from your Majesty, and have been refused, they will write that to their friends at home for news, and so it will come to the knowledge of our Puritan ministers, who will not fail to make their pulpits ring with that example, as they will call it, to show that Catholics have no true charity, and in derision, bid the Papists, as they call us, stand out courageously, and their own means be []; the Pope and the King of Spain will bestow enough upon your children. Follow the example of our Constable, and let your houses be thrown down for your religion; your Papist Princes will build them up again, and will give as much to your children as the Infanta of Spain, so highly cried up for her charity, did give to the Constable's daughter, who sent a priest to Brussels, to procure from that so renowned Princess a poor canonicat, and was refused. Madam, this is the daily pratique of their ministers, to take all occasions to show how hard are the hearts of the Catholics towards one another. She answered, 'I know they do so; I will do what I can to give you satisfaction. Come again some other day, and I shall give you an absolute answer.'" And after some further conversation, Isabella allowed the Father to fix his own day for returning, when he elected for the Tuesday following. At the end of the interview, the Comte de Noel complained of its length, as Her Majesty had thus been kept fasting long beyond midday, but she kindly stopped his complaints, commending Blakhal's charity in taking so much pains to promote the interests of another, while he sought nothing for himself.

On the day appointed the Father had another audience, and got a most gracious answer, to the effect that though there was

no benefice vacant at present, yet if he would bring the young lady to Brussels, the Infanta would take charge of her till a vacancy occurred. The young lady was brought to Brussels, in accordance with this offer, not without sundry difficulties that her stout champion had to grapple with and overcome both at the Court and on the journey. A letter promised by the Infanta could not be obtained from her secretary, and the delay was so prolonged that Her Highness' own intervention became necessary, and it was of a kind to bring her character out in a very pleasing light. She ordered her secretary, in answer to an application from Blakhal, to prepare a letter and send it to her that very night, as she was resolved not to go to bed till it was signed by her own hand. This was done, as may be supposed, and the Father, after soothing the wounded consequence of the officials by a judicious administration of pistoles, was free to proceed on his journey, which he accomplished in safety, though not without encountering more perils than one from *voleurs*, as he calls them, a sort of gentry not by any means uncommon, it would seem, in those disturbed times. Lady Isabella was received by the Infanta, as soon as she arrived at Brussels, in her own chamber, while she was at dinner, and we are told that the young presentee was constrained to sit on her knees during the audience according to the ceremonious etiquette of the Spanish Court. The Infanta renewed her promise of a benefice as soon as a vacancy should occur, announced her intention of keeping the postulant at Court in the meantime, and then dismissed her with the assurance that she would be sent for in a short time. On Blakhal's inquiry as to what she thought of the Princess, Lady Isabella replied that all her travel would have been well bestowed though she should derive no other benefit from her than only to have seen and spoken with her on that occasion.

She never saw her benefactress more. On the following day the Infanta was stricken down by fever, and in a few days her noble soul entered into its rest, after the long turmoil and struggles of a life in every way worthy of her lofty place. Great was the grief and consternation of our good priest at this untoward event, but he was not one to lose courage or leave a stone unturned under difficulties. He first waited on the confessor of the deceased Princess to ascertain whether he could learn anything to the advantage of his charge. "He was a Spanish Cordelier, the most rustic, rude, ambitious, and envious fellow that ever I did speak with in all my life. I went to his

chamber at the Cordeliers ; hoping to learn something from him, I spoke to him with as much respect as if he had been Primate. He made no answer, I thought it was because he was going to say Mass ; I waited upon him after Mass, he ran to his chamber, I followed ; he rapped to his door upon my nose, I chopped douselye, no answer ; then I chopped harder, no answer. At last I rapped with my foot, then he said—'Who is that so rude at my door?' 'One,' said I, 'who has something to say to you.' Then he came and half opened his door, and as I began to conjure him, he said—*Nihil sum ; nihil scio* ; that is, 'I am nothing ;' I know nothing ; and saying that, shut his door again." The gossips of the Court declared that he said *Nihil sum* because he had not got a bishopric, but that Her Majesty knew him too well to promote him to such a charge, as she only kept him here to be mortified by him. Not discouraged by this repulse, Blakhal tells us that he went every day to one or other of the members of the Provisional Government, of which the Archbishop of Mechlin was the head, but beyond a few ambiguous words, could get no ground of assurance as to the prospects of his charge, which in fact seemed gloomy enough. But at length the time came for the publication of the Infanta's will. It had been made twelve years before, and remained unaltered, save by the addition of a codicil made upon her deathbed and signed with her own hand in behalf of the friendless girl who had been thrown so unexpectedly upon her bounty. In this codicil a provision of a thousand livres a year was made for the helpless stranger till a benefice should fall vacant ; and after signing it, the Infanta took the Archbishop by the hand, and holding still his hand in hers, said to him as followeth—"My lord, you see my affection towards this demoiselle ; I will yet tell you more, if it had pleased God to prolong my life any farther, I intended to be a mother unto her and provide her ; but since it is His will to call me from her, I charge you, as you shall give an account at the last day, to be a father unto her, and see my will towards her executed punctually." What greater love could Her Majesty have shown to her own child, if it had pleased God to give her any? The Archbishop answering said—"I am not worthy to be a father unto whom your Majesty would have been a mother ; but I shall be a faithful protector to her, and execute your Majesty's will towards her in all things."

Further words would but mar this gracious and touching deathbed scene. The Archbishop was true to his word, for it

was not long before a vacancy occurred at Mons, and she was duly installed as canoness; not however without great opposition on the part of the rest of the canonesses, who pleaded privilege to exclude strangers put in against their will. The struggle was so obstinate that the Archbishop was compelled to invoke the authority of the Cardinal Infant who had succeeded Clara Eugenia in the government of the Netherlands. The Governor, finding the alleged privilege not to exist, at length carried the matter with a high hand, and had the young candidate instituted with all the requisite formalities; but "the ladies all ran out of the choir and church, not to see her installed." It is a satisfaction to know that the new canoness outlived the opposition, and at length "engaged the love of the other lady canonesses, through great patience;" and after this happy consummation of her wishes, we may bid her farewell.

It may not be uninteresting to some of our readers if we conclude this episode of Blakhal's career with his account of an old pre-Reformation statue of our Lady, of which mention has often been made. He tells us that while he was at Brussels he was scant of money. "I had now but what I got for saying the first Mass every morning at Notre Dame, *de bonne successe*, a chapel of great devotion, so called from a statue of our Lady which was brought from Aberdeen, in the north of Scotland, to Ostend, by a merchant of Ostend, to whom it was given in Aberdeen. And that same day that the ship in which it was did arrive at Ostend, the Infanta did win a battle against the Hollanders, the people thinking that our Lady, for the civil reception of her statue, did obtain that victory to the Princess, who did send for the statue to be brought to Brussels, where the Princess, with a solemn procession, did receive it at the port of the town, and place it in this chapel, where it is much honoured, and the chapel, dedicated to our Lady of *bonne successe*, which before was poor and desolate, now is rich and well frequented. The common belief of the vulgar people there is that this statue was thrown in the sea at Aberdeen, and carried upon the waves of the sea miraculously to Ostend. So easy a thing it is for fables to find good harbour when verities would be beaten out with cudgels."

Let us now proceed to the second episode of Blakhal's life. This brings us to the period of his missionary labours in Scotland. On the successful conclusion of his adventure in favour of Lady Isabella Hay, who from his own account does not seem

to have treated him with the gratitude his services deserved, the Father resided for four years as chaplain in the house of a Monsieur Dorsay, a gentleman of some position apparently, for he is called a councillor, who had become a priest late in life. Monsieur Dorsay died at the end of this period, and left Father Blakhal a legacy of two hundred crowns, by the help of which the Father resolved to work his way home to Scotland. He left France in September, 1636, but did not reach Scotland till August, 1637, having proceeded first to London, and then travelled through England to Edinburgh, taking different Catholic houses on his way, such as those of the Widdingtons, the Ratcliffes, and the Selbys. He did not linger in Edinburgh, but passed on without delay to his native Aberdeen. Before pursuing his personal history further, it will not be out of place to describe briefly the position of Catholicity at that time in Scotland. The rise of Protestantism in Scotland dated from 1560, when the Catholic Church was legally proscribed, and it has sometimes been stated that the acceptance of the new doctrines by the people was almost instantaneous. Thus it has been asserted that "the whole nation was converted by the lump, and within ten years after Popery was discharged in Scotland, there was not in all Scotland ten persons of quality to be found who did not profess the true reformed religion, and so it was among the commons in proportion. Lo! here a nation born in one day, yea, moulded into one congregation, and sealed as a fountain with a solemn oath and covenant: this was singular."* Yes, singular if true, that a people like the Scotch, so tenacious of old customs and traditions, should all at once have presented a mere *tabula rasa* for the reception of the new doctrines. But in the nature of things it could not be true. Nations do not thus change all their moral and intellectual habits in a night. It is true that the Catholics were stunned at first by the blow, and many of the clergy seem to have fled in consternation to England, where a great number of monks and friars were officiating as curates in the north, in 1563 and 1565.

Many of the laity, too, followed their example and left the country. Those who remained often concealed their real sentiments, and seemed for a time to conform to the new system, but when the first shock was over a reaction soon followed, and notwithstanding the severity of the persecution and the savage-

* Kirkton's *Secret and True History of the Church of Scotland*, pp. 21, 22, quoted by the editor in his able Preface, from which these details are mostly derived.

ness of the penal laws, Catholics were able more or less to hold their own in many parts of the country. "Even in 1590," says Tytler, "the great struggle between the principles of the Reformation and the ancient faith was lulled only, not concluded."* A paper drawn up by Lord Burghley, about this year, "brings forward, in clear contrast, the comparative strength of the Catholic and Protestant parties in Scotland. From it we learn that all the northern part of the kingdom, including the counties of Inverness, Caithness, Sutherland, and Aberdeen, with Moray, and the sheriffdoms of Buchan, of Angus, of Wigton, and of Nithsdale, were either wholly or for the greater part in the interest of the Roman Catholic party, commanded mostly by noblemen who secretly adhered to that faith, and directed in their movements by Jesuits and priests, who were concealed in various parts of the country, especially in Angus."† Again, in 1592, "thirteen of the nobility of Scotland were Roman Catholics, and in the northern counties a large proportion of the people were attached to the same faith."‡

The progress of the reaction may be traced in the public documents of the kirk, which bear witness to the ever increasing apprehension and alarm of the ministers, as expressed in the records of their General Assemblies. From 1575 to 1616, one standing ground of complaint and fear on the part of these gentlemen is the increase of Papacy, and the invasion of Jesuits and Seminary priests. "It is known from other sources," says the editor of Blakhal's *Narration*, in his Preface,§ "that while, from 1580 downwards, the assaults of the Jesuits were incessant and general throughout the kingdom, it was in the north more especially that their attempts produced the most powerful effects. The influence of the Earls of Huntly, who reigned the petty monarchs of the north, while it for many years retarded the progress of the reformed religion within the extensive territories where their sway extended, long afterwards so protected the priests and Romish teachers, that this quarter of Scotland has been regarded as 'the chief scene of that vain struggle to restore the ancient religion which has been called the Anti-Reformation. Hopeless as this endeavour might seem, it met with considerable success among the gentry of the shire and the wealthier burgesses of the town. Even in the reign of Charles the First the ancient faith was held by the Marquis of Huntly and the chief men of his name, such as the Lord Aboyne, the Lairds

* *Hist.*, vol. ix., p. 36. † Tytler, vol. ix., pp. 39, 40. ‡ *Ibid.*, p. 80. § P. xix.

of Craig, Gight, Abergeldie, Jesmore, and Letterfourie ; by the Earl of Errol and his kinsmen of Delgaty and Fetterletter ; and by many other ancient and powerful houses, such as the Leslies, the Bissets, and the Blackhalls, in the Garioch ; the Irvings and Couttses in Mar ; the Cheynes, the Cons, and the Turings, in Buchan."*

On the accession of James the Sixth to the English throne some measure of indulgence seems to have been allowed to Catholics, especially the more powerful of them, but this period of very partial toleration was terminated by Charles the First in 1628, when that monarch addressed a proclamation to the bishops and ministers to mark down, and send to the Privy Council twice in the year, viz., in November and July, the list of all Roman Catholics who declined to attend the service of the Established Church. These were to be searched for and placed under safe custody. On conviction, they were to be excommunicated and their goods confiscated. Father William Leslie, sometime a missionary in Buchan, in a letter dated 1st Sept., 1630, states that the Roman Catholics who had appeared before the Council in the previous month of July had all been sentenced to banishment. Seven weeks were allowed for their departure, and one third of their rents was granted for the maintenance of their families, which would, however, be forfeited if they should return to this country, besides the penalty to be incurred of fine and imprisonment. The result of these persecuting measures, and of the strict search made for all Catholics who would not subscribe the covenant, was that the adherents of the old faith were much diminished in number—to such an extent, indeed, that it has been asserted that, shortly after this time, the total number of those who still remained true to their religion did not exceed fifty or sixty. No doubt this could only be true of those who braved all penalties, and persisted in the open profession of their faith in the face of this relentless persecution, and not of those who were concussed into external conformity to the stark system, in whose iron grasp they were held, while at heart they remained constant to their former belief, and who, after the Restoration, returned to the confession and practice of their faith in great numbers.†

The task of the clergy during these evil days was no easy one. Those who remained in the kingdom after the evil triumph of the Presbyterians and their unprincipled abettors were com-

* *Book of Bon Accord*, p. 229. † Preface, p. xxiii.

pelled to assume the disguise of soldiers, sailors, physicians, and such like, and thus to perambulate the country in the discharge of their pastoral duties. The supply of secular clergy in the prevailing confusion was necessarily scanty, all the means for their education and training having been swallowed up by the great nobles, who threw such scraps of the spoil to the ministers as it pleased them in their condescension to bestow; but the deficiency was to some extent made good by the aid of the regular clergy, who succeeded in penetrating into Scotland in considerable numbers. Jesuits, Benedictines, Franciscans, Lazarites, and Augustinians seem to have had their representatives in this perilous field of labour, and that the more as many of the refugee clergy found admission into one or other of these orders on their expulsion from their posts in their native land. Some of the Jesuits especially belonged to the first families in Scotland, and thus found shelter and protection under the roofs of their relatives. Indeed, by the same influence, they sometimes gained an entrance to the Court, and on one occasion James Gordon, son of the Earl of Huntly, and known by the name of Huntlaeus, gratified the controversial propensities of James the First by holding a disputation with him on matters of religion. As a consequence of this peculiarity in their position the Jesuits were frequently able to make permanent settlements, while the secular clergy seem often to have moved about from place to place without fixed abode. The Jesuit missions in the north were Braemar, Glengairn, Glentanar, Strathglass, and Buchan.

The above brief sketch may suffice to give a fair though inadequate idea of the state of things in which Blakhal found himself on his return to his native north. He did not remain long without occupation, for within a short time after his arrival he was received into the household of Lady Aboyne as her domestic chaplain. A melancholy interest attaches to this lady's history, from her connection with a mournful tragedy that stands out conspicuously from, and overshadows in its transcendent horrors, the many frightful tragedies of those wild times. Daughter of the Earl of Errol, and sister of Lady Isabella Hay, whose settlement at Mons we have witnessed, she became the wife of the youthful Earl of Aboyne, or, as he seems to have been sometimes called, Viscount Meldrum, the eldest son of the Marquis of Huntly. But the bright morning of her life was soon obscured, and she herself reduced to

widowhood, by the catastrophe alluded to above. As it affords a striking picture of the times, no apology is necessary for a brief recital of the circumstances connected with this event.

In the neighbourhood of the Castle of Strathbogie, where the "Cock of the North" held state, were the residences of two gentlemen both more or less connected with the house of Gordon. One was Gordon of Rothiemay, the other Crichton of Frendraught, married to a sister of the Earl of Sutherland, also a Gordon. A feud arose between the two in consequence of some dispute about the rights of fishing in the river Doveran, and in an encounter that took place between them on New Year's Day, 1630, Rothiemay was wounded so severely as to die three days afterwards. One result of this unhappy affair was that Frendraught fell under the displeasure of the Marquis of Huntly and the other Gordons. After some time a reconciliation was brought about by Sir Robert Gordon, who was at the head of a Commission that had been sent by the Council to quell the disturbance, and it was arranged that Frendraught should make amends to the Rothiemay family by the payment of a certain sum of money. "And so, all parties having shaken hands in the orchard of Strathbogie, they were heartily reconciled, says Sir Robert, in his *History of the Earldom of Sutherland*. Soon after Frendraught got into trouble with another neighbouring laird, Leslie of Pitcaple, and in an endeavour to recover some property that had been carried off by Meldrum, Pitcaple's brother in law, one of his friends wounded Pitcaple's son with a pistol shot.

In consternation at this untoward event, Frendraught had recourse to the Marquis of Huntly to use his influence in arranging the quarrel, and he was closely followed by Pitcaple, who came breathing vengeance against his foe. The Marquis found it necessary to detain Frendraught for the night, and sent him home the next day under the convoy of Lord Aboyne and young Rothiemay, who happened to be at the castle at the time, in order to protect him from any possible attack on the part of Pitcaple by the way. The party, increased by some other friends and attendants, reached Frendraught in safety, and being invited by the laird and his lady, in accordance with the custom of the times, to remain for the night, Lord Aboyne and his companions consented to do so. After a merry supper, the guests were conducted to their apartments in an old tower, that formed part of the castle of Frendraught. The first floor, over a vault, was occupied by Lord Aboyne and two servants, the

upper floors by Rothiemay and the other gentlemen, with their attendants. About midnight, the tower took fire, "in ane clap," and was quickly wrapped in flames. Swift as the fire was, two of the gentlemen, and one of Lord Aboyne's servants, escaped; and Lord Aboyne himself might have done so, had he not, under an impulse of generosity, rushed upstairs to rouse Rothiemay. This friendly action cost him his life, for while attempting to rescue his companion, "the timber passage and lofting of the chamber takes fire, so that none of them could run downstairs again." They rushed to the window looking towards the courtyard, calling out repeatedly—"Help, help, for God's cause!" but the windows being stanchioned, succour was impossible, and the six persons inclosed in the tower perished in the flames. Lord Aboyne was in the flower of his youth, being only twenty four years of age when he was thus cruelly cut off. Father Blakhal states that under the fierce trial of his last moments, the unfortunate young nobleman induced his friend Rothiemay to make open profession of the Catholic faith; and so, "they two being at a window, and whilst their legs were burning, did sing together *Te Deum*; which ended, they did tell at the window that their legs were consumed, recommending their souls to God, and the nobleman his wife and child, first to God, and then to the King." A popular ballad of the day speaks of their being called on to leap from the window—

How can I leap, how can I win,
How can I leap to thee?
My head's fast in the wire window,
My feet burning from me.

He's ta'en the rings from off his hands,
And thrown them o'er the wall;
Saying—"Give them to my lady fair,
Where she sits in the hall."

The universal feeling of horror, and the deep grief of the friends of the deceased, caused by this terrible event, were not unmingled with suspicions of foul play on the part of Frendraught and his wife. Lady Frendraught at once proceeded to Lord Huntly's house, to express her sorrow at what had occurred, but though a cousin of Huntly's, she was refused admission, "and returned back to her house the same gate she came, comfortless." But, however much in keeping with the spirit and practice of the times such a savage act might have

been, there seem to have been no just grounds for the suspicions against Frendraught, who acted with the straightforwardness of an innocent man in availing himself of every means to meet and repel the charge. Notwithstanding this, the feeling remained rankling in the hearts of the Gordons, and in 1634, the lands of the unfortunate Frendraught were repeatedly harried, the effect of which was to reduce the family to poverty, and in seventy years, says an old MS., written in 1720, it was "stripped of all and extinguished." During its decline it had to struggle, too, on the ground of religion, with the notorious Presbytery of Strathbogie. Lady Frendraught, the daughter in law of the lady above mentioned, was worried by a succession of petty persecutions, originating with that very enlightened body, and spreading over a space of nearly twenty years; and being still found an obdurate Papist, in spite of this prolonged course of gentle discipline, she was solemnly excommunicated in 1654. Happily at that time Cromwell, the Master of Scotland, had taken the sting out of such sentences.

After the sad event that we have recorded, the youthful widow of Lord Aboyne continued to reside, with her only child, a daughter named Henrietta, at Aboyne Castle, on the Dee, where she adorned her widowhood by a gentle life of charity and devotion, and finally went to her rest in 1642. Father Blakhal became Lady Aboyne's spiritual director in 1638, and his narrative contains much that is interesting and illustrative of the life of those times, both with reference to her ladyship and to the state of the country in general. He tells us that he had an apartment to himself, where he was bountifully supported as far as victuals were concerned. Four dishes of meat, with wine and ale in proportion, were sent him at every meal, the relics of each feast being the perquisite of his servant, and no doubt that functionary felt himself seriously aggrieved when the Father remonstrated with the lady about the extravagance of this mode of doing things, and was in consequence allowed by her to eat with her at her own table. He combined his duties of domestic chaplain with those of missionary to the Catholics in the neighbourhood, and perhaps few will now agree with him in his estimate of his course in that capacity. It was, he says, "not very great, but only from the house of Aboyne to Aberdeen, two and twenty miles, where I did confess and communicate all the Catholics that were there; and from Aberdeen to Buchan, a matter of nineteen or twenty miles,

where I had but five Catholic houses to go to; Blaire, ten miles from Aberdeen; and Shives, five or six miles from Blaire; and Gicht, as far from Shives; and Artrachy, nine or ten miles from Gicht; and Cruden, six miles from Artrachy; and the difference betwixt these houses obliged me to stay a night in each of them, to say Mass, confess, communicate, and exhort the Catholics by way of a short preaching; and from Buchan to Strathbogie, where I used to stay but three or four nights, the first in the village, they call it the Raus, in Robert Rinne's house, an hostelry, where the poor Catholics convened; the second in Carneborrow, where Neulesly and his daughter did come to me, and sometimes I did go to Neulesly's house; the third night to Craigge, six miles from Carneborrow, and Carneborrow is six miles from Strathbogie."

Though it was customary, the Father tells us, for a domestic chaplain in those days to keep very close to his chamber, for if he but opened the window, "the people would run to get sight of him as a monstrous thing," yet he, by going freely about, soon ceased to be an object of curiosity. Owing to this, and no doubt also to the strength of the Catholic party in the north, he does not seem to have met with any dangers or difficulties of a serious kind in the discharge of his missionary duties. His time was divided between these duties and his services to Lady Aboyne as her spiritual adviser, to which he added the functions of chamberlain and captain of the castle, as he informs us, and in each of these capacities he seems to have acquitted himself as a true man and faithful friend. As captain especially he came in for a fair share of martial adventure, occasions for which were never far to seek in those unsettled and troublous days. One day, for instance, a party of the clan Cameron, vassals of the Huntly family, made a descent upon Aboyne Castle, presuming upon its defenceless condition, where there was no lord to resist them, but only a helpless widow. To the number of forty or fifty they came into the court of the castle, and were ready to penetrate into the house itself before the inmates were aware of their presence. Blakhal, finding there was no other man in the house besides himself and the porter, managed to get them out of the court, and kept them amused with fair speeches till the serving men came in, and then, as soon as he found himself at the head of a sufficient force, he boldly declared that the lady had no money for them, but that if they would be contented with meat and drink she would willingly bestow that upon them.

They went away grumbling, and presently quartered themselves upon one of Lady Aboyne's tenants, named Finlay, who kept a tavern, and compelled him to kill mutton and poultry for their supper, and next morning, by way of paying their reckoning, plundered his house, and carried off whatever attracted their fancy. They then proceeded to Malcolm Dorward's house at the Mill of Bounty, thinking to obtain money, as Dorward was her ladyship's chamberlain. Blakhal, hearing of what was going on, at once put himself at the head of sixteen men, and set out to surprise the depredators. His operations, which showed first rate generalship, were crowned with complete success. Marching in single file, after the Highland fashion, and in perfect silence, they nearly reached the house before the Cameron sentinel perceived them—

Having discovered us, he did run to the house, and we after him, so near that he had not leisure to shut the gate after him. All the advantage that he had before us was to win the house, and shut the door behind him, which chanced well for both parties; for if we could have entered the house with him, we should have killed every one another, for we were in great fury to be revenged of them, and they could do no less than defend themselves, selling their lives at the dearest rate they could, as men in despair should do. They would have had a great advantage upon us, for they being in a dark house, would have seen us well, and we, coming in from the snow, would have been blind for some length of time, in the which they might have done us great skaih before we could have done them any, not seeing them. But God provided better for us.

How soon we were in the court, I said with a loud voice, "Every man to his post." Which was done in the twinkling of an eye. Then I went to the door, thinking to break it up with my foot; but it was a double door, and the lock very strong. Whilst I was at the door, one of them did come to bolt it, and I, hearing him at it, did shoot a pistol at him. He said afterwards, that the ball did pass through the hair of his head; whether he said true or not, I know not. I did go from the door to the windows, and back again, still encouraging and praying them to hold their eyes still upon our enemies, and to kill such as would lay their hands to a weapon; and to those at the door to have their guns ever ready to discharge at such as would please to come forth without my leave. And I still threatened to burn the house and them into it, if they would not render themselves at my discretion, which they were loath to do until they saw the lights of bits of straw, that I had kindled to throw upon the thatch of the house, although I did not intend to do it, nor burn our friends with our foes. But if Malcolm Dorward and his wife and servants, and his son, George Dorward, and John Cordoner, all whom the Highlanders had lying in bonds by them, had been out, I would have made no scruple to have burned the house and all the Highlanders within it, to give terror to others who would oppress ladies who had never wronged them.

They, seeing the light of the burning straw coming in at the windows, and the keepers of the windows bidding them render themselves before they be burned, they called for quarters. I told them they should get no other quarters but my discretion, unto which, if they would submit themselves faithfully, they would find the better quarters; if not, be it at their hazard! Thereupon I bid the captain come and speak to me all alone, with his gun under his arm disbanded, and the stock foremost. Then I went to the door, and bid the keepers thereof let out one man all alone, with his gun under his arm, and the stock foremost; but if any did press to follow him, that they should kill both him and them who pressed to follow him. He did come out as I ordered, and trembled as the leaf of a tree. I believe he thought we would kill him there. I did take his gun from him and discharged it, and laid it down upon the earth by the side of the house. Then, after I had threatened him, and reproached their ingratitude, who durst trouble my lady or her tenants, who was, and yet is, the best friend that their chief, Donald Cameron, hath in all the world. "For," said I, "he will tell you how I and another man of my lady's, went to him where he was hiding, with his cousin, Ewen Cameron, in my lady's land, and brought them in a croup to Aboyne, where they were kept secretly three weeks, until their enemies, the Covenanters, had left off the seeking of them; and you, unthankful beast as you are, have rendered displeasure to my lady for her goodness toward you." He pretended ignorance of that courtesy that she had done to his chief.

"Be not afraid, sir," said I; "you shall find my discretion better to you than any quarters that you could have gotten by capitulation; for I shall impose nothing to you but that which you shall confess to be just." This encouraged him, for he was exceeding feared. Then I said, "Think you it is not just that you should pay that poor man, Alexander Finlay, what you spent in his house, and render what you plundered from him?" He said, "It is very just," and paid him what he asked; to wit, four crowns in ready money; and promised to restore what other things they had plundered from him, as soon as his companions, who had the things, were come out. All which he performed. "Is it not just," said I, "that you render to Malcolm Dorward, in whose house you are here, and to his son, George Dorward, and to their friend, John Cordoner, all whatsoever you have taken from them?" "It is just," said he; "and I shall not go out of this court in which I stand, until I have satisfied everybody." "Is it not just," said I, "that you promise and swear that you shall go out of the land pertaining to my lady peaceably, untroubling any of her tenants hereafter?" "It is just," said he; and did swear to perform all these things. When he had sworn by his part of heaven to keep these articles, I made him swear by the soul of his father, that neither he, nor one whom he could hinder, should ever thereafter trouble or molest my lady, nor any of her tenants. Then I sent him in to his company in the house to see if they would stand to all he had promised and sworn. He said, "They have all sworn fidelity and obedience to me, and therefore they must stand to whatsoever I promise, and perform it." "Notwithstanding," said I, "send me them out as you did come; their guns under their arms, the stocks foremost; and send no more out but one at a time; and let no more out until he who is out return in again; and when you

have all come out severally, and made the same oath which you have made, you shall have leave to take up all your guns, but upon your oath that you shall not charge them again until you be out of the lands pertaining to my lady."

"They did all come out severally as I had commanded, and as they did come to me, I discharged their guns, to the number of six or eight and forty, which made the tenants convene to us from all parts where the shots were heard; so that before they had all come out, we were near as many as they, armed with swords, and staves, and guns. When they all had made their oaths to me, I ranked our people like two hedges, five paces distant from one another rank, and but one pace every man from another in that same rank, and turned the mouth of their guns and their faces one rank to another, so as the Highlanders might pass two and two together betwixt their ranks. They passed so from the door of the hall in which they were, to the place in which their guns were lying all empty. They trembled passing as if they were in a fever quartan. I asked their captain, when they had taken up their guns, what way they would hold to go out of my lady's land. He said they desired to go to Boise. I said we would convey them to the boat of Boise, a good mile from the place where we were. I did so, because I had promised never to come in my lady's sight if I did not put them out of her lands; and therefore, to come in her house, I would see them pass over the water of Dye, out of her lands, which went to the water side, and we stood by the water side, until the boat did take them over in three voyages; and when they were all over the water we returned home. Alexander Davidson returned from Bountie how soon they began to march away. He told to my lady the event of our siege, who was very joyful that no blood was shed on either side.

Their captain and I going together to the water side, he said to me, "Sir, you have been happy in surprising us, for if our watchman had advertized us before your entry into the court, but only so long as we might have taken our arms in our hands and gone to the court, we could have killed you all before you had come near us, we being from you, and you in an open field to us; or if we had but gone the first to the windows, we could have beaten you out of the court, or killed you all in it." "Good friend," said I, "you think you had to do with children; but know that I was a soldier before you could wipe your own nose, and could have ranged my men so by the side of the house wherein you was that you should not have seen them through the windows, and in that posture kept the door so well that none of you should have come out unkilld, and so kept you within until the country had convened against you. I confess, if you had been masters of the court, and we in the open fields, you might have done what you say; but we were not such fools as to lay ourselves wide open to you, being covered from us. If any house had been near us, we could have made a sconce of it to cover ourselves: if none were near us, we could retire in order, and you could not pursue us, unlaid yourselves as open to us as we were to you, and there we should have seen who did best."

In the parish of Bine, these same fellows did call away a prey of cattle, and killed some men who resisted them. Then they went to Craigytar, and although he was esteemed the most active man of all the name of Forbes, he plundered his tenants, and carried away a prey of

cattle, for all that he could do against them. And this I say, to show that these Highlanders were active, stout fellows, and that, consequently, it was God, and not I with sixteen boys, that did put them out of the lands of that pious and devout lady, whom He did protect, and would not suffer to be oppressed. And to show that it was He Himself and none other, He made choice of weak and unfit instruments; to wit, a poor priest, who made no profession of arms, unless charity, as at this time, or his own just defence obliged him to it, and sixteen boys who had never been at such play before, to whom He gave on this occasion both resolution and courage, and to me better conduct than could have proceeded from my simple spirit without His particular inspiration; to Whom I render, as I should, with unfeigned submission, all the glory of that action.

We shall hope to return hereafter to this interesting narrative.

T. B. P.

Moritura.

I.

Moritura. O WIND, on whom the gracious South,
Hath shed the fragrance of her mouth,
What pleasure dost thou bear for me?

Notus. Tonight my feverburdened heat
Shall stop for aye thy pulse's beat:
Such pleasure do I bear for thee.

Moritura. South wind, thy sorrow were more glad,
Whose pleasure is so passing sad.

II.

Moritura. O sturdy wind, that sweepst forth
From icy portals of the North,
What succour wilt thou give to me?

Borcas. For thee tonight my frozen breath
Is laden with the chill of death:
Such succour will I give to thee.

Moritura. North wind, thy blast is strong enow,
Thy succour is but weak, I trow.

III.

Moritura. O wind, from out the balmy West,
Of all the winds, men love thee best ;
What blessing dost thou carry me ?

Zephyrus. The breezes on thy cheek that play,
Tonight shall steal thy life away ;
Such blessing carry I to thee.

Moritura. West wind, thy curse might well be rare,
Whose blessing is so hard to bear.

IV.

Moritura. Ill wind, whose cradle is the East,
Of all the winds, men love the least ;
Scant comfort couldst *thou* bring to me ?

Eurus. A sound that lives through ages dead,
From off a tree upon a height,
For comfort bring I unto thee ;
The echo of a Voice that said,
" Believe that by My side this night,
In Paradise thy place shall be."

Moritura. O wind from barren Calvary,
To gain thou turnest all my loss ;
When death is wafted from the Cross,
Then, breezes, take my life from me.

E. B. N.

Pauperism in England.

IN estimating the condition of a population, and in comparing two epochs of its history, we must be on our guard lest, by some oversight, we confuse the physical order with the moral order of things, or attribute the maxims of the one to the facts of the other. They are essentially different. In the physical order there is no limit to the discoveries which may be made; they multiply in an increasing ratio at every step which Science takes in its advance; and unbounded wealth and physical well-being is the usual result. But in the moral order there cannot be any progress. No discoveries can be made in morals. The science of Ethics does not advance, but remains as perfect as the Decalogue and the Gospel have made it. The law of God is eternal. The only moral difference to which a population can be subject, is a difference in the conduct of the people or its practice of the moral law. In comparing two epochs of history, we have to inquire only whether the practices of the people, at the two periods, were more or less in accordance with the law of Christ. We shall then learn from history, what we have already learned from the prophets, that wherever the practice of God's law is more exact, the nation rises and prospers; and wherever the law of God is forgotten, the nation falls into decadence.

The only social problem which the statesman has to study is, not to invent new principles, but to lead the nation to a more exact practice of God's law. This is the proper work of Rule or Government. In material prosperity, in the increase of trade and commerce, in the physical progress of the nation, the difficulties of the ruler begin. For material progress is apt to engender pride, luxury, and sensuality; and these vices induce the nation to forget the moral law. Thus it is that material progress has preceded the decadence of every nation; while straitened circumstances and moral practices have brought every great nation to its greatness.

That is our proposition. Let us consider it by means of an example. General examples of the histories of nations may be found in Bossuet's *Universal History*, or in Sir Walter Raleigh's *History of the World*. We prefer to consider a particular example in the history of England—the condition of the poor.

What do we mean by the poor? We do not allude to the labouring class alone. Above the working men there is a very large class of poor population, consisting of clerks, shopmen, &c. Of this class very little is known, because they hide their poverty and bear its pinch in silence, in order that their neighbours may think them "respectable." For they know and feel that in England now, there is no such shame as poverty. Below the labouring class, again, there is pauperism. In this term we do not include those who used, in the Acts of the Henrys, to be styled "sturdy beggars;" that is to say, good for nothing vagrants, who prefer the ease of impudent begging, to the sweat of the brow in honest labour. By paupers, we designate the unwilling recipients of relief, who cannot succeed without it in keeping their heads above water.

We must make another division of the subject. Formerly all England lived in rural districts. Now it is the age of great cities. In bygone days the labouring class was the same in every part of the country; and the problem was one—if problem there ever was. Now the problem how to improve the condition of the poor, is of two species. The subject of one part is the poor in the agricultural districts; the subject of the other is the poor in the great cities. The poor (not paupers) are of two kinds; but the general question of pauperism is the same in all districts.

Pauperism, therefore, naturally has the first claim on our attention; the poor in great cities shall come next; then the agricultural poor; and lastly a comparison of their present state with the condition of the poor in the middle ages.

The number of paupers has swelled enormously. The question of pauperism has, therefore, been studied from every point of view; and yet no one has arrived at the cause, no one knows how to stop the evil. When individuals administer relief, the evil is found to increase; the eager recipients of alms speedily augment their numbers. When an association is formed for the purpose, the link between the rich and poor is soon broken; for the recipient can make no return, for the help

afforded him, by affectionate respect or personal service. Besides, the secretaries, and deputations, and office expenses, which are inseparably connected with associations, have in many cases been found to swallow up the greater part of the funds subscribed for the objects of the association. The action of an association, moreover, increases the pauperism, by inducing those to become paupers who could support themselves and their families by work. A system of national relief is not at all better. St. Pancras Guardians are harsh and cruel; and rural Guardians begrudge the relief given, and labour only to reduce the rates. Moreover, it does not touch the evil. The utmost it can do is to administer some sedative to the pain; and any relief thus administered must fail to cultivate the virtue of charity in the giver and to raise feelings of gratitude in the recipient. A national system of poor relief has, moreover, this drawback added to the number—that its administration must always be wild and somewhat fortuitous, because the individual wants and peculiarities of each claimant for assistance cannot possibly be known to the centre of the administration of relief, whilst the indolence of some functionaries, and the cruelty of others, engender in the poor a galling hatred of the system. The following extract from the Report of a Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor Laws in 1817 is worthy of notice—

By diminishing this natural impulse by which men are instigated to industry and good conduct, by superseding the necessity of providing, in the season of health and vigour, for the wants of sickness and old age, and by making poverty and misery the foundations upon which relief is to be obtained, your Committee cannot but fear, from a reference to the increased numbers of the poor, and increased and increasing amount of the sums raised for their relief, that this system is perpetually encouraging and increasing the amount of misery it was destined to alleviate, creating at the same time an unlimited demand on funds which it cannot augment; and as every system of relief founded on compulsory enactments must be divested of the character of benevolence, so it is without beneficial effects; as it proceeds from no impulse of charity, it creates no feeling of gratitude, and not unfrequently engenders dispositions and habits calculated to separate rather than unite the interests of the higher and lower orders of the community. . . . The result appears to have been highly prejudicial to the moral habits, and consequent happiness, of a great body of people, who have been reduced to the degradation of a dependence upon parochial support; while the rest of the community, including the most industrious class, has been oppressed by a weight of contribution taken from those very means which would otherwise have been applied more beneficially to the supply of employment. And as the

funds which each person can expend in labour are limited, in proportion as the poor rate diminishes these funds, in the same proportion will the wages of labour be reduced, to the immediate and direct prejudice of the labouring classes; the system thus producing the very necessity which it is created to relieve.

What, then, is the cause of pauperism? If we only knew the cause, we could attack the evil at its root; for, when the cause is removed, the effect will vanish. As the effect is evil, the cause must be evil also—a deep seated evil in our customs or institutions. Some persons get rid of this uncomfortable question by a preliminary objection: “The population has increased,” say they. This cannot be the cause; for an increase of population is not an evil. Moreover, if any one asserts that it is the cause of pauperism, we may ask him to assign a cause for the increase of population. He will find from history that the cause lies in the moral sphere—in the loss of those strict ties and close bands which once existed between master and servant, between employer and workman. Mr. Froude has borne the following testimony—

The causes, indeed, were wholly wanting which lead to a rapid growth of numbers. Numbers now increase with the increase of employment and with the facilities which are provided by the modern system of labour for the establishment of independent households. At present, any able bodied unskilled labourer earns, as soon as he has arrived at man's estate, as large an amount of wages as he will earn at any subsequent time; and having no connection with his employer beyond the receiving the due amount of weekly money from him, and, thinking himself as well able to marry as he is likely to be, he takes a wife, and is usually the father of a family before he is thirty. Before the Reformation, not only were early marriages determinately discouraged, but the opportunity for them did not exist. A labourer living in a cottage by himself was a rare exception to the rule, and the work of the field was performed generally, as it now is in the large farms in America and Australia, by servants who lived in the families of the squire or the farmer, and who, while in that position, commonly remained single, and married only when by prudence they had saved a sufficient sum to enable them to enter some other position (*History*, i., p. 4).

What, then, is the cause of pauperism? It is not caused by smallness of trade. It is not always found where a kingdom is small, its resources scanty, and the whole nation living on slender means. It is precisely where the resources of a kingdom are great, where its commerce is extended, where its magnates live in opulence and luxury, that pauperism is most obvious to

the stranger. As trade grows, as commerce is extended and as wealth is accumulated, pauperism becomes a more and more serious evil. Great poverty is always found beside great wealth. You say that England is the richest country in the world? yet it has also the greatest number of paupers. A nation may be poor; yet if its possessions are more evenly divided, there will be no paupers. It is accumulation of wealth which makes poverty. This is a disease of the Body Politic; and pauperism is a symptom of the disease.

Look at the huge factory, with its roaring engines and million spindles, and untold wealth passing in and out. It casts its long shadow over humble cabins, dingy and dark, with thousands of begrimed and unkempt denizens, where poverty's sharp tooth and the nip of hunger inflict pangs which are endured in silence. The millionaire knows not what his people feel or think. Pass to the country, and look at the large green parks filled with deer, but not ministering to the sustenance of working men and their families, nor adding even to the national wealth. The poor man, as he passes, wonders how the owner must feel, and what thoughts engage his mind. He knows not. For there is no sympathy between them; the bonds and ties between rich and poor are gone: each party is isolated. The effect of this is the uneven spread of wealth; and the cause is a moral defect, which there was not in years gone by—a moral defect, which might be dealt with and tamed in a society penetrated and animated by thoroughly Christian principles, but with which nothing short of the predominant practical influence of religious charity can cope. Even in the Christian ages we find, moreover, that resort was had to sumptuary laws—a kind of measure which, to be of real avail, requires a strong Christian spirit in those to whom it is applied. When the sumptuary laws were abolished, a poor law was required. Sumptuary laws! they are sneered at in these days; for we cannot appreciate the thoughts of those men who passed, nor of those who accepted them. It is, moreover, a wonderful thing that laws to prevent the luxury of all classes, even the poorest, should be succeeded by laws whose end is to enable the largest class to live. These contradictions are the effects of repugnant, but hidden, principles governing the minds of the nation. The sumptuary laws forbade luxury, selfindulgence, accumulation of wealth, when the nation was tightly bound together by sacred relations of

life, and was one. The Poor Laws compel the affluent to feed the struggling poor, when the State, as Mr. Disraeli remarks in his *Sybil*, consists of "two nations," utterly alien and foreign to each other, and ignorant of each other's feelings, customs, and modes of life. For the kingdom is divided; envies and hatreds arise within it. Let us seek the cause of this, in order that we may remove the evil.

We are told that "pauperism is found in all old States." That may be; but this fact does not tell us the cause of pauperism. It is seen in new States, as well as in old States. But it is not found among nations who refrain from habits of luxury and selfishness. We have alluded to the accumulations of wealth as a cause of poverty; but the luxury into which great riches lead wealthy men, does not increase the evil of pauperism. The luxury (or selfish indulgence) of the poor is, however, one cause of pauperism. Take an example of selfish indulgence, viz., the consumption of spirits and tobacco. In 1857, twenty three million five hundred and sixty one thousand seven hundred and forty three gallons of spirits, paying a duty of £10,437,168, were drunk in the United Kingdom; in 1866, twenty five million three hundred and eighty eight thousand six hundred barrels of beer were brewed; and in 1864, thirty eight million two hundred and thirty nine thousand five hundred and twenty one pounds of tobacco were consumed. This represents a fearful expenditure for selfish indulgence. The resulting pauperism is not likely to be cured by legislation. For the laws which restrained sensuality in the middle ages are now pointed at as marvels of political ignorance—because in these days they are not understood. Men's minds have changed; their habits are different, or, in other words, they are differently formed by the education which they have received from birth to the grave. They are influenced by very different principles and ends. What feelings does the following extract from Froude's *History*, raise in our minds?—

In the middle ages a lofty effort had been made to overpass the common limitations of government, to introduce punishment for sins as well as crimes, and to visit with temporal penalties the breach of the moral law. The punishment best adapted for such offences was some outward expression of the disapproval with which good men regard acts of sin: some open disgrace; some spiritual censure; some suspension of communion with the Church, accompanied by other consequences practically inconvenient, to be continued until the offender had made reparation, or had openly repented, or had given confirmed proof of

amendment. The administration of such a discipline fell, as a matter of course, to the clergy. The clergy were the guardians of morality; their characters were a claim to confidence, their duties gave them opportunities of observation which no other men could possess; while their priestly office gave solemn weight to their sentences. Thus arose throughout Europe a system of spiritual surveillance over the habits and conduct of every man, extending from the cottage to the castle, taking note of all wrong dealing, of all oppression of man by man, of all licentiousness and profligacy, and representing upon earth, in the principles by which it was guided, the laws of the great tribunal of Almighty God.

Such was the origin of the Church courts, perhaps the greatest institutions ever yet devised by man. But to aim at these high ideals is as perilous as it is noble; and weapons which may be safely trusted in the hands of saints become fatal implements of mischief when saints have ceased to wield them. For a time, we need not doubt, the practice corresponded to the intention. Had it not been so, the conception would have taken no root, and would have been extinguished at its birth. . . . Each private person was liable to be called in question for every action of his life; and an elaborate network of canon law, perpetually growing, enveloped the whole surface of society. . . . The misdemeanours of which the courts took cognizance* were "offences against chastity," "heresy" or "matter sounding thereunto," "witchcraft," "drunkenness," "scandal," "defamation," "impatient words," "broken promises," "untruth" (*History*, i., pp. 189—191).

Again: Pauperism is not found where persons of all classes are united in stricter bonds of love, where they recognize more the sacredness of the relations between men, than they do in these days. It is not found where there is what the French call solidarity in the State—that is, where these bonds and ties are strong; for it is these which make a nation one body, so that when one member suffers, all the others suffer with it. In former times, country gentlemen lived on their estates, and managed the affairs of their parish, in cooperation with the farmers; they judged evil doers, and helped the poor, and joined in games with the peasantry, and diffused their riches and influence around them. They were the patriarchs of the parish; and local government flourished. Part of the winter was spent in the county town, at no great distance from home. Now, London and the London season consume half the time and half the money of the wealthy, and to these must be added the autumnal tour on the Continent or the moor in Scotland. The rich, therefore, do not know the poor, nor the poor them; and local government is delegated to small families and tradesmen, who look on the poor as the natural enemies of their pockets. Thus the hardships of poverty are enhanced, while by the

* See Hale's *Criminal Causes from the Records of the Consistory Courts of London*.

absence of the squire, and by his household expenditure being transferred to other places, the evil is greatly increased. This comes from a relaxation of the moral relations and ties between men. A very large proportion of the actual hardness of administration of measures like the Poor Law, which hardness tends to help on the utter dislocation of society, is the result of the jealousy or the apathy which throws the practical working of the system into the hands of the most narrowminded class in the whole community, and the issue might have been very greatly different if the same system had been administered by men of higher position and wider sympathies.

Distress is also caused by the frauds of shopkeepers, by false weights, and by adulteration of goods. For this there is no adequate punishment; a fine cannot deter immoral tradesmen, as a continuation of the practice brings more gain than will serve to cover the fine. The crime of using false weights is committed, for example, in the sale of groceries (tea, coffee, sugar), coal, cheese, and beer to the poor. A penny piece (weighing one third of an ounce) is very often affixed under one scale; a poor man buys a quarter of a pound of tea, but receives only two ounces and two thirds of an ounce; he is defrauded to the extent of eight and a half per cent. If a thousand persons deal at that shop, the gain to the seller is enormous; the loss to the poor is coextensive. The same loss occurs also in other articles of consumption. Such frauds are the "custom of the trade." It is a fraud which touches the poor only. For if three pounds of tea are purchased, the loss of one third of an ounce is a small percentage. The crime, then, is worse than burglary; for it is a robbery of the poor. Of the crime of adulteration it is needless to say much; for the extent to which it is practised is well known. When Lord Eustace Cecil moved a resolution in the House of Commons, condemning this system, the President of the Board of Trade (Mr. Bright) refused his assent to the resolution, on the ground that adulteration was merely legitimate competition. How different was the feeling before the Reformation, when guilds were established to prevent adulteration and large profits (which were called overcharging), and to increase honesty in dealing! Now guilds appear only when they revel in a civic banquet, and the truck system has taken their place. Why?—

No laws are of any service which are above the working level of public morality; and the deeper they are carried down into life, the

larger become the opportunities of evasion. That the system succeeded for centuries is evident from the organization of the companies remaining so long in its vitality; but the efficiency of this organization for the maintenance of fair dealing could only exist so long as the companies themselves, their wardens and their other officials, were competent to judge what was right and what was wrong, and could be trusted, at the same time being interested parties, to give a disinterested judgment. . . . In the 7th and 8th of Elizabeth, there are indications of the truck system; and towards her later years, the multiplying statutes and growing complaints and difficulties, show plainly that the companies had lost their healthy vitality, and with other relics of feudalism, were fast taking themselves away. There were no longer tradesmen to be found in sufficient numbers who were possessed of the necessary probity; and it is impossible not to connect such a phenomenon with the deep melancholy which in those years settled down on Elizabeth herself (Froude's *History*, i., 57).

As pauperism is evidently a result, not of material laws or the physical nature of inert things, but of principles or maxims in the minds of men, by which their conduct is guided, a most important fact must be borne in mind while we are searching for the causes of it. Before the Reformation, there were indeed poor persons, but pauperism did not exist. It has presented itself, as a terrible scourge and most difficult problem, to Protestant statesmen alone. The evil was scarcely perceived before the reign of Elizabeth. The Statute book bears no traces of any efforts to deal with it. It is true that in 1535 (the time of the suppression of the smaller monasteries, and not five years before the abolition of the larger), an Act of Henry the Eighth* enjoined a voluntary collection for the poor in each parish. When Henry was determined on dispersing those whose life was spent in consoling, advising, visiting, and relieving the poor, he felt that some little measure would be necessary to soften the shock of the sudden change. He little dreamed of the overpowering difficulty to which he was giving birth; nor of the immensity of the labour devoted to the poor, and the magnitude of the sums expended for their benefit, which he was thus cutting off. At the time of the Conquest, one third of the rental of the kingdom was in the hands of the monasteries.† At the time of Henry the Eighth, the property administered by the Church was one fifth of the property of England. Those who grasped at irresponsible power, and therefore resisted the supremacy of the Church, asserted that those riches went to

* 27th Henry the Eighth, c. xxv.

† See 15th Richard the Second, c. vii., A.D. 1391.

pamper abbots and monks. The growth of pauperism since the Reformation has given them the lie. One third of it was, by the old law, appropriated to the poor. That is—one fifteenth of the property of England belonged to the poor! This was the doing of the Church; for the love of Christ, she administered this fund both gratuitously and wisely. It was this which was sacrilegiously seized by Henry the Eighth, and given to pamper his more powerful nobles. If "he that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord;" then he that taketh from the poor robbeth the Lord; and "the Lord knoweth how to requite," for "Vengeance belongeth to the Lord."

By the Act of the 27th of King Henry, three hundred and seventy six monasteries, of £200 a year and under, were suppressed, and their property seized by the King.* The people of England understood what was being done; for that Act led to the great northern rebellion during the next year. The Act 31st of Henry the Eighth, c. xiii., abolished the larger monasteries. From the destruction of six hundred and forty five monasteries, two thousand seven hundred and thirty four chantries, and numerous hospitals and other institutions, the King alone obtained £150,000 a year; besides an aggregate of moveable wealth valued at £400,000.† Hallam says that Burnet, the Protestant Bishop, estimated the annual value of the property thus seized at £1,316,070. "It is indeed impossible," adds Hallam, "to feel too much indignation at the spirit in which these proceedings were conducted." Even if that sum of money had no greater value than the money of our time, the wrong done to the poor would have been enormous. But what must we think of it when we remember, as Mr. Froude asserts, that one penny at that date represented what a shilling does now? The real amount confiscated was twelve times as great! That amount, rightfully belonging to the poor, would do more than pay for the whole expense of the poor law; it would relieve farmers of rates, and would entail none of the evils of the poor law. Why was this sum robbed? Why were the monasteries suppressed? Lord Coke enumerates the grounds‡—

1. To enrich the King's exchequer.
2. To enable the King to form a standing army of forty thousand men.
3. To relieve the King's subjects from the payment of taxes for ever.

* Hallam. † Hallam, i., 76. ‡ Inst. iv., 44, in Collier, i., c. 161.

4. To enable the King to create some more peers.

It was Cromwell who advised the King to give some of the spoil to his courtiers, "that, being thus bound by the sure ties of private interest, they may always oppose any return to the dominion of Rome."* The spoils were divided among the courtiers of Henry the Eighth, and no provision was reserved for the poor. The nobles were the greatest gainers, and appropriated the lion's share of the sacrilegious plunder. The poor were the greatest losers; for they were robbed of assistance in poverty and sickness, their means of worship and their spiritual direction. If the Duke of Bedford's share alone (£80,000 a year) were restored, how many poor would it enable to earn a livelihood? how many working men would it employ? It would do much more than support all the poor upon his vast estates. And if the accruing interest of three hundred years were added, that sum would for ever support all the paupers of England. Of these great national robberies, Spelman wrote—

Like the dust flung up by Moses, they have become curses, both upon the families and estates of the owners, so that, in twenty years, more of our nobility and their children have been attainted and died under the sword of justice, than did from the Conquest to the dissolution, being about five hundred years.

Robbery and wrong brought a curse upon Achan; it is followed by a curse upon every perpetrator, until he make restitution. Our Catholic forefathers gave their property to found monasteries, chantries, and hospitals for the good of the people; the "Reformers" seized the property which belonged to the Church, and which supported the poor, in order to enrich themselves, and elevate to the peerage the most unscrupulous of the adherents of an adulterous King. Well might Alison write—

The great sin of the Reformation was the confiscation of so large a proportion of the property of the Church for the aggrandizement of temporal ambition, and the enriching of the nobility who had taken part in the struggle. When that great convulsion broke out, nearly a third of the whole landed estates in the countries which it embraced, was in the hands of the Roman Catholic Church. What a noble fund was this for the moral and religious instruction of the people, for the promulgation of truth, the healing of sickness, the assuaging of suffering. Had it been kept together, and set apart for such sacred purposes, what incalculable and never-ending blessings it would have conferred upon society. Expanding and increasing with the growth of population, the augmentation of wealth, the swell of pauperism, it would have kept the

* Hallam.

instruction and fortunes of the poor abreast of the progress and fortunes of society; and prevented, in a great measure, that fatal effect, so well known in Great Britain in subsequent times, of the national Church falling behind the wants of the inhabitants, and a mass of civilized heathenism arising in the very heart of a Christian land. Almost all the social evils under which Great Britain is now labouring, may be traced to this fatal, and most iniquitous spoliation, under the mask of religion, of the patrimony of the poor, on the occasion of the Reformation.

The effect of these robberies of the poor has been that England has ever since been haunted by the hideous spectre of pauperism, which no poor law will ever lay, unless the nation makes reparation for the crime. King Edward the Sixth* found it necessary to empower bishops to proceed in the courts of law against those (and they were many) who refused to contribute voluntarily towards the support of the poor. A compulsory rate for the poor had to be established in 1572.† This was the first of the compulsory poor laws; palliations for the disease, but not pretending to remove the cause.

Since that time poor rates have increased to a lamentable extent, in spite of the assistance of vast endowments, and the vaunted efforts of numerous charitable institutions; and in spite of the fields of labour which have been opened, and the inducements which have been offered for emigration and colonization, and in spite of the enormously increasing sums which have been paid away in labour for constructing railways and docks, and for building ships and machinery. The amount expended in the relief of the poor in England and Wales in 1650 (the earliest year on record) was £189,000; in 1721, it was £1,000,000; in 1811, it was £6,656,105; in 1818, it was £7,870,801. The population in England and Wales in 1693, was five million five hundred thousand, while the annual value of real property was £13,000,000. In 1818, the population was eleven million five hundred and seventy four thousand nine hundred and fifty five, while the annual value of real property was £55,531,027. In 1863, the number of paupers was one million seventy nine thousand three hundred and eighty two, the amount expended for relief was £6,527,063, the population was twenty million eight hundred and eighty one thousand, and the value of real property was £131,341,499. In 1869, the amount expended for relief was £7,673,100.

This represents the assistance given to paupers alone. But there is another fund devoted to the support of the labouring

* 1st Edward the Sixth, c. 3.

† 14th Elizabeth, c. 5.

poor, and the profits of the rich. We mean the amount spent in wages. Let us take one industry alone as an example: Cotton spinning. In 1771 only five million pounds of raw cotton were imported into the United Kingdom. In 1866 there were imported one billion three hundred and seventy seven million one hundred and twenty nine thousand nine hundred and thirty six pounds. The importation of this immense amount, the transportation of it to the mills, the weaving, the dyeing, and the exportation of it, of course supported thousands of poor labourers who would otherwise have burdened the rates. The same may be said of each of the other numerous trades and industries. They have all been vastly augmented, and serve to support increasing numbers of poor labourers. And yet pauperism has been overtaking the trades. If an American war were to destroy our credit, or cripple our trade, what would be the result? In suppressing the monasteries, you were a curse to the poor; and your vaunted trade, even if it remains undiminished, will be utterly unable, by all its efforts, to stay the plague and supply the place of the mere material efforts of the Church!

This remark leads us from pauperism to a consideration of the condition of the labouring class in towns. The term "Great Britain" now denotes two hostile arrays—the propertied class and the working class. Three hundred years ago masters and men shared and fared and fed together. Now capitalists know not the thoughts, and feel not the feelings of their workmen; while the workmen are as ignorant of the feelings and mental state of the propertied class. There is a gulf between them. They are two nations. Again: three hundred years ago England lived in counties, abhorring towns, and seeking relaxation in rural amusements and pastimes. Now England rushes from its rural retreats to the towns; some to the excitements and feverish gaieties of wealth, some to the political agitations and miseries of poverty. Merry England has gone over to careless vanities or bitter envyings.

Even during the last fifty years, how great has been the change! The population has ceased to be distributed over the country, but has become congregated in masses. As late as the year 1800, only London and five other towns had a population of more than fifty thousand. Now more than thirty towns are larger than this. In former days the working man did handiwork, or muscular labour in the open air. Now

steam engines supply the place of many labourers, and the working men are crowded into factories, and exert their heads and their skill. Then the rule was that the greater the work, the sweeter the rest; now factory labour drives the labourer for relaxation to the public house.

Not only is the work different; but also the very air is different. Great cities mean bad air, and poor accommodation in unhealthy and overcrowded houses. In villages the annual death rate average is thirteen in a thousand; in Manchester, the annual death rate is thirty three, and even more; while in sixty streets of Salford (in which the whole population was twenty five thousand) the annual death rate is fifty one (it ranged between thirty six and ninety one). Yet the death rate of the whole of Salford was only twenty six; which means that less than twenty six in every thousand of the wealthy died in every year, while more than twenty six of the labouring poor died in every year. The cause is the bad air which they breathe, and the wretched houses which they live in. According to Dr. Hunter's estimate, there are in Glasgow thirty five thousand tenements at a weekly rental of less than eighteen pence. A whole family lives in a wretched room, not worth eighteen pence a week! In the Eighth Annual Report of the Medical Officer of the Privy Council, Dr. Hunter writes—

There are about twenty large colonies in London, whose miserable condition exceeds almost anything I have seen elsewhere in England, and is almost entirely the result of their bad house accommodation. . . . The overcrowded and dilapidated condition of the houses in these colonies is much worse than it was twenty years ago.

This arises, doubtless, from the greediness of the owners, and the inability to pay on the part of the poor; but it is mainly due to the tendency of the population and of capital to agglomerate in large masses.

This tendency still continues. Large establishments swallow up small establishments, large factories crush small factories, and large capitalists draw all the capital into their own net. Working men, who were distributed around many factories, have then to congregate and crowd around one factory. So, on the other hand, large landowners buy up every plot of ground; they "add field to field, and house to house, until there is no room;" and the population of the rural districts becomes more sparse. Competition is war; and in this competition, as in every other, the weaker party goes to the wall. It is by competition that the

large eat up the small ; so that wealth is the cause of poverty, and property tends to accumulate in few hands, spreading poverty over the majority.

The labouring poor, who have thus become crowded together, are many millions in number. What they earn today, they have to eat tomorrow. They remember that they have made England's wealth ; they are not unconscious of their condition, nor ignorant of their power. Bacon has said that there is no greater cause of sedition than the belly. Their discontent has already made capital uneasy ; and to pacify them we reduced the suffrage and increased their power. Yet their disappointment increases year by year. For only a few rise to float on a sea of wealth ; while the many are sinking down, year by year, to the lower level of pauperism and want. The hard, unfeeling Juggernaut still rolls thundering along on its roaring engine wheels, and while a few scramble up the idol and ride there in triumph, the many are laid low in bankruptcy, and are remorselessly crushed by their idol. The few who have risen look complacently at the ruin of their rivals. They care not to help them. No man labours to smoothe the path which he has already passed—*eo immitior quia toleraverat*. But those who have fallen, feel bitter envy, and wait, with gnashing teeth, for the day of vengeance. This happens in what was once "Merry England."

The people have become, and are daily becoming, more concentrated. Each factory demands many hundreds of "hands," who come to live near their work. They collect around the huge ugly building, and shopkeepers crowd to the same place. The children grow up to the trade of their fathers. Wages fall through competition ; profits increase, and new factories arise, to be crushed in time by a larger competitor. Thus the working populations of manufacturing towns have increased two hundred and fifty per cent. during the last thirty years. Trade centralizes both capital and workmen. The following table gives a few examples in support of this assertion*—

	Population in 1831.	Population in 1866.
Nottingham	50,220	85,200
Derby	23,627	44,388

* Taken from the Population Tables. The Census Returns for 1871 have not yet been published.

	Population in 1801.	Population in 1851.
Bradford	29,704 . . .	181,964
Halifax	52,027 . . .	120,958
Huddersfield . . .	47,078 . . .	123,060
Leeds	30,669 . . .	101,343
Rochdale	26,577 . . .	72,515
Manchester	81,291 . . .	228,433
Birmingham . . .	60,822 . . .	173,951
Sheffield	39,049 . . .	103,626
London	958,863 . . .	2,391,338
Great Britain . . .	10,578,956 . .	20,959,477

The increase will be better seen from the following table of the ratios per cent. between the populations of 1851 and of 1801—

Increase in Great Britain	191'4 per cent.
" London	246'3 "
" Seaports	295'5 "
Towns engaged in woollen manufactures	299'6 per cent.
" silk	304'0 "
" hardware	316'2 "
" cotton	382'4 "
" ironworking	390'0 "
" other	324'2 "
Other towns of more than 20,000 inhabitants . .	310'4 "

Let us consider the political effects of the centralization of the people. A million persons scattered over a country have little power of combination—they can have few thoughts in common. But a million persons congregated in a town think gregariously and combine efficiently, and their power is a hundredfold what it was. The rain which falls on the fields for twenty four hours may not lay the standing corn, but half that rain, when gathered in a watercourse, will burst a bridge and bare down the stoutest opposition. This million of men all have the same human affections and passions, the same feelings, the same desire for happiness. The means of attaining it which seem good to one will be approved by all as efficient. These men used once to compete and struggle and war against each other, and lower wages, and ruin and impoverish each other. They congregate in the same town, and find that they have the same ends and common interests, and that they can seek those ends by the same means. What wonder if, having been drawn together by capital, they combine under the pressure of capital? Why should they bicker and quarrel, while the great Juggernaut

rolls over them? Doubtless the hostile array of capitalists like to witness their contentions. The employers think it wrong for the workmen to combine, because it interferes with trade and prevents the accumulation of capital. Precisely it does so. Yet combination is better than a selfseeking isolation, and stronger than a crowd of competing individuals. Moreover, the masters combine. "Yes, in self defence." Then you acknowledge that union is power. If so, why should not all the nation combine, and make the nation powerful? "A plague on both your houses;" let us make the nation one. We shall endeavour presently to show how this may be done, merely by treading on the old paths.

We now pass to the labouring poor in the agricultural districts. The argument that "the poor in towns are worse off than in former times, because that the population has increased," has clearly no place in this consideration. For as the agricultural poor have to a great extent been drawn off to the towns, the population in the rural districts is more sparse than in the days of the Tudors. And if it is the increase of population in the towns which has caused the deterioration of the urban poor, then the decrease of the population in the rural districts should cause the amelioration of the condition of the agricultural poor.

The Commission on the employment of women and children in agriculture was issued in 1867. The Commissioners appointed Assistant Commissioners to travel through the country and gather information, and four Reports have since been presented to the Legislature. From these Reports we shall give a few quotations to illustrate the condition of the agricultural labourers. With regard to Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Sussex, and Gloucester, the Commissioners report—

The agricultural labourer's wages are never up to the mark that can allow of his sacrificing the earnings of his child to higher considerations. . . . If the steady, first rate labourer in good employ cannot, at the rate of wages in many counties, dispense with earnings of his younger children without hardship to himself and them, what is the case with the second class of labourers? (First Report, xi.)

With regard to Leicester, Nottingham, and Lincoln—

The parents . . . set before themselves a very low standard of education for their children, not much regarding the moral duty of providing them with a good one, and take their children away from school the moment their services become valuable to them. The children also seem to get beyond the control of their parents as soon as they earn enough to support themselves (First Report, xv.).

With regard to Northamptonshire—

The deficiency (of education) arises from no want of schools, but, as a general rule, first from the indifference on the part both of the parents and the employers, and secondly from the unwillingness of the parents to forego the earnings of their children (First Report, xxvi.).

Then, summing up the evidence which they had obtained from all parts of Great Britain, the Commissioners add that in all districts the fact is distinctly impressed that

The earnings of a considerable portion of the labourers in agriculture are so small that they are reluctant to deprive themselves of what can be added to the family income by the labour of their children from the earliest age at which their labour is available, and that, as a consequence, the children are not allowed to remain a sufficient time at school to enable them to derive the necessary benefit from their school attendance. It is manifestly, therefore, a matter of pressing importance that full and earnest consideration should be given to the means by which, consistently with sound principles, the pecuniary resources of the agricultural labourer may be improved.

With regard to house accommodation, we must quote a few statements from the same Reports, premising, however, an assertion of Dr. Hunter's,* namely, that the population of England in 1861 was 5·34 per cent. greater than in 1851, while the house accommodation was 4·5 per cent. less. In writing of the agricultural labourer's houses in Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Sussex, and Gloucester, the Commissioners adopt an expression of one of the Assistant Commissioners (the present Bishop of Manchester)—

It is a hideous picture, and the picture is drawn from the life. . . . It is impossible to exaggerate the ill effects of the present state of things in every aspect, physical, social, economical, moral, intellectual (First Report).

With regard to Wales—

The proportion of those localities where the cottages are very defective in accommodation, and insufficient in number for the wants of the rural population, is evidently very great throughout Wales.

The state of the cottages throughout Pembrokeshire and Caermarthenshire is most disgraceful. . . . Cottages are too frequently built without any regard to the health, comfort, morality, or convenience of the occupants; generally badly ventilated, and as badly lighted, damp and unhealthy walls and floors, the former often of earth. . . . Overcrowding is the universal consequence, and gross immorality the result.

* Seventh Report of Medical Officer of the Privy Council.

Of Merionethshire it is said, that the remarks made on the deplorable want of proper cottages in Cardiganshire apply with full force to that county (Third Report, p. 12).

Summing up the evidence with regard to Wales, the Commissioners assert that

The results of the generally insufficient accommodation in the cottages are overcrowding and the consequent want of privacy; while the system of farmers domiciling the male servants in outhouses, barns, haylofts, &c., is produced also by want of cottages in sufficient numbers for the population. To the overcrowding and to the prevalent habit of thus domiciling the male servants on farms as above described, entirely removed from the control of the master, are traced the immorality so generally imputed to the labouring classes in Wales.

We must give two more extracts, which apply not to Wales only, but to the whole country—

Where the demand for the workman's labour is less; where he is not in regular employ; where his dwelling is crowded and comfortless; where he has none of the encouragements to thrift and sobriety held out by the hope of being able to keep a cow, and to raise a good supply of vegetables from a plot of land, or to keep a pig, and from these sources to obtain a more varied, a more agreeable, and a more nourishing diet for himself and his family, his own physical and moral qualities will be depressed, and this depression will be manifested in his indifference to, or neglect of, the education and moral training of his children (Third Report, p. 18).

Again—

The general conclusion which follows from this review of the condition of the agricultural labourer is, that he has lost opportunities and means of bettering his condition *which belonged to his class in former times*, and that his actual pecuniary resources are, in very many cases, so low that, unless in all such cases his condition can be improved, it would be unjust altogether to deprive him and his family of the power of adding to his weekly stock of earnings by such small sums as can be contributed by some portion at least of the labour of his children, from the earliest age at which that labour is profitable to him.

The Commissioners have, with regret, compared the present condition of the agricultural labourer with his state at a time (to use the words of Froude) before "the paths trodden by the footsteps of ages were broken up; and old things had passed away, and the faith and life of ten centuries had dissolved like a dream." The whole political philosophy and the whole social life of the middle ages were different, and was formed on utterly different principles from those which modern civilization under-

stands. In those days they took Divine revelation for their guide in all things; and they restrained their minds from errors and vagaries, by strictly observing the rules of dialectics. We, on the other hand, despise logic, regard no guide, revolt against all authority, and let all our social institutions rest on the conclusions of our understandings, or the changing phantoms of public opinion. How can we comprehend the thoughts and deeds of the middle ages? The treatment of the poor then and now is a good sample of the difference of the thoughts of men. In former times, the Church not only administered her own vast incomes for the good of the people, but she acted also as the almoner and distributor of the charities which others gave. To the monks of those days the real wants of each poor person were known. By them the impulses of charity were fostered in the rich, and the feelings of gratitude and reverence in the poor. Free of all expense the administration of relief was performed; for it was to them a labour of love. There was no indolence, and no waste; and the return asked of the poor to show their gratitude, was attendance at daily worship, the endeavour to lead a better life, and the performance of good works.

Witness the solicitude which the Church exhibited for the welfare of the poor. The Council of Leon, for example, in A.D. 1010, enacted that

Whoever has a cottage in the field of another man, and does not possess a horse or a donkey, let him annually render to the owner of the field ten wheaten loaves and half a measure of wine and one haunch of meat, and then he is free to work for any one he likes; the owner may not sell the cottage, nor exact compulsory labour, &c.

If a poor labourer were oppressed, or suffered any injustice at the hands of an official of the Court, or of a great feudal lord, he had not, as in these days, to suffer in silence or spend his all in a lawsuit, where he would be sure to be cast. He would go to the priest, and the priest would exert his influence, as spiritual adviser, with the feudal lord; and if redress were not obtained, he could speak to the ecclesiastical superior, and the complaint would mount through the hierarchy, until right was done.

Whoever had cause of complaint against the Emperor, or against the King who was his more immediate ruler, had the right to cite the oppressor before the tribunal of the Holy See. The Emperor, on the other hand, and the other Princes, had, on the very same ground, the right to claim that justice be done at Rome against their recalcitrant vassals.*

* Müller, *Manual of the History of the Middle Ages*.

We have pointed out various causes which, in these days, tend to aggravate poverty. Let us see how they were dealt with in the middle ages. The thoughts and principles of those days were reduced to written rules just after the cataclysm which substituted other thoughts and other principles. Some of these rules we shall quote from the *Catechism of the Council of Trent*. With regard to adulterations and false weights—

Those who, for genuine and sound merchandize, sell spurious and unsound, or who deceive the buyers by weight, measure, number, or rule, are guilty of a theft still more criminal and unjust (iii., viii., 9).

Another fruitful source of poverty is money lending and the credit system, whereby more is charged for an article, in its price, on the understanding that payment will not be demanded for some time. How would this practice have been regarded in the middle ages?

To this class (those who commit rapine) also belong usurers, the most cruel and relentless of extortioners, who, by usuries, plunder and destroy the miserable people. Now, whatever is received above the principal, be it money or anything else that may be purchased or estimated by money, is usury; for it is written thus in Ezekiel—"He hath not lent upon usury, nor taken an increase;" and in St. Luke, our Lord says—"Lend, hoping for nothing thereby" (iii., viii., 11).

Much of the apparent hardheartedness with which the poor are treated, is traced to the maxim of political economy which leads employers to regard labour as "a commodity." Froude remarks that such a notion was utterly alien to the mind of the middle ages—

There was this essential difference, that labour was not looked upon as a market commodity; the Government (whether wisely or not, I do not presume to determine) attempting to portion out the rights of the various classes of society by the rule, not of economy, but of equity. Statesmen did not care for the accumulation of capital; they desired to see the physical well-being of all classes of the commonwealth maintained at the highest degree which the producing power of the country admitted (*History*, i., p. 28).

How could labour ever be regarded as a commodity, at a time when every one was strictly enjoined to labour?—

The faithful are to be exhorted not to waste their lives in indolence and sloth; but rather, mindful of the Apostle's words, and in accordance with his injunction—Do each his own business, and work with his own hands (iii., iv., 20).

With regard to the amount of wages, men were taught that to give less than the just wages to workmen, or to keep back a part of the wages, on any pretence, is the sin of rapine.* Lastly, the relief of the poor was then inculcated as a duty universally incumbent on all the faithful.

This commandment (viii.) also implies pity towards the poor and necessitous, and the relief of their difficulties and distresses from our means and by our good offices. . . . For the faithful are to be inflamed with a desire and with alacrity to succour those who depend for subsistence on the compassion of others. They are also to be taught the great necessity of almsdeeds, namely, that with our means, and by our cooperation, we be liberal to the poor; and this by that very true argument that, on the final Day of Judgment, God will abhor and consign to everlasting fire those who shall have omitted or neglected the offices of charity; but will invite in the language of praise, and introduce into their heavenly country, those who shall have acted kindly towards the poor (iii., viii., 16).

Charity was, indeed, the characteristic of the middle ages, as it still is that of all Catholic lands. This Mr. Froude remarked in the following words—

Charity has ever been the especial virtue of Catholic States; and the aged and the impotent were always held to be the legitimate objects of it (*Froude's History*, i., 76).

Here, indeed, is the essential difference between the anti-Reformation and the post-Reformation epochs: a difference not to be conveyed by words; for the words themselves have now lost their meaning, and been degraded. The ideas which then filled and governed men's minds have now well nigh faded away. They can be awakened, not by words, but only by projecting ourselves into the middle ages, and by patient meditation, and by a continued effort of the imagination in endeavouring to realize the thoughts that could prompt those actions which now appear to us so dark and inexplicable. This we cannot accomplish as long as we sneer at the middle ages and despise the great intellects which flourished then. As long as we think ourselves to be wise, and regard the scholastics as ignorant and benighted, we shall never appreciate their thoughts. If we call those times the "Dark Ages," dark indeed will they be to us. "Charity," for example! What is charity to us? It is the gift of a penny to a beggar, that he may cease to trouble us with his importunity. What was charity to the middle ages? The sacrifice of self for the love of Christ.

* iii., viii., 10.

The people, not universally, but generally, were animated by a true spirit of sacrifice—by a true conviction that they were bound to think first of England, and only next of themselves; and unless we can bring ourselves to understand this, we shall never understand what England was under the reigns of the Plantagenets and Tudors (Froude's *History*, i., 37).

"Not universally, but generally," indeed, did England then practice those principles which were first taught with success, and are still inculcated with labour, by the Catholic Church of Christ. Would that England had then been, not almost, but altogether Christian, and Henry the Eighth would have heard the Church and ceased from adultery, and his courtiers would have refrained from accepting the sacrilegious spoils of the Church. And if England were Christian now, where would be that godless legislation which is gradually putting religion further off, and is cutting away authority from the throne, and banishing patriotism from the breasts of the people. They do not "think first of England, and only next of themselves;" they think first of themselves. How can this be changed? By a return to the thoughts of former days; by acknowledging the Supremacy of the Church and her Head over all kingdoms and nations and peoples: by recognizing the eternal supremacy of Christ's law. For self will then take the last place, and the "true spirit of sacrifice" will prevail.

The condition of old England was great prosperity, and acknowledged power. She was, moreover, as Mr. Froude has rightly termed her—"Merry England." She was then an example of Dr. Johnson's maxim: "That nation will be powerful where every man performs his duty; and every man performs his duty who considers himself under the law of Christ." Yet the prosperity of England is hardly stated in history. It was too common and matter of fact to be recorded by the annalist. For the history of the antiquarian, like the contemporary history of the journalist, consists only of abnormal facts and the records of crime. A record that things continued in their usual course, is not the staple of history nor of newspapers. The annalist and the journalist record wars and seditions, bankruptcies and miseries, crimes and executions, diseases and deaths. It is the breach, and not the observance, of God's law; it is misery, and not happiness, which men sit down to record.

Yet there is much indirect evidence of the calm happiness of England during the middle ages. Of every little grievance

the most used then to be made ; yet we do not find records of any suffering in the lower classes. This Mr. Froude remarks.

If the peasantry had been suffering under any real grievances, we should not have failed to have heard of them, when the religious rebellions furnished so fair an opportunity to press them forward. Complaint was loud enough when complaint was just (*History*, i., 35).

There is also much direct evidence against the contrary. Look at the sumptuary laws; look at the Act of the 24th of Henry the Eighth, which says that beef, mutton, veal, and pork, were the ordinary food of "the poorer sort."

These sumptuary laws are as great a puzzle to us, as political economy or a poor law would have been to the legislators who made England great. They are not appreciated now ; but they are, at least, a proof of the well-being of the people in those times ; and they are also a proof that one of the main aims of legislation was then to prevent the growth of wealth and luxury. A few examples would be useful. In 1336, A.D., we find an Act* which says—

Whereas heretofore, through the excessive and over many sorts of costly meats which the people of this realm have used more than elsewhere, many mischiefs have happened to the people of this realm. . . . Therefore no man shall cause himself to be served in his house, or elsewhere, at dinner, meal, or supper, or at any other time, with more than two messes ; and each mess of two sorts of victuals at the utmost, be it of fish or flesh, with the common sorts of potage, &c.

By the same King, artizans were forbidden from wearing cloth at more than thirty shillings per yard, and field labourers from wearing cloth worth more than twenty shillings a yard. In accordance with an Act of the 37th of Edward the Third (1363, A.D.), servants were allowed only once a day to eat of flesh or fish ; and the rest of their food was prescribed to be of milk, butter, cheese, &c. By an Act of the 4th of Henry the Seventh,† a man was forbidden to take more than two farms, or a single farm of a greater yearly value than ten marks. It was also against the law to lay down too much land in pasture, on the ground that pasture did not employ so many labourers as tillage. Nowadays we should say that, if tillage brings in an equal or greater profit at a less outlay for labour, it is in accordance with the laws of political economy to convert tilth into pasture. At those times they said that such an act

* 10th Edward the Third, c. 3.

† C. 16 ; and see c. 19.

did not proceed from, nor could it be defended by, any science, but that it could come only from man's natural covetousness; and that such acts had therefore to be restrained by the ruler. The Act of the 25th of Henry the Eighth, c. 13, concerning sheep and pasture, is an excellent exposition of such a policy. Similar is the legal enactment which restricted weavers to two looms only, with the object of preventing the manufacture of cloth from falling into the hands of large capitalists. The Act of Henry the Seventh, to which we have alluded,* was called forth by the condition of the Isle of Wight, which, it says—

Is lately decayed of people by reason that many towns and villages have been beaten down, and the fields ditched and made pastures for beasts and cattle; and also many dwelling places, farms, and fermholds, have of late time been used to be taken in one man's hold and hands, that of old time were wont to be in several persons' hold and hands, and many several households kept in them, and thereby much people multiplied, and the same isle thereby well inhabited; the which now, by the occasion aforesaid, is desolate and not inhabited, but occupied with beasts and cattle, so that if hasty remedy be not provided, that isle cannot be kept and defended, but will be open and ready to the hands of the King's enemies; which God forbid! . . . Wherefore it is ordained and enacted that no manner of person, of what estate or degree or condition soever, shall take any several farms more than one, whereof the yearly value shall not exceed the sum of ten marks, &c.

Mr. Froude thus accounts for that kind of legislation—

The city merchants were becoming landowners, and some of them attempted to apply their rules of trade to the management of landed estates. While wages ruled so high, it answered better as a speculation to convert arable land into pasture; but the law immediately stepped in to prevent a proceeding which it regarded as petty treason to the commonwealth.

The sumptuary laws are accounted for by the fact that "wages ruled so high"! Did wages rule so high from before the time of Edward the Third until the 25th of Henry the Eighth? And when the sumptuary laws were abolished, and Protestantism and poor law, and political economy and pauperism, came in, was it because wages ruled low ever after the Reformation? And why did the law step in to prevent that which answered better? Why were good speculations then regarded as "petty treason to the commonwealth"? This is the puzzle which has to be accounted for. Mr. Froude himself gives a far better explanation when he tells us† that the whole course of legisla-

* 4th Henry the Seventh, c. 16. A.D. 1487. † *History*, i., pp. 28—87, *passim*.

tion from A.D. 1100 until the Reformation, had equity for its principle; that it was a continued endeavour, in contradiction to the modern principles of political economy, to protect employers against their workmen, and labourers against their masters; or, rather, to unite all classes, and harmonize them together, by strengthening the bonds between man and man, and the ties and relations of social life: thus rendering the State one solid mass, most terrible to "the King's enemies;" and maintaining the physical well-being of all classes at the highest possible degree.*

Yet even this does not fully account for the puzzle. Nor shall we understand that class of legislation until we bethink ourselves of the rules of the Church, which she embodied in her catechisms, and whereby she condemned "the insufferable luxury of noblemen," and their "desire to maintain the grandeur of their families," and the endeavour of all classes "for the attainment of greater ease and elegance in their mode of life;"† also her equal condemnation of

Over elegance of dress in the poor; and hence the admonition of Ecclesiasticus—"Turn away thy face from a woman dressed up." As, then, women are too studious of ornament, it will not be unreasonable if the parish priest use some diligence in occasionally admonishing and rebuking them (iii., vii., q. 11).

Again—

By the word "daily bread" also is suggested the idea of frugality and parsimony of which we have just spoken; for we pray not for variety or delicacy of meat, but for that which may satisfy the necessary demands of nature; so that they should here blush, who, loathing with fastidiousness ordinary meat and drink, look for the rarest viands and the choicest wines. Nor by this word "daily" are they less censured, to whom Isaiah holds out these awful threats—"Woe unto you that join house to house, and lay field to field, even to the end of the place; shall you alone dwell in the midst of the earth?" For the cupidity of such men is insatiable, of whom Solomon has written—"A covetous man shall not be satisfied with money." To whom also applies that saying, of the Apostle—"They who would become rich, fall into temptation, and into the snare of the devil" (iv., xiii., q. 13).

This catechism of the Church (or, indeed, any of the catechisms or teachings of the Catholic Church) supplies us with a key to the mysteries of these "dark" ages; mysteries which no other

* See the remark on this passage of Froude's *History* by the Commission on the Employment of women and children in Agriculture.

† *Cat. of Trent*, iii., viii., q. 22.

key has yet served to open. The eloquent historian, who laboured in his study to project himself into those times, while he abhorred the Catholic Church and her teaching, yet was unwittingly led by his intellect and imagination to acknowledge her charm in the history of those times, and to see her effects in the phenomena which he strives to explain—

In the brief review of the system under which England was governed, we have seen a state of things in which the principles of political economy were, consciously or unconsciously, contradicted; when an attempt, more or less successful, was made to bring the production and distribution of wealth under the moral rule of right and wrong; and where those laws of supply and demand, which we are now taught to regard as immutable ordinances of nature, were absorbed or superseded by a higher code. . . . Of liberty, in the modern sense of the word, of the supposed right of every man "to do what he will with his own," or with himself, there was no idea. To the question, if ever it was asked, May I not do what I will with my own? there was the brief answer, No man may do what is wrong, either with that which is his own, or with that which is another's. Workmen were not allowed to take advantage of the scantiness of the labour market to exact extravagant wages. Capitalists were not allowed to drive the labourers from their holdings, and destroy their healthy independence. The antagonism of interests was absorbed into a relation of which equity was something more than the theoretic principle, and employers and employed were alike amenable to a law which both were compelled to obey. The working man of modern times has brought the extension of his "liberty" at the price of his material comfort. The higher classes have gained in luxury what they have lost in power (Froude's *History*, i., 87).

Such were the principles which governed the legislation of those days, so different from political economy, which is well nigh the only principle that governs the legislation of these days.

We have still to compare the effects. To describe those effects would perhaps be of little avail. We must quote the words of undoubted authorities to prove them. The Commissioners furnish us with the first authority which we shall use.* They quote from Professor James Thorold Rogers' *History of Agricultural Prices in England from A.D. 1259 until 1793*—

In the fourteenth century the land was greatly subdivided, and most of the inhabitants of villages or manors held plots of land, which were sufficient in many cases for maintenance, and in nearly all cases for independence in treating with their employers. Most of the regular

* First Report, xlv.

farm servants—the carter, the ploughman, the cowherd, the shepherd, and hogkeeper—were owners of land, and there is a high degree of probability that the occasional labourer was also among the occupiers of the manor. . . . The mediæval peasant had his cottage and curtilage at a very low rent, and in secure possession, even when, unlike the general mass of his fellows, he was not possessed of land held in his own right, held at a labour or a money rent; and he had rights of pasturage over the common lands of the manor for the sheep, pigs, or perhaps cow which he owned.

The Commissioners add—

"This state of things placed the labourer in husbandry, in the latter half of the fourteenth century, in a condition described as "one of rude abundance."

As to the agricultural labourer's wages, Mr. Froude says—

Allowing a deduction of one day in a fortnight for a saint's day or a holiday, he received, therefore, steadily and regularly, if well conducted, an equivalent of something near to twenty shillings a week—the wages at present paid in English colonies—and this is far from being a full account of his advantages. Except in rare instances, the agricultural labourer held land in connection with his house, while in most parishes, if not in all, there were large ranges of common and uninclosed forest land, which furnished his fuel to him gratis, where pigs might range, and ducks and geese; where, if he could afford a cow, he was in no danger of being unable to feed it.

Mr. Hallam is another witness to the prosperity of the labourer in the middle ages—

I should find it difficult to resist the conclusion that, however the labourer has derived benefit from the cheapness of manufactured commodities, and from many inventions of common utility, he is much inferior in ability to support a family to his ancestors three or four centuries ago.

Harrison, in his *Description of England** wrote—

The artificers and husbandmen make most account of such meat as they may soonest come by and have it quickest ready. Their food consisteth principally in beef, and such meat as the butcher selleth, that is to say, mutton, veal, lamb, pork, whereof the one sort (artificers) findeth great store in the markets adjoining, besides souse, brawn, bacon, fruit, pies of fruit, fowls of sundry sorts, &c. . . . In feasting, the latter sort—I mean the husbandmen—do exceed after their manner, especially at bridals and such odd meetings, where it is incredible to tell what meat is consumed and spent.

* Quoted by Froude, i., 19.

A State paper of A.D. 1515* testifies—

What comyn folke in all this world may compare with the comyns of England in riches, freedom, liberty, welfare, and all prosperity? What comyn folke is so mighty, so strong in the felde, as the comyns of England? . . . This great physical force they owe to the profuse abundance in which they lived, or to the soldier's training in which every man of them was bred from childhood.

There is another witness, who lived about the time of the destruction of the monasteries, and who related the condition of England after the ravages committed in the wars of the Roses, and before all the scientific improvements, and railways, and spinning jennies, and telegraphs, and means of extending commerce and increasing wealth, which are now our boast, had increased the wealth of England. Chief Justice Fortescue said—

Hereby it cometh to pass that the men of this land are rich, having abundance of gold and silver, and of everything necessary for the maintenance of life. They drink no water, unless it be that some for devotion, and upon a zeal for penance, do abstain from other drink. They eat plentifully of all kinds of flesh and fish. They wear fine woollen cloth in their apparel. They have also abundance of bed coverings in their houses, and of all other woollen stuff; they have great store of household goods, &c. &c.

Let us, then, not again hear the objection that "population was not so great." Why was production so amply sufficient for the poor in those days, when there were fewer men to labour, and no machines to increase the production? There were not, in those times, your millionaires, and there were not your hundreds of thousands of paupers. But there was charity, and there was selfsacrifice, and there was brotherly kindness; and luxury was restrained and the accumulation of capital was hindered; and the poor man was protected; and there were monks to administer the alms, and to visit the poor, and to help and to advise; and there were nuns to nurse the sick, and to rear the young, and to teach children; and all men, from old to young, professed to seek first the kingdom of heaven and His justice.

The habits of all classes were open, free, and liberal. There are two expressions, corresponding one to the other, which we frequently meet with in old writings, and which are used as a kind of index, marking whether the condition of things was or was not what it ought to be. We read of "*merry England*." When England was not merry

* *State Papers of Henry the Eighth*, vol. ii., p. 10, quoted by Froude, i., 20.

things were not going well with it. We hear of the "*glory of hospitality*," England's preeminent boast, by the rules of which all tables, from the table of the twenty shilling freeholder to the table in the baron's hall and abbey refectory, were open at the dinner hour to all comers, without stint or reserve or question asked. To every man, according to his degree, who chose to ask for it, there was free fare and free lodging—bread, beef, and beer for his dinner. . . . The "*glory of hospitality*" lasted far down into Elizabeth's time, and then, as Camden says, "*came in great bravery of building, to the marvellous beautifying of the realm,*" but to the decay of what he valued more (Froude's *History*, vol. i., pp. 42—44).

Look here upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two epochs.
See what a grace was seated on this time,
Where God Himself did seem to set His seal.
Look you now; here is the present time,
With a face begrim'd like Vulcan,
A look as fit for murder and for rape—
A dull, dead, hanging look, and hell bred eye.

There was merry England; here is a country full of agitated and soured townsmen. There all men lived in rude abundance; here we have the burden of pauperism weighing us down. There the wages of the labouring class "*ruled high*;" here are strikes and heartburnings, and demands for higher wages and shorter time of labour. There the employers had learned, from their youth up, to treat their workmen with justice, nay, with consideration—nay, rather, with charity; now factory owners merely require so many "*hands*," to be extensions of the steam engine. There was selfsacrifice; here is selfseeking. There all lived in abundance; here some know not what to do with their superfluous millions, while multitudes know not what to do that they may get bread to eat and clothing to wear. These are the two pictures which we have to compare. Why was *that* "*merry England*?" Why have we *here* our modern pauperism? Because men's minds were then formed on the teachings of the Church, and they lived in obedience to her Supremacy; while men now are formed by secular education and political economy, and live and labour to become rich. Then, in those "*dark*" ages, were the bright days of godliness, contentment, and joy; now our national decadence has been progressing for three hundred and thirty seven years. Yet we are not singular; our place in regard to many other nations is the same, or better; for other nations also have been progressing, through the triumph of revolutionary and atheistical doctrines, still more

rapidly on the downward path. Well might the Holy Father say, in his Bull of invitation to the Vatican Council—

Etiam intentissimo studio curandum est, ut Deo bene juvante, omnia ab Ecclesia et civili societate amoveantur mala; ut, miseri errantes ad rectum veritatis, justitiæ, salutisque tramitem reducantur; ut, vitiis erroribusque eliminatis, augusta nostra Religio ejusque salutifera doctrina ubique terrarum reviviscat, et quotidie magis propagetur et dominetur, atque ita pietas, honestas, probitas, justitia, charitas omnesque Christianæ virtutes cum maxima humanæ societatis utilitate vigeant et efflorescant.

R. M.

The Yarra-Yarra Unvisited.

WRITTEN IN AN AUSTRALIAN ALBUM ON ITS HOME TOUR.

NE'ER have I rambled on its marge,
Ne'er angled 'mid its willows;
I ne'er have sailed in skiff or barge
Upon its languid billows.
Yet will I sing—as Callanan
Once sang of Gougane Barra—
Yet will I sing as best I can
The lazy winding Yarra.

Ah! many a day of weary toil
And much privation well borne
Have served to tame the rampant soil
And raise this rising Melbourne.
Some forty years ago, as wild,
As lonely as Sahara—
Now rife with life and Trade's keen strife,
Just at the mouth of Yarra.

It creeps between high wooded sides,
And ere it reach the city,
Past holy Abbotsford it glides—
To which it owes this ditty.
For in Australian album, why
Waste praise on Connemara?
Thy heart's in Abbotsford, and I
Will praise its Yarra-Yarra.

The friend whose friendship gave me thine,
With kindness past all telling,
Pursues me since the "auld lang syne,"
When first with him I fell in.

The Yarra-Yarra Unvisited.

Ah ! while we watched the summer tide
 Lap thy gray rocks, Kinvara,
 We recked not that o'er oceans wide
 He'd fly to Yarra-Yarra !

He tells me that the sky above
 Is bluer far and brighter
 Than that which spans the Isle we love ;
 The air is warmer, lighter.
 Gay flowers along the margin float,
 And many an *avis rara*
 Of brilliant plume, but tuneless throat,*
 Skims o'er the sparkling Yarra.

When shall I breathe that purer air ?
 Quite lately I have had some
 Fair chance of being summoned there.
 If summoned, *ecce adsum* !
 The motto of our Bedford race
 Is this : *The sara sara*.
 (The accent slightly I misplace,
 To coax a rhyme for Yarra).

More musical than new Adare
 Its olden name Athdara,
 And Tennyson's meek Lady Clare
 Grows statelier as Clara.
 Had not my Muse such gems to spare
 For gemming thy tiara,
 She would not waste a double share
 On this one stanza, Yarra !

There is not unity of theme,
 I grant it, in these stanzas,
 The subjects as far sundered seem
 As Kensington and Kansas.
 'Twere better if in graceful round
 My thoughts could move—but arrah !
 What can a poet do, who's bound
 To close each verse with Yarra ?

* The friend referred to contradicts this common statement about the tunelessness of Australian birds. The following passage from a recent speech of Mr. Gavan Duffy, the present Premier of Victoria, is, perhaps, more interesting than apposite : "There are here all the conditions of a happy and prosperous country, if we agree to enjoy its blessings in peace and good fellowship. The sun in his circuit does not look on a land where individual and public liberty are more secure ; where industry has a more sure reward ; where a wider career is open to capacity and integrity ; or where more genial skies spread health and pleasure. We have all the elements of a great nation in the seed. I may apply to all Australia the graphic language of one of my friends : 'We have more Saxons on this continent than King Arthur had when he founded the realm of England ; we have more Celts than King Brian had when he drove the Danes into the surges at Clontarf ; we have more Normans than followed William the Conqueror to Hastings ; and to fuse these into nation, it only needs the honest adoption of the sentiment that we are all one Australian people.'"

And notice here, our rhythmic chords
Are strict in orthodoxy,
Nor do they force two little words
For one to act as proxy.
An article to harshly treat
(As in this line) would mar a
Most conscientious rhyming feat
Achieved to honour Yarra.

But now, at last, we must give o'er
With our Wordsworthian* sapphic,
Though sundry rhymes remain in store
Historic, typographic,
Like those we've hitherto impressed,
As Lara and Bokhara,
Carrara, Marat, and the rest ;
But how link these with Yarra?

My trickling thread of metre wells
As if 'twould well-for ever :
So mountain streamlet swells and swells
Into a stream, a river.
But now my harp as mute must grow
As that which hangs at Tara.
Farewell, dear Maid from Bendigo !
Farewell, O Yarra-Yarra !

W. L.

* See Wordsworth's *Yarrow Unvisited, Visited, and Revisited.*

Reviews of Famous Books.

V.—MARCO POLO'S TRAVELS.

I.

ONE of the famous naval battles which, in the mediæval contests between the ever quarrelsome and pugnacious Italian republics, shed so much glory upon the fleet of Genoa and the great captains of the house of Doria, was the fight off Curzola in 1298, in which, as we are still told by an inscription on the tomb of the victorious admiral in the church of San Matteo, in his native city, seventy six Genoese galleys contended with ninety six Venetians, of which they captured eighty four, bringing home eighteen in triumph, after burning the rest. Curzola is one of the many islands on the Dalmatian coast, further north than Corfu, and lies not far from Lissa, the name of which became famous in the late war of 1860 in connection with the solitary achievement of the fleet of the patchwork kingdom of Italy, which succeeded in getting itself soundly beaten by an inferior Austrian force near that island. At the time of the battle of Curzola, Venice had long been in the main successful and predominant, especially in the Levant, and her captains and mariners had become proud, contemptuous, and over secure. She had been humbled a few years before (1294) by the issue of the battle in the bay of Ayas, in the Gulf of Scanderoon, where also the Genoese had gained a great victory, capturing all but three of their adversaries' galleys, and taking the Commodore himself prisoner. Indeed, it seems to have been frequently the case in these sea fights that the victory, when there was a victory, was almost absolutely complete. On the occasion of which we are speaking, the Venetians are said by some accounts to have felt so secure of their own success as to have been anxious, during the interval which passed between their arrival in sight of the hostile fleet and the actual engagement, which was delayed by nightfall, lest their enemies should give them the slip by flight. The battle, which was fought on

Sunday, September 7th, 1298, inclined at first in favour of the Venetians, but they pressed on indiscreetly and in confusion, and so gave the Genoese, who kept better order, an opportunity of retrieving the fortune of the day, which was at last decided by the arrival of a squadron of Genoese vessels which had been separated from the rest by a storm, and which fell upon the flank of the Venetian line. The losses of the Genoese were heavy, and their brave admiral, Lamba Doria, had to witness the death of his own son, Octavian, before the fight was over. But the victory was very decisive. More than seven thousand prisoners were taken. The Venetian admiral, Dandolo, killed himself in despair by dashing his head against a bench. The prisoners were taken to Genoa, and seem to have been treated rigorously, though as to this there is a discrepancy of testimony. But it was probably not common in those days to treat prisoners of war in any gentle manner. In the course of the next year a treaty of peace was signed between the two Republics, which imposed no hard conditions upon Venice, and the prisoners were released in exchange for others taken from the Genoese.

Our interest in the battle of Curzola, and in the imprisonment of so many noble Venetians at Genoa in consequence of the victory of Doria, is caused by the fact that in the command of one of the Venetian galleys, and among the prisoners taken in the action, was a certain noble Messer Marco Polo, whose name has become far more widely known than that of Lamba Doria himself. Messer Marco was the youngest of three noble gentlemen of Venice, whose return to their homes, after an absence of a great many years, had made a considerable sensation in Venice, two or three years before the time of which we speak. An old writer tells us that—

Through the long duration and the hardships of their journeys, and through the many worries and anxieties which they had undergone, they were quite changed in aspect, and had got a certain undeniable smack of the Tartar, both in air and accent, having, indeed, all but forgotten their Venetian tongue. Their clothes too were coarse and shabby, and of a Tartar cut. They proceeded, on their arrival, to their house in the confine of St. John Chrysostom, where you may see it to this day. The house, which was in those days a very lofty and handsome palazzo, is now known by the name of the Corte del Millioni, for a reason that I will tell you presently. Going thither, they found it occupied by some of their relatives, and they had the greatest difficulty in making the latter understand who they should be. For these good people, seeing them to be in countenance so unlike what they used to be, and in dress so shabby, flatly refused to believe that they were the gentlemen

of the Ca' Polo, whom they had been looking upon for ever so many years as among the dead. So these three gentlemen—this is a story that I have often heard when I was a youngster from the illustrious Messer Gasparo Malpiero, a gentleman of very great age, and a Senator of eminent virtue and integrity, whose house was on the Canal of Santa Marina, exactly at the corner over the mouth of the Rio St. Giovanni Crisostomo, and just midway among the buildings of the aforesaid Corte del Millioni, and he said that he had heard the story from his own father and grandfather, and from other old men among the neighbours—the three gentlemen, I say, devised a scheme by which they should at once bring about their recognition by their relatives, and secure the honourable notice of the whole city. And this was it:—

“They invited a number of their kindred to an entertainment, which they took care to have prepared with great state and splendour in that house of theirs; and when the hour arrived for sitting down to table, they came forth of the chamber all three clothed in crimson satin, fashioned in long robes reaching to the ground, such as people in those days wore within doors. And the water for the hands had been served, and the guests were set, they took off their robes, and put on others of crimson damask, whilst the first suits were by their orders cut up and divided amongst the servants. Then, after partaking of some of the dishes, they went out again, and came back in suits of crimson velvet, and when they had again taken their seats, the second suits were divided as before. When dinner was over, they did the like with the robes of velvet, after they had put on dresses of the ordinary fashion worn by the rest of the company. These proceedings caused much wonder and amazement among the guests. But when the cloth had been drawn, and all the servants had been ordered to retire from the dining hall, Messer Marco, as the youngest of the three, rose from table, and going into another chamber, brought forth the three shabby dresses of coarse stuff which they had worn when they first arrived. Straightway they took sharp knives, and began to rip up some of the seams and welts, and to take out of them jewels of the greatest value in vast quantities, such as rubies, sapphires, carbuncles, diamonds, and emeralds, which had all been stitched up in those dresses in so artful a fashion that nobody could have suspected the fact. For when they took leave of the Great Can they had changed all the wealth that he had bestowed upon them into the mass of rubies, emeralds, and other jewels, being well aware of the impossibility of carrying with them so great an amount of gold over a journey of such extreme length and difficulty. Now this exhibition of such a huge treasure of jewels and precious stones, all tumbled out upon the table, threw the guests into fresh amazement, insomuch that they seemed quite bewildered and dumbfounded. And now they recognized that in spite of all former doubts, these were in truth those honoured and worthy gentlemen of the Ca' Polo that they claimed to be, and so paid them all the greatest honour and reverence.”*

* Ramusio, quoted by Col. Yule, *Travels of Marco Polo*, t. i., Introd., pp. xxxvi.—xxxvii. Colonel Yule (*ib.*, p. liv.) quotes another anecdote of the return of these gentlemen, which gives a different account of their reception by their relatives. It is from another old writer, Marco Barbaro—“From ear to ear the story

The three Venetian gentlemen mentioned in this extract were two brothers, Nicolo and Maffeo Polo, and Marco, the son of the first and nephew of the second. It will be more convenient for our readers if we defer even the slightest notice of the long journeys from which they had returned, so much to the amazement of their friends and kindred, until we have first given account of what passed in the course of the imprisonment of Marco at Genoa, to which we owe our acquaintance with Messer Marco himself, and with the book with which we are concerned in this paper. The old writer from whom we have already quoted goes on to tell us how Marco became a sort of lion at Genoa, on account of the fame of his travels and of his rare qualities, and how he was visited by the first gentlemen in the city, who were never tired of hearing of his wonderful adventures. Marco, however, got at last rather weary of repeating the same story over and over again, and this, according to Ramusio, led him to think of composing his book. "Assisted by a Genoese gentleman who was a great friend of his, and who took great delight in hearing about the various regions of the world, [and used on that account to spend many hours daily in the prison with him, he wrote this present book (to please him) in the Latin tongue." Ramusio adds an amusing skit upon the Genoese, one of those sly sarcasms which may still be heard in Italy, and which reflect the intense neighbourly jealousy and dislike which separate the natives of the different States of the peninsula from one another. "To this day," he says, "the Genoese for the most part write what they have to write in that language, *for there is no possibility of expressing their natural dialect with the pen.* Thus, then, it came to pass that this book was first put forth by Messer Marco in Latin, but as many copies were taken, *and as it was rendered*

has passed till it reached mine, that when the three kinsmen arrived at their home, they were dressed in the most shabby and sordid manner, insomuch that the wife of one of them gave away to a beggar that came to the door one of those garments of his, all torn, patched, and dirty as it was. The next day he asked his wife for that mantle of his, in order to put away the jewels that were sewn up in it; but she told him she had given it away to a poor man whom she did not know. Now, the stratagem he employed to recover it was this. He went to the Bridge of Rialto, and stood there turning a wheel to no apparent purpose, but as if he were a madman, and to all those who crowded round to see what prank was this, and asked him why he did it, he answered, 'He'll come, if God pleases.' Now after two or three days he recognized his old coat on the back of one of those who came to stare at his mad proceeding, and got it back again. Then, indeed, he was judged to be quite the reverse of a madman!"

into our vulgar tongue, all Italy became filled with it, so much was this story desired, and ever after."*

The only perfectly trustworthy part of this statement of Ramusio seems to be the general fact which he asserts, that we owe the composition of the famous book of travels with which we are dealing to the imprisonment of its author. Messer Marco would not have thought it necessary to use the Latin language on account of the barbarous character of the Genoese dialect, as it is probable that his own Venetian dialect, if he had not lost it, would at least have been intelligible to Genoese readers. Ramusio probably thought that the original text was Latin, and supplied the explanation which he has given out of the resources of his patriotic antipathy to Genoa, much as Dr. Johnson drew on similar funds for his famous definition of oats. The fact seems to be, strange as it will appear at first sight, that the original text of this celebrated book was in French, from which the work probably passed into Latin, through an Italian version—

The French language [says Colonel Yule] had at that time almost as wide, perhaps, relatively, a wider diffusion than it has now. It was still spoken at the Court of England, and still used by many English writers. . . . At certain of the Oxford Colleges, as late as 1328, it was an order that the students should converse *colloquio latino vel saltem gallico*. Late in the same century Gower had not ceased to use French. . . . Indeed, down to nearly 1385, boys in the English grammar schools were taught to construe their Latin lessons into French. . . . French had been the prevalent tongue of the Crusaders, and was that of the numerous Frank Courts which they established in the East, including Jerusalem and the States of the Syrian coast, Cyprus, Constantinople during the reign of the Courtenays, and the principalities of the Morea. . . . Quasi-French, at least, was still spoken half a century later by the numerous Christians settled at Aleppo, as John Marignolli testifies, and if we may trust Sir John Maundeville, the Soldan of Egypt himself, and four of his chief lords, "spak Frensche righte wel." Ghazan Kaan, the accomplished Mongol sovereign of Persia, to whom our traveller conveyed a bride from Cambaluc, is said by the historian Rashiduddin to have known something of the Frank tongue, probably French (Introduct., p. cxii.).

This is enough to make it very probable that Marco may have been familiar with the French of the day, though we should have liked a little more external evidence as to the use of the language in Genoa and Lombardy. However, the internal evidence of the text itself is conclusive. The best Italian manu-

* Colonel Yule, Introduct., p. xxxviii.

script, which was printed by Baldello at Florence in 1827, bears on its face a claim, which seems legitimate, to a date within eleven years of the first dictation of the travels. But, ancient as the Italian text is, it is clear, from the internal evidence of mistakes which are evidently the result of an imperfect knowledge of French in the writer, that it is the text of a translation into that language. The same sort of evidence infallibly proves that the so called Casket Letters of Mary Queen of Scots were originally written in Scotch, and not in French, and that therefore the French copies, which were identified as in Mary's handwriting, according to Mr. Froude, in the examination at Westminster, could not by any possibility have been genuine.* Colonel Yule gives several instances of the blunders into which the translator into Italian has fallen, which are quite enough for conviction, and which, in fact, convinced Baldello, whose opinion has been adopted by learned men since his time. Moreover, the old French text (published by the Geographical Society of Paris in 1824) contains strong external indications that it is an original text, and not a translation. It is very bad French, however.

"Its style [says M. Paulin Paris, quoted by Colonel Yule] is about as like that of good French authors of the age, as in our day the natural accent of a German, an Englishman, or an Italian, is like that of a citizen of Paris or Blois." The author [continues Colonel Yule] is at war with all the practices of French grammar: subject and object, numbers, moods, and tenses, are in consummate confusion. Italian words are constantly introduced, either quite in the crude or rudely

* We may be allowed to quote from the first paper in the first number of our Review (MONTH, July, 1864, p. 13). "The letters that were 'examined' in the Scotch Privy Council and in the Scotch Parliament were in Scotch, unsealed and unsigned. . . . If, therefore, any of Mr. Froude's experts were called in then, they must have testified to the handwriting of Mary in Scotch. At Westminster the scene is changed, and the letters are French, and the handwriting is Mary's still. This is the first great difficulty about the copies which were produced at Westminster. The second is, that although we possess the letters now in French, Scotch, and Latin, it is quite clear and undisputed that the Scotch is the original of the three. This was proved by Goodall, but it was also confessed by the French editor. Now, the publication took place by order of Elizabeth and Cecil; they had copies in French of the 'French originals' at Westminster. If our present French version is that which they had, the question is at once decided, for it is evidently a version from the Scotch through the Latin, the maker of which has fallen into several ludicrous blunders, by misreading or misunderstanding what he was translating. There is only one hypothesis by which any loophole can be left for the theory of 'French originals.' It is by supposing that, notwithstanding their existence, and the existence of copies in the hands of the enemies of Mary, they nevertheless chose to publish a *new* French translation from the Latin, having first translated the Latin from the Scotch."

Gallicized. And words also, we may add, sometimes slip in which appear to be purely Oriental, just as is apt to happen with Anglo-Indians in these days. All this is perfectly consistent with the supposition that we have in this manuscript a copy at least of the original words as written down by Rusticiano, a Tuscan, from the dictation of Marco, an Orientalized Venetian, in French, a language foreign to both (p. cx.).

These remarks are worthy of notice, even at this stage of our paper, because they will prepare the reader for the great want of literary polish which characterizes Marco Polo's work, which on that account alone is too far below the *History* of Herodotus, to which it has sometimes been compared, to have any chance in the comparison. The mention of Rusticiano brings us to what we may call the true connecting link between Marco Polo and his readers. Rusticiano, or, as it appears, more probably, Rustichello, of Pisa, was a literary man of the time, at least a writer who had occupied himself a good deal in compiling and recasting in French the chivalrous romances which were then in great request. Our Edward the First, then Prince Edward, is said to have met with him in Sicily, and at all events to have taken him with him to the Holy Land some years before the captivity of Marco Polo, and Rustichello employed himself in copying or condensing some famous romances which this Prince possessed and placed at his disposal. It is known that, at the time of the battle of Curzola, there were a great many Pisan prisoners at Genoa. The great battle of Meloria, off Leghorn, had been fought in 1284, and in this battle the Genoese had been as decisively victorious as afterwards at Curzola over the Venetians. Forty Pisan galleys were taken, and six thousand prisoners made. These, at all events, were not kindly treated. So large a proportion of the men of Pisa were captives that their wives and relatives are said to have gone in large numbers to Genoa on foot to seek them, and they were told in cold cruelty that so many had died one day, so many another, and that their bodies had been cast into the sea. A peace was signed in 1288, but it was abortive, and the prisoners remained unreleased. It is probable that Rustichello was among them, and he thus would be found by Marco Polo, so many years later, when the fortune of war brought the latter into the power of the Genoese. "Now being thereafter," says the preamble to the whole work, "an inmate of the prison [en le chathre] at Genoa, he caused Messer

Rusticiano, of Pisa, who was in the same prison likewise, to reduce the whole to writing; and this befel in the year 1298 from birth of Jesus."

II.

Having seen how Messer Marco Polo came to dictate his book in the prison at Genoa, we must proceed to state how he came to have so much to tell. It was then nearly thirty years since he had first turned his footsteps to that far East which he was to make a region of so much interest to Europeans, and almost forty since his father and uncle had left Constantinople on the expedition which had preceded that in which he had been their companion. The taking of Constantinople by the Crusaders in the last years of the reign of Innocent the Third (1204) had led to the foundation of the shortlived Latin Empire of the East, and the predominance which Venice obtained by her share in the enterprize had led to a great development of her commerce in Asia and Asia Minor, and turned the venturesome spirit of her citizens very strongly in that direction. It is just at the end of the Latin occupation, in 1260, "when Baldwin the Second was reigning at Constantinople," as the first chapter of the Prologue to the book tells us, that is, just one year before he was expelled by Michael Palæologus, that the two brothers, Niccolo and Maffeo Polo, crossed the Euxine on a mercantile venture to the Crimea. From the Crimea the two brothers turned northwards along the Wolga, where they were kindly received by Barka Khan, grandson of Chingiz, who ruled one of the great illdefined monarchies into which the Empire of Chingiz was dissolving itself, situated in South Russia, the headquarters of which were at a city called Sarai, built by his brother and predecessor, Bâtú. The proper title of this potentate was the Khan of Kipchak, and the Tartars under his dominions are called by Polo the "Tartars of the Ponent." While the Polos were at the Court of Barka, war broke out between him and Hulaku, the Khan, or Lord of the "Tartars of the Levant," as the Mongols who established themselves in Persia are called by our author. This war, which ended in the defeat of Barka, made travelling unsafe, at least in the direction which would have taken the Polos towards their home; so, after having been a year at Sarai, they pushed onwards, first to Ukek, a town which seems to have been on the Wolga, near Saratov, and was on the frontiers of Barka's territory, from which they crossed the Wolga (which in the Prologue is called the

Tigris), and after a long journey over a desert, reached Bokhara. There they fell in with envoys from Hulaku, "on their way to the Court of the Great Kaan—the Lord of all the Tartars in the world. And when the Envoys beheld the Two Brothers, they were amazed, for they had never before seen Latins in that part of the world. And they said to the Brothers, 'Gentlemen, if ye will take our counsel, ye will find great honour and profit shall come thereof.' So they replied that they would be right glad to learn how. 'In truth,' said the Envoys, 'the Great Kaan hath never seen any Latins, and he hath a great desire to do so. Wherefore, if ye will keep us company to his Court, ye may depend upon it that he will be right glad to see you, and will treat you with great honour and liberality; whilst in our company ye shall travel with perfect security, and need fear to be molested by nobody.'"^{*}

The brothers made up their minds to go with Hulaku's envoys, and had no cause to regret the confidence which they placed in their representations. They journeyed a whole year, north and northeastwards, and found the Great Khan Kublai at his Court on the confines of China. He received them with great hospitality, and was delighted at their arrival. The Princes of the House of Chingiz were many of them very politic and liberal, and it is not at all surprizing to find that after a time Kublai determined to send an embassy to the Pope, consisting of the two brothers and one of his own "Barons." They were to ask the Pope to send

As many as an hundred persons of our Christian faith, intelligent men, acquainted with the Seven Arts, well qualified to enter into controversy, and able clearly to prove by force of argument to idolaters and other kinds of folk that the Law of Christ was best, and that all other religions were false and naughty, and that if they would prove this, he and all under him would become Christians, and the Church's liegemen. Finally, adds our writer, he charged his Envoys to bring to him some Oil of the Lamp which burns on the Sepulchre of our Lord at Jerusalem (Prol., ch. 7).

The envoys were furnished with a "tablet of gold," a token valid throughout the whole of the Mongol dominions to secure them full supplies of everything needful for their journey. In the course of this journey, which lasted three years, the Tartar "Baron" fell sick, and the brothers went on without him, reaching in 1269, or at the end of 1268, Layas, the place now

^{*} Prol., ch. 3. It is to be noted that Colonel Yule always uses the spelling *Kaan* in translating the text of Marco Polo, following the ordinary spelling, *Khan*, in the notes.

called Ayas, in the Gulf of Scanderoon, which was then a port of considerable importance for Eastern travellers and merchants.

The brothers proceeded from Layas to Acre, where they found as Papal Legate no less a person than the saintly Teobaldo Visconti, afterwards Gregory the Tenth. Teobaldo was greatly interested in their story, but told them that as the Pope (Clement the Fourth) was lately dead, they must wait for the election of his successor before they could transact the business on which they were sent by Kublai Khan. Meanwhile the brothers seem to have thought they might as well go home to Venice. The Cardinals gave them plenty of time to arrange any affairs which they may have had to set in order, as this was the famous Conclave at Viterbo which lasted three years, in the course of which there was once a talk that the contending factions might agree to elect St. Philip Benizzi, who thereupon concealed himself in the mountains on the Tuscan frontier, near Radicofani. Niccolo Polo seems to have been the only one of the two brothers who had left a wife behind him in Venice. On arriving at home he found that she was dead, and that his son Marco was fifteen years of age. So, when, after waiting two years at Venice in the hope that a Papal election might at last take place, Niccolo and Maffeo Polo made up their minds that it was time for them to return and give an account of themselves to the Great Khan Kublai, they determined to take Messer Marco with them. It certainly throws a pleasant light both upon their character and upon the relation in which they stood to Kublai, that they should never have hesitated about going back to him, and where his father and uncle seemed so secure of a favourable reception, it is no wonder that the youth of seventeen should have been perfectly willing to accompany them. The three Polos, then, sailed once more for Acre, and got the Legate's leave to go to Jerusalem to get the oil from the Holy Sepulchre which Kublai had desired them to bring him.

Teobaldo must have been sore at heart to see so poor a return made on the part of the Church to the advances of the Great Khan, the Lord of the Mongol invaders whose hordes had a few years before been turned back with so much difficulty at Lignitz, in Silesia; but he had no power to do more than to write a letter testifying that the Venetian gentlemen had been unable to accomplish Kublai's commission, because there was at the time no Pope. The long interregnum must have grieved

him to the heart, as it grieved the hearts of all true children of the Church; and the interval had been full of misfortune to those interests to which, as Legate in the Holy Land, Teobaldo's own thoughts must have been anxiously devoted, for it had witnessed the last futile attempt at a Crusade under the heroic St. Louis, who had invested Tunis in the summer of 1270, only to die. The existence of any remains of Christian power in the East were now to terminate within a score of years or so, and Teobaldo must have foreseen that the catastrophe could not long be delayed, unless, indeed, some new and formidable power could be enlisted on the side of the Cross. His was a great and noble soul, and it must have been a sad business for him to send back the envoys of Kublai as he was obliged to send them. But they could scarcely have turned their back on Acre on their way to Layas, as Ayas was then called, before he received news which placed in his own hands a far larger amount of power than he had ever dreamt of wielding. He was himself the new Pope! St. Bonaventure—saintly names meet us at every turn in the story of this century—is said to have prevailed on the dissident factions at Viterbo to unite their suffrage upon him. He took, as we have said, the name of Gregory the Tenth.

As soon as he heard of his election, Gregory sent at once to stop the journey of the Polos, ordering them to return at once to Acre, where he was waiting before his voyage to Italy, for which our Edward the First, then Prince Edward, who had taken the Cross at the same time with St. Louis, and had landed in Palestine, fitted him out. We cannot doubt the eagerness of the new Pope to do all that could be done for the conversion of Kublai and his people, and it is probable that the scanty mission which he was able to despatch at once from Palestine would have been increased largely in numbers if he had been at Rome in the centre of Christian life. This mission consisted of two learned Dominican friars, Fra Niccolo of Vicenza and Fra Guglielmo of Tripoli. They were charged with letters and presents to the Great Khan, and received large spiritual faculties for the purposes of their mission.* Then the envoys were sent

* The text of Marco Polo, as printed by Col. Yule, contains a passage which he incloses in brackets, in which it is stated that the friars had "authority to ordain priests and bishops, and to give every kind of absolution, as if given by himself (the Pope) in proper person." It is possible that Gregory may have consecrated one or both of the friars bishops; but Marco Polo can hardly be expected to be a perfectly accurate authority on the details of the ecclesiastical powers of these friars, especially as they did not remain long in his company.

on their way once more with their new companions, and the Pope's blessing to encourage and protect them. However, on reaching Ayas again, they found "Hermeria"—the Cilician Armenia, a part of what we call Asia Minor—in confusion, "Bendocquedar," or Bundukdar, the "Soldan of Babylon," *i.e.*, of Cairo in Egypt, had invaded the country, and there was great fear for any travellers. "And when the Preaching Friars," says our author, "saw this, they were greatly frightened, and said that go they never would. So they made over to Messer Nicolas and Messer Maffeo all their credentials and documents, and took their leave, departing in company with the Master of the Temple."* Whether they expected the three Venetians to do the work of Apostles and theologians, and whether they made over to them their faculties for "every kind of absolution," we are not told; but this was the end of the "hundred intelligent persons of our Christian faith," for whom poor Kublai Khan had made request.

The Polos, however, persevered, and after three years and a half of journeying, once more reached the Court of the Great Khan, who, on hearing of their approach, sent some of his people a distance of forty days' travel to meet and welcome them. They were received with great rejoicings, and Messer Marco was taken into high favour by Kublai, and "sped wondrously in learning the customs of the Tartars, as well as their language, their manner of writing, and their practice of war: in fact, he came in brief space to know several languages, and form sundry written characters." The book tells us that he remarked that when the Khan sent officers to distant parts, he was displeased when they did not tell him, on their return, a great deal about the countries which they had seen, and this suggested to him to gratify what was probably a strong natural taste of his own, and collect all manner of collateral information about places to which he, in his own turn, was sent—for he seems to have been enlisted in the regular service of the Khan. He tells us that the Khan was highly delighted with this, and that in consequence Kublai often employed him, especially "on the most weighty and most distant of his missions." As he remained seventeen years in the service of Kublai, he had time to make himself very well acquainted with most parts even of that enormous Mongol empire, and the famous book of which we are now speaking is an evidence alike of his industry and his

* Prol., ch. 12.

astonishing memory. The curiosity of Kublai has produced us our European Herodotus, at least one who may vie with the delightful old Halicarnassian in the extent of his knowledge and in his general truthfulness, though, unfortunately, he cannot compare with the "father of history" as to the perfect beauty of his style. Kublai got so fond of the Venetians, that, as they could not possibly have returned to Europe without his leave, we might very well have never had our book. The Polos had become extremely rich in jewels and gold, but they, at least Messer Niccolo and Messer Maffeo, began to feel the hand of age upon them. There was not much chance of due provision for a good Christian death for them after the defection of the Dominican friars in "Hermenia." Then, if they were ever to take the journey, they must undertake it while they were in health and strength, for it was terribly long and dangerous. Moreover, their protector, the Khan himself, was getting old, and when there was a change of sovereign, foreigners were not always quite safe at the Tartar Court. Still, it seems as if our Venetians would never have got away from Kublai, but that the wife of the Mongol Khan of Persia, Arghun, happened to die, and she expressed a wish that her successor in her husband's affections should come from her own family in Mongolia. Arghun sent three ambassadors to Kublai's Court to ask for a young lady of the same family, and a beautiful girl of seventeen, Kukajin (or Cochajin), was selected for the honour. Meanwhile, says the story—

Messer Marco chanced to return from India, whither he had gone as the Lord's ambassador, and made his report of all the different things that he had seen in his travels, and of the sundry seas over which he had voyaged. And the three Barons, having seen that Messer Niccolo, Messer Maffeo, and Messer Marco, were not only Latins, but men of marvellous good sense withal, took thought among themselves to get the three to travel with them, their intention being to return to their country by sea, on account of the great fatigue of that long land journey for a lady. And the ambassadors were the more desirous to have their company, as being aware that those three had great knowledge and experience of the Indian seas and the countries by which they would have to pass, and especially Messer Marco. So they went to the Great Kaan, and begged as a favour that he would send the three Latins with them, as it was their desire to return home by sea (Prol., ch. 17).

The issue of this application was that the three Venetians obtained leave to depart with the lady and her escort. The Khan ordered thirteen ships to be fitted out, some of which

seem to have been very large. He gave the Venetians "two golden Tablets of authority," which secured supplies for them and all their company throughout his dominions, and messages to the King of France, the King of England, the King of Spain, and the other Kings of Christendom. Their voyage was very long, as they took three months to reach Sumatra from Zayton, or Chinchin, in China. They remained four months in the island, and spent eighteen more in navigating the Indian seas before reaching Persia. Two of the three envoys for Persia died on the way, as well as a large number of the suite. Arghun, who had sent for the lady, was dead, and his brother had succeeded him: the son of this brother, Ghazan by name, was substituted for his uncle as the husband of the long awaited bride, who wept as she parted from the faithful and kindly Venetians, whom she had come to look upon as fathers. The Polos went on from the camp of Prince Ghazan to Tabriz and thence to Venice, which they seem to have reached in 1295 or 1296.

III.

We have now seen how it was that Messer Marco Polo came to acquire the information about the very large portion of the great Continent of Asia which are described in his book. His accounts of each country or city are usually succinct, and the reader thus misses the gentle constraint of connected interest to lead him on from chapter to chapter, till he finds that he has devoured a large number of pages without having been conscious of the approach of weariness. Moreover, Messer Marco is remarkably impersonal, and we learn very little directly about himself or his companions from the pages of his book. We know of no better way of giving our readers an idea of its contents than by first enumerating the provinces and places as to which he furnishes information more or less detailed, and then giving some specimens. The contents, then, of the book itself, as it stands in its original form, fall into two very simple divisions: the Prologue, the substance of which we have already presented as shortly as possible to our readers, in which an account is given of the travels of the Polos and their final return to Europe; and then the work itself, which is divided into chapters of very unequal length, describing the countries visited by Marco, and giving a vast number of curious facts as to manners and customs. It is only natural that we should find a great deal about the Khan himself, his wars and enterprizes,

as well as about the fortunes of his Empire. The chapters were not originally headed, though they appear with their headings in the famous Italian version of Ramusio, which seems also to contain additions to the earliest form of the text which could hardly have come from any one but Marco himself. It is now usual to adopt a division of the chapters into four books, which break up the story according to various great subjects.

The first book contains an account of the "regions visited or heard of on the journey from the Lesser Armenia to the Court of the Great Kaan at Chandu," or Xandu, Xanadu—that is, at Kaipengfu, in China. This book contains sixty one chapters. It would take us far too long to follow Marco Polo from one stage to another of the "itinerary" along which he leads his readers, from Western Asia to North Persia, and by the regions bordering on the Upper Oxus to Karakorum and Chandu. Almost every chapter has some point of interest to geographers or historians, and it is quite surprizing as well as pleasing to find how often modern research has confirmed the statements of Marco, and how frequently he is illustrated by what is known of Mongol history from other sources. For there is a good deal of history in this as in the other books, and it is probable that the historical or legendary portions of the whole work are those which are usually most attractive to that most important personage, "the general reader." The geographical statements of Polo have long been favourite subjects for the members of learned societies to whet their appetites upon, and the result of the interest which these statements have created has been, as we have said, generally very favourable indeed to his character for veracity and accuracy of memory, though it must be taken into account that, like all travellers, he has had to accept a good deal on hearsay evidence, and is apt to fall into common mistakes about the names of places or of persons, especially the former—we mean such mistakes as that by which strangers give as the name of the whole country or of a nation that of the first town or district or tribe with which they happen to fall in. The comments of geographers—we mean, of course, historical and scientific geographers such as Colonel Yule—have now reached so large a development, that the original matter of the old Venetian occupies far less space in many parts of the two magnificent volumes now before us than the additional and illustrative matter. As we are writing far less for scientific readers than for the public in general, we shall omit any special

remarks on the many striking confirmations of Polo's local statements with which Colonel Yule's pages abound, and seek our quotations in what some may consider the more simply amusing part of the work. This first book, for instance, is well furnished with Eastern versions of certain well known legends or historical facts. It contains, for instance, an account of the Three Wise Kings of the Epiphany, of Prester John, and of the Old Man of the Mountain. The two last personages being by no means mythical, though legends have of course encrusted themselves on the truth in these cases as well as in that of the first Gentile adorers of our Blessed Lord. Here is a story about the Calif of Baudas (Bagdad), and his persecution of the Christians in his dominions—

It was in the year of Christ [1225] that there was a Calif at Baudas who bore a great hatred to Christians, and was taken up day and night with the thought how he might either bring those that were in his kingdom over to his own faith, or might procure them all to be slain. And he used daily to take counsel about this with the devotees and priests of his faith, for they all bore the Christians like malice. And, indeed, it is a fact, that the whole body of Saracens throughout the world are always most malignantly disposed towards the whole body of Christians.

Now it happened that the Calif, with those shrewd priests of his, got hold of that passage in our Gospel which says, that if a Christian had faith as a grain of mustard seed, and should bid a mountain be removed, it would be removed. And such indeed is the truth. But when they had got hold of this text they were delighted, for it seemed to them the very thing whereby either to force all the Christians to change their faith, or to bring destruction upon them all. The Calif therefore called together all the Christians in his territories, who were extremely numerous. And when they had come before him, he showed them the Gospel, and made them read the text which I have mentioned. And when they had read it he asked them if that was the truth? The Christians answered that it assuredly was so. "Well," said the Calif, "since you say that it is the truth, I will give you a choice. Among such a number of you there must needs surely be this small amount of faith; so you must either move that mountain there,"—and he pointed to a mountain in the neighbourhood—"or you shall die an ill death; unless you choose to eschew death by all becoming Saracens and adopting our Holy Law. To this end I give you a respite of ten days; if the thing be not done by that time, you shall die or become Saracens." And when he had said this he dismissed them to consider what was to be done in this strait wherein they were.

The Christians on hearing what the Calif had said, were in great dismay, but they lifted all their hopes to God their Creator, that he would help them in this bitter strait. All the wisest of the Christians took counsel together, and among them were a number of bishops and priests, but they had no resource except to turn to Him from Whom all

good things do come, beseeching Him to protect them from the cruel hands of the Calif.

So they were all gathered together in prayer, both men and women for eight days and eight nights. And whilst they were thus engaged in prayer it was revealed in a vision by a Holy Angel of Heaven to a certain bishop who was a very good Christian, that he should desire a certain Christian cobbler, who had but one eye, to pray to God; and that God in His goodness would grant such prayer because of the cobbler's holy life.

Now I must tell you what manner of man this cobbler was. He was one who led a life of great uprightness and chastity, and who fasted and kept from all sin, and went daily to church to hear Mass, and gave daily a portion of his gains to God.

He had destroyed his eye one day because he had been tempted to evil thoughts through it, remembering what was "said in the Holy Evangel."

Now when this vision had visited the Bishop several times, he related the whole matter to the Christians, and they agreed with one consent to call the Cobbler before them. And when he had come they told him it was their wish that he should pray, and that God had promised to accomplish the matter by his means. On hearing their request he made many excuses, declaring that he was not at all so good a man as they represented. But they persisted in their request with so much sweetness, that at last he said he would not tarry, but do what they desired.

And when the appointed day was come, all the Christians got up early, men and women, small and great, more than 100,000 persons, and went to church, and heard the Holy Mass. And after Mass had been sung, they all went forth together in a great procession to the plain in front of the mountain, carrying the precious cross before them, loudly singing and greatly weeping as they went. And when they arrived at the spot, there they found the Calif with all his Saracen host armed to slay them if they would not change their faith; for the Saracens believed not in the least that God would grant such favour to the Christians. These latter stood indeed in great fear and doubt, but nevertheless they rested their hope on their God Jesus Christ.

So the Cobbler received the Bishop's benison, and then threw himself on his knees before the Holy Cross, and stretched out his hands towards Heaven, and made this prayer—"Blessed LORD GOD ALMIGHTY, I pray Thee by Thy goodness that Thou wilt grant this grace unto Thy people insomuch that they perish not, nor Thy faith be cast down, nor abused nor flouted. Not that I am in the least worthy to prefer such request unto Thee; but for Thy great power and mercy I beseech Thee to hear this prayer from me Thy servant full of sin."

And when he had ended this his prayer to God the Sovereign Father and Giver of all grace, and whilst the Calif and all the Saracens, and other people there, were looking on, the mountain rose out of its place and moved to the spot which the Calif had pointed out!

And when the Calif and all his Saracens beheld, they stood amazed at the wonderful miracle that God had wrought for the Christians, insomuch that a great number of the Saracens became Christians. And even the Calif caused himself to be baptized in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, Amen; and became a Christian, but in secret. Howbeit, when he died they found a little cross hung round his neck; and therefore the Saracens would not bury him with the other Califs, but put him in a place apart. The Christians exulted greatly at this most holy miracle, and returned to their homes full of joy, giving thanks to their Creator for that which He had done.

The Persian tradition as to the Three Kings is as follows—

In Persia is the city of Saba, from which the Three Magi set out when they went to worship Jesus Christ; and in this city they are buried, in three very large and beautiful monuments, side by side. And above them there is a square building, carefully kept. The bodies are still entire, with the hair and beard remaining. One of these was called Jaspar, the second Melchior, and the third Balthazar. Messer Marco Polo asked a great many questions of the people of that city as to those Three Magi, but never one could he find that knew aught of the matter, except that these were three kings who were buried there in days of old. However, at a place three days' journey distant he heard of what I am going to tell you. He found a village there which goes by the name of Cala Ataperistan, which is as much as to say, "The Castle of the Fire Worshipers." And the name is rightly applied, for the people there do worship fire, and I will tell you why.

They relate that in old times three kings of that country went away to worship a Prophet that was born, and they carried with them three manner of offerings, Gold, Frankincense, and Myrrh, in order to ascertain whether that Prophet were God, or an earthly King, or a Physician. For, said they, if he take the Gold, then he is an earthly King; if he take the Incense he is God; if he take the Myrrh he is a Physician.

So it came to pass when they had come to the place where the child was born, the youngest of the Three Kings went in first, and found the Child apparently just of his own age; so he went forth again marvelling greatly. The middle one entered next, and like the first he found the Child seemingly of his own age; so he also went forth again and marvelled greatly. Lastly, the eldest went in, and as it had befallen the other two, so it befel him. And he went forth very pensive. And when the three had rejoined one another, each told what he had seen; and then they all marvelled the more. So they agreed to go in all three together, and on doing so they beheld the Child with the appearance of its actual age, to wit, some thirteen days. Then they adored, and presented their Gold and Incense and Myrrh. And the Child took all the three offerings, and then gave them a small closed box; whereupon the Kings departed to return into their own land.

And when they had ridden many days they said they would see what the Child had given them. So they opened the little box, and inside it they found a stone. On seeing this they began to wonder what this might be that the Child had given them, and what was the

import thereof. Now the signification was this : when they presented their offerings, the Child had accepted all three, and when they saw that they had said within themselves that He was the True God, and the True King, and the True Physician. And what the gift of the stone implied was that this Faith which had begun in them should abide firm as a rock. For He well knew what was in their thoughts. Howbeit, they had no understanding at all of this signification of the gift of the stone ; so they cast it into a well. Then straightway a fire from Heaven descended into that well wherein the stone had been cast.

And when the Three Kings beheld this marvel they were sore amazed, and it greatly repented them that they had cast away the stone ; for well they then perceived that it had a great and holy meaning. So they took of that fire, and carried it into their own country, and placed it in a rich and beautiful church. And there the people keep it continually burning, and worship it as a God, and all the sacrifices they offer are kindled with that fire. And if ever the fire becomes extinct they go to other cities round about where the same faith is held, and obtain of that fire from them, and carry it to the church. And this is the reason why the people of this country worship fire. They will often go ten days' journey to get of that fire.

Marco's account of Prester John, which is given further on in the same book, is that he was a great Prince, called in the country Unc Can, to whom the Tartars used to pay tribute. He found them multiply so much, that he became afraid of them, and so hit on a plan of distributing them in different countries, upon which they revolted and migrated to a distant territory. The history finds them at the time that Chingiz Kaan became their King (1187). He became a mighty potentate, and in 1200 sent an embassy to "Prester John" to ask for his daughter in marriage. Prester John was highly offended, and sent the envoys back with great indignation and contumely, whereupon Chingiz mustered his army and marched to Tanduc, "a vast and beautiful plain which belonged to Prester John,"—who marched with a large host to meet him. Then there is a divination scene, which Polo thus relates—

So when the two great hosts were pitched on the plains of Tanduc as you have heard, Chinghis Kaan one day summoned before him his astrologers, both Christians and Saracens, and desired them to let him know which of the two hosts would gain the battle, his own or Prester John's. The Saracens tried to ascertain, but were unable to give a true answer ; the Christians, however, did give a true answer, and showed manifestly beforehand how the event should be. For they got a cane and split it lengthwise, and laid one half on this side and one half on that, allowing no one to touch the pieces. And one piece of cane they called *Chinghis Kaan*, and the other piece they called *Prester John*. And then they said to Chinghis—"Now mark ! and you will see the

event of the battle, and who shall have the best of it; for whose cane soever shall get above the other, to him shall victory be." He replied that he would fain see it, and bade them begin. Then the Christian astrologers read a Psalm out of the Psalter, and went through other incantations. And lo! whilst all were beholding, the cane that bore the name of Chinghis Kaan, without being touched by anybody, advanced to the other that bore the name of Prester John, and got on the top of it. When the Prince saw that, he was greatly delighted, and seeing how in this matter he found the Christians to tell the truth, he always treated them with great respect, and held them for men of truth for ever after.

The battle ended in the defeat and death of "Prester John." The whole story, as far as Chingiz is concerned, resembles real facts in his career. As to Prester John, we may as well give our readers the benefit of a part of Col. Yule's note as to this mysterious personage.

The idea that a Christian potentate of enormous wealth and power, and bearing this title, ruled over vast tracts in the far East, was universal in Europe from the middle of the 12th to the end of the 13th century, after which time the Asiatic story seems gradually to have died away, whilst the Royal Presbyter was assigned to a locus in Abyssinia; the equivocal application of the term *India* to the East of Asia and the East of Africa facilitating this transfer. Indeed, I have a suspicion, contrary to the view now generally taken, that the term may from the first have belonged to the Abyssinian Prince, though circumstances led to its being applied in another quarter for a time.

Be that as it may, the inordinate report of Prester John's magnificence became especially diffused from about the year 1165, when a letter full of the most extravagant details was circulated, which purported to have been addressed by this potentate to the Greek Emperor Manuel, the Roman Emperor Frederick, the Pope, and other Christian sovereigns. By the circulation of this letter, glaring fiction as it is, the idea of this Christian Conqueror was planted deep in the mind of Europe, and twined itself round every rumour of revolution in further Asia. Even when the din of the conquests of Chinghiz began to be audible in the West, he was invested with the character of a Christian King, and more or less confounded with the mysterious Prester John.

The first notice of a conquering Asiatic potentate so styled, had been brought to Europe by the Syrian Bishop of Gabala (*Fibal*, south of Laodicea in Northern Syria), who came in 1145, to lay various grievances before Pope Eugene the Third. He reported that not long before a certain John, inhabiting the extreme East, king and Nestorian priest, and claiming descent from the Three Wise Kings, had made war on the *Samiard* Kings of the Medes and Persians, and had taken Ecbatana their capital. He was then proceeding to the deliverance of Jerusalem, but was stopped by the Tigris which he could not cross, and compelled by disease in his host to retire.

M. d'Avezac first showed to whom this account must apply, and the subject has more recently been set forth with great completeness

and learning by Dr. Gustavus Oppert.¹ The conqueror in question was the Founder of Kara Khitai, which existed as a great Empire in Asia during the last two thirds of the 12th century. This chief was a prince of the Khitan dynasty of Liao, who escaped with a body of followers from Northern China, on the overthrow of that dynasty by the *Kin* or Niuché, about 1125. He is called by the Chinese historians Yeliu Tashi; by Abulghazi, Nuzi Taigri Ili; and by Rashiduddin, Nushi (or Fushi) Taifu. Being well received by the Uigurs and other tribes west of the Desert who had been subject to the Khitan Empire, he gathered an army and commenced a course of conquest which eventually extended over Eastern and Western Turkestan, including Khwarizm, which became tributary to him. He took the title of *Gurkhan*, said to mean Universal or Suzerain Khan, and fixed at Bala Sagun, north of the Thian Shan, the capital of his Empire, which became known as *Kará* (Black) *Khitai*. In 1141 he came to the aid of the King of Chwarizm against *Sanjar* the Seljukian sovereign of Persia (whence the *Samiard* of the Syrian Bishop), who had just taken Samarkand, and defeated that prince with great slaughter. Though the Gurkhan himself is not described to have extended his conquests into Persia, the King of Khwarizm followed up the victory by an invasion of that country, in which he plundered the treasury and cities of Sanjar.

This Karacathayan prince is undoubtedly the first conqueror (in Asia at all events) to whom the name of Prester John was applied, though how that name arose remains obscure. Oppert supposes that *Gurkhan* or *Kurkhan*, softened in W. Turkish pronunciation into *Yurkan*, was confounded with *Yochanan* or *Johannes*; but he finds no evidence of the conqueror's profession of Christianity except the fact, notable certainly, that the daughter of the last of his brief dynasty is recorded to have been a Christian. Indeed, D'Oshson says that the first Gurkhan was a Buddhist, though on what authority is not clear. There seems a probability at least that it was an error in the original ascription of Christianity to the Karacathayan prince, which caused the confusions as to the identity of Prester John which appear in the next century, of which we shall presently speak. Leaving this doubtful point, it has been plausibly suggested that the title of Presbyter Johannes was connected with the legends of the immortality of John the Apostle (*ὁ ἀπὸ θύρατος*, as he calls himself in the 2nd and 3rd epistles), and the belief referred to by some of the Fathers that he would be the Fore-runner of our Lord's second coming as John the Baptist had been of His first.

When the Mongol conquests threw Asia open to Frank travellers in the middle of the 13th century, their minds were full of Prester John; they sought in vain for an adequate representative, but it was not in the nature of things but they should find *some* representative. In fact, they found *several*. Apparently no real tradition existed among the Eastern Christians of any such personage, but the persistent demand produced a supply, and the honour of identification with Prester John, after hovering over one head and another, settled finally upon that of the King of the Keraites, whom we find to play the part in our text.

Thus in Plano Carpini's single mention of Prester John as the King of the Christians of India the Greater, who defeats the Tartars by an elaborate stratagem, Oppert recognizes Sultan Jelâluddin of Khwarizm,

and his temporary success over the Mongols in Afghanistan. In the Armenian Prince Sempad's account, on the other hand, this Christian King of India is *aided* by the Tartars to defeat and harass the neighbouring Saracens, his enemies, and becomes the Mongol's vassal. In the statement of Rubruquis, though distinct reference is made to the conquering Gurkhan (under the name of Coir Cham of Caracaty), the title of *King John* is assigned to the Naiman Prince (*Kushluk*), who had married the daughter of the last lineal sovereign of Karakhitai, and usurped his power, whilst with a strange complication of confusion, Unc Prince of the Crit and Merkit (Kerait and Merkit, two great tribes of Mongolia), and Lord of Caracorum, is made the brother and successor of this Naiman Prince.

When Marco Polo has fairly brought his readers into the presence of the Grand Khan, he enlarges greatly upon his character, power, condition, the state he keeps, his government, palace, sports, and the like. This subject predominates in the earlier part of the second book. Our next extract relates to the Great Khan's paper currency.

The Emperor's Mint, then, is in this same City of Cambaluc, and the way it is wrought is such that you might say he hath the secret of Alchemy in perfection, and you would be right! For he makes his money after this fashion.

He makes them take of the bark of a certain tree, in fact, of the Mulberry Tree, the leaves of which are the food of the silkworms—these trees being so numerous that whole districts are full of them. What they take is a certain white bast or skin, which lies between the wood of the tree and the thick outer bark, and this they make into something resembling sheets of paper, but black. When these sheets have been prepared, they are cut up into pieces of different sizes. The smallest of these sizes is worth a half tornesel; the next, a little larger, one tornesel; one, a little larger still, is worth half a silver groat of Venice; another, a whole groat; others yet, two groats, five groats, and ten groats. There is also a kind worth one Bezant of gold, and others of three Bezants, and so up to ten. All these pieces of paper are issued with as much solemnity and authority as if they were of pure gold or silver; and on every piece a variety of officials, whose duty it is, have to write their names, and to put their seals. And when all is prepared duly, the chief officer deputed by the Kaan smears the Seal entrusted to him with vermilion, and impresses it on the paper, so that the form of the Seal remains stamped upon it in red; the Money is then authentic. Any one forging it would be punished with death. And the Kaan causes every year to be made such a vast quantity of this money, which costs him nothing, that it must equal in amount all the treasure in the world.

With these pieces of paper, made as I have described, he causes all payments on his own account to be made; and he makes them to pass current universally over all his kingdoms, and provinces, and territories, and whithersoever his power and sovereignty extends. And nobody, however important he may think himself, dares to refuse them on pain

of death. And, indeed, everybody takes them readily, for wheresoever a person may go throughout the Great Kaan's dominions, he shall find these pieces of paper current, and shall be able to transact all sales and purchases of goods by means of them just as well as if they were coins of pure gold. And all the while they are so light than ten bezant's worth does not weigh one golden bezant.

Furthermore, all merchants arriving from India or other countries, and bringing with them gold, or silver, or gems, and pearls, are prohibited from selling to any one but the Emperor. He has twelve experts chosen for this business, men of shrewdness and experience in such affairs; these appraise the articles, and the Emperor then pays a liberal price for them in these pieces of paper. The merchants accept his price readily, for in the first place they would not get so good an one from anybody else, and secondly they are paid without any delay. And with this paper money they can buy what they like anywhere over the Empire, whilst it is also vastly lighter to carry about on their journeys. And it is a truth, that the merchants will several times in the year bring wares to the amount of 400,000 bezants, and the Grand Sire pays for all in that paper. So he buys such a quantity of those precious things every year that his treasure is endless, whilst all the while the money he pays away costs him nothing at all. Moreover, several times, in the year proclamation is made through the city that any one who may have gold, or silver, or gems, or pearls, by taking them to the Mint shall get a handsome price for them. And the owners are glad to do this, because they would find no other purchaser give so large a price. Thus, the quantity they bring in is marvellous, though those who do not choose to do so may let it alone. Still, in this way, nearly all the valuables in the country come into the Kaan's possession.

When any of those pieces of paper are spoilt—not that they are so very flimsy neither—the owner carries them to the Mint, and by paying 3 per cent. on the value he gets new pieces in exchange. And if any Baron, or any one else soever, hath need of gold, or silver, or gems, or pearls, in order to make plate, or girdles, or the like, he goes to the Mint, and buys as much as he list, paying in this paper money.

The rest of the second book is divided in Colonel Yule's edition into two parts, the first of which contains Marco's account of the provinces and countries west and southwest of Cathay, that is, North China, in the course of which we stumble upon curious chapters about Thibet, Siam, Burmah, Cochin China, and even Bengal, though it seems uncertain that Messer Marco ever visited the lastnamed province, and, indeed, he often seems to speak from hearsay. The second division of which we speak deals with the eastern provinces of China and Manzi, that is, South China. With regard to this, M. Pauthier, the French editor of Polo, is greatly used by Colonel Yule, and his deep acquaintance with Chinese authorities has enabled him to identify a large proportion of the places mentioned by Marco. Here we meet with towns more or less familiar to us, as

Nganking, Hangchau, Changchau, and others. The third book crosses the sea to Japan, which Polo calls Chipangu—Kublai Khan having made an unsuccessful attempt to subdue that country. Marco then mentions Chamba (Cochin China), Java, Bintang, Sumatra (which he calls the Lesser Java), the Nicobar and Andaman Islands, Ceylon, Malabar (Ma'abar), Meliapor (Mailapùr), a great many provinces of India, Socotra, Madagascar, Zanzibar, Abyssinia, Aden, and Ormuz (Hormos). The fourth book is different in character from those which precede it, as it relates in the main to wars and battles between different Tartar princes, and is, to say the truth, much less interesting than the rest of the work. It would appear that Rusticiano dressed up the narrative in what was the then fashionable style for the relation of military anecdotes, and Col. Yule has been fain to omit the full text of many of the chapters, giving only extracts and a summary of their substance. Near the end of the book we have an account of Siberia (the Land of Darkness) and "Rosia."

We extract from the second book an account of the siege of a city, Saianfu (Siangyang-fu), in Manzi, as to which Messer Marco has been suspected of romancing—at least as far as relates to the part played there by himself and the other Polos. But even as to this Colonel Yule alleges some considerable amount of evidence to show that he may be accurate, though appearances are against him on account of chronological difficulties, and because it is not easy to suppose that the warlike machines mentioned in the story were unknown to the Tartars before this time.

Now you must know that this city held out against the Great Kaan for three years after the rest of Manzi had surrendered. The Great Kaan's troops made incessant attempts to take it, but they could not succeed because of the great and deep waters that were round about it, so that they could approach from one side only, which was the north. And I tell you they never would have taken it, but for a circumstance I am going to relate.

You must know that when the Great Kaan's host had lain three years before the city without being able to take it, they were greatly chafed thereat. Then Messer Nicolo Polo and Messer Maffeo and Messer Marco said: "We could find you a way of forcing the city to surrender speedily;" whereupon those of the army replied, that they would be right glad to know how that should be. All this talk took place in the presence of the Great Kaan. For messengers had been despatched from the camp to tell him that there was no taking the city by blockade, for it continually received supplies of victual from those

sides which they were unable to invest; and the Great Kaan had sent back word that take it they must, and find a way how. Then spoke up the two brothers and Messer Marco the son, and said: "Great Prince, we have with us among our followers men who are able to construct mangonels which shall cast such great stones that the garrison will never be able to stand them, but will surrender incontinently, as soon as the mangonels or trebuchets shall have shot into the town."

The Kaan bade them with all his heart have such mangonels made as speedily as possible. Now Messer Nicolo and his brother and his son immediately caused timber to be brought, as much as they desired, and fit for the work in hand. And they had two men among their followers, a German and a Nestorian Christian, who were masters of that business, and these they directed to construct two or three mangonels capable of casting stones of 300 lbs. weight. Accordingly they made three fine mangonels, each of which cast stones of 300 lbs. weight and more. And when they were complete and ready for use, the Emperor and the others were greatly pleased to see them, and caused several stones to be shot in their presence; whereat they marvelled greatly and greatly praised the work. And the Kaan ordered that the engines should be carried to his army which was at the leaguer of Saianfu.

And when the engines were got to the camp they were forthwith set up, to the great admiration of the Tartars. And what shall I tell you? When the engines were set up and put in gear, a stone was shot from each of them into the town. These took effect among the buildings, crashing and smashing through everything with huge din and commotion. And when the townspeople witnessed this new and strange visitation they were so astonished and dismayed that they wist not what to do or say. They took counsel together, but no counsel could be suggested how to escape from these engines, for the thing seemed to them to be done by sorcery. They declared that they were all dead men if they yielded not, so they determined to surrender on such conditions as they could get. Wherefore they straightway sent word to the commander of the army that they were ready to surrender on the same terms as the other cities of the province had done, and to become the subjects of the Great Kaan; and to this the captain of the host consented.

So the men of the city surrendered, and were received to terms; and this all came about through the exertions of Messer Nicolo, and Messer Maffeo, and Messer Marco; and it was no small matter. For this city and province is one of the best that the Great Kaan possesses, and brings him in great revenues.

Col. Yule adds some very interesting details as to the mediæval engines of war, which seem to have thrown shot quite as large as the largest of our own time.

None of these [engines] depended for their motive force on *torsion* like the chief engines used in classic times. However numerous the names applied to them, with reference to minor variations in construction or differences in power, they may all be reduced to two

classes, viz., *great slings* and *great crossbows*. And this is equally true of all the three great branches of mediæval civilization—European, Saracenic, and Chinese. To the first class belonged the *Trebuchet* and *Mangonel*; to the second the *Winch-Arblast* (*Arbalète à Tour*), *Springald*, &c.

Whatever the ancient *Balista* may have been, the word in mediæval Latin seems always to mean some kind of crossbow. The heavier crossbows were wound up by various aids, such as winches, ratchets, &c. They discharged stone shot, leaden bullets, and short square arrows called *quarrels*, and these with such force we are told as to pierce a six inch post. But they were worked so slowly in the field that they were no match for the longbow, which shot five or six times to their once. The great machines of this kind were made of wood, of steel, and very frequently of horn; and the bow was sometimes more than 30 feet in length. Dufour calculates that such a machine could shoot an arrow of half a kilogram in weight to a distance of about 860 yards.

The *Trebuchet* consisted of a long tapering shaft or beam, pivoted at a short distance from the butt end on a pair of strong pyramidal trestles. At the other end of the shaft a sling was applied, one cord of which was firmly attached by a ring, whilst the other hung in a loop over an iron hook which formed the extremity of the shaft. The power employed to discharge the sling was either the strength of a number of men, applied to ropes which were attached to the short end of the shaft or lever, or the weight of a heavy counterpoise hung from the same, and suddenly released.

Supposing the latter force to be employed, the long end of the shaft was drawn down by a windlass; the sling was laid forward in a wooden trough provided for it, and charged with the shot. The counterpoise was of course now aloft, and was so maintained by a detent provided with a trigger. On pulling this the counterpoise falls and the shaft flies upwards drawing the sling. When a certain point is reached the loop end of the sling releases itself from the hook and the sling flies abroad, whilst the shot is projected in its parabolic flight. To secure the most favourable result the shot should have acquired its maximum velocity, and should escape, at an angle of about 45° . The attainment of this required certain proportions between the different dimensions of the machine and the weight of the shot, for which doubtless traditional rules of thumb existed among the mediæval engineers.

The ordinary shot consisted of stones carefully rounded. But for these were substituted on occasion rough stones with fuses attached, pieces of redhot iron, pots of fused metal, or casks full of Greek fire or of foul matter to corrupt the air of the besieged place. Thus carrion was shot into Negropont from such engines by Mahomed the Second. The Cardinal Octavian besieging Modena in 1249, slings a dead ass into the town. Froissart several times mentions such measures, as at the siege of Thin l'Evêque on the Scheldt in 1340, when "the besiegers by their engines flung dead horses and other carrion into the castle to poison the garrison by their smell." In at least one instance the same author tells how a living man, an unlucky messenger from the Castle of Auberoche, was caught by the besiegers, thrust into the sling with the letters that he bore hung round his neck, and shot into Auberoche, where he fell dead among his horrified comrades. And Lipsius quotes

from a Spanish Chronicle the story of a virtuous youth Pelagius, who by order of the Tyrant Abderramin was shot across the Guadalquivir, but lighted unharmed upon the rocks beyond. Ramon de Muntaner relates how King James of Aragon besieging Majorca in 1228, vowed vengeance against the Saracen King because he shot Christian prisoners into the besiegers' camp with his trebuchets (pp. 223, 224). We have mentioned one kind of corruption propagated by these engines; the historian Wassáf tells of another. When the garrison of Delhi refused to open the gates to Alá'uddin Khilji after the murder of his uncle Firuz (1296), he loaded his mangonels with bags of gold and shot them into the fort, a measure which put an end to the opposition.

Some old drawings represent the shaft as discharging the shot from a kind of spoon at its extremity, without the aid of a sling (e.g. fig. 13), but it may be doubted if this was actually used, for the sling was essential to the efficiency of the engine. The experiments and calculations of Dufour show that without the sling, other things remaining the same, the range of the shot would be reduced by more than a half.

In some of these engines the counterpoise, consisting of a timber case filled with stones, sand, or the like, was permanently fixed to the butt end of the shaft. This seems to have been the *Trebuchet* proper. In others the counterpoise hung free on a pivot from the yard; whilst a third kind (as in fig. 17) combined both arrangements. The first kind shot most steadily and truly; the second with more force.

Those machines in which the force of men pulling cords took the place of the counterpoise could not discharge such weighty shots, but they could be worked more rapidly, and no doubt could be made of lighter scantling. Mr. Hewitt points out the curious resemblance between this kind of Trebuchet and the apparatus used on the Thames to raise the cargo from the hold of a collier.

The Emperor Napoleon deduces from certain passages in mediæval writers that the *Mangonel* was similar to the Trebuchet, but of lighter structure and power. But often certainly the term Mangonel seems to be used generically for all machines of this class. Marino Sanuto uses no word but *Machina*, which he appears to employ as the Latin equivalent of *Mangonel*, whilst the machine which he describes appears to be a Trebuchet with moveable counterpoise. The history of the word appears to be the following. The Greek word *μαγγανον*, "a piece of witchcraft," came to signify a juggler's trick, an unexpected contrivance (in modern slang "*a jim*"), and so specially a military engine. It seems to have reached this specific meaning by the time of Hero the Younger, who is believed to have written in the first half of the 7th century. From the form *μαγγανων* the Orientals got *Manganik* and *Manjánik*, whilst the Franks adopted *Mangona* and *Mangonella*. Hence the verbs *manganare* and *amanganare*, to batter and crush with such engines, and eventually our verb "to mangle." Again, when the use of gunpowder rendered these warlike engines obsolete, perhaps their ponderous counterweights were utilized in the peaceful arts of the laundry, and hence gave us our substantive "the Mangle" (It. *Mangano*)!

The Emperor Napoleon when Prince President caused some interesting experiments in the matter of mediæval artillery to be carried out at Vincennes, and a full-sized trebuchet was constructed there. With a shaft of 33 ft. 9 in. in length, having a permanent counterweight of

3,300 lbs. and a pivoted counterweight of 6,600 lbs. more, the utmost effect attained was the discharge of an iron 24-kilo. shot to a range of 191 yds., whilst a 12½-in. shell, filled with earth, ranged to 131 yds. The machine suffered greatly at each discharge, and it was impracticable to increase the counterpoise to 8,000 kilos. or 17,600 lbs. as the Prince desired. It was evident that the machine was not of sufficiently massive structure. But the officers in charge satisfied themselves that, with practice in such constructions and the use of very massive timber, even the exceptional feats recorded of mediæval engineers might be realized.

Such a case is that cited by Quatremère from an Oriental author of the discharge of stones weighing 400 *mans*, certainly not less than 800 lbs. and possibly much more; or that of the Men of Bern, who are reported, when besieging Nidau in 1388, to have employed trebuchets which shot daily into the town upwards of 200 blocks weighing 12 cwt. apiece. Stella relates that the Genoese armament sent against Cyprus in 1373, among other great machines had one called *Troja* (*Truia*?), which cast stones of 12 to 18 hundredweight; and when the Venetians were besieging the revolted city of Zara in 1346, their Engineer, Master Francesco delle Barche, shot into the city stones of 3,000 lbs. weight. In this case the unlucky Engineer was "hoist with his own petard;" for while he stood adjusting one of his engines, it went off, and shot him into the town.

IV.

But it is time for us to part from good Messer Marco, though we are sensible that our extracts have not been sufficient in number to give an adequate idea of the contents of his marvellous book. For the reason which we have already given, we can never expect to see it become very widely known; perhaps it is too sober, too truthful, as well as too concise and sparing of detail to catch the fancy of the general public. There was a time when Marco was looked upon as a romancer, but that time has passed, and he is considered by all good authorities as being remarkably trustworthy and accurate, though there remain a goodly number of difficulties in his pages to tax the energies of future geographers to explain them. His influence on geography and on literature generally may be somewhat exaggerated by certain writers: by some he is credited with having created the appetite of Columbus for discoveries like his own, and so to have led indirectly to the revelation of America to the Old World. The truth seems to be that Marco was by no means alone in making the far East known to the men of his time. That distant East was indeed a subject of interest to the Church for centuries before he lived and travelled, and the traces which we find in history of the very great extent of the Nestorian missions before the rise of the Mongol power bear witness to a very large

extension of the frontiers of Christianity in ages which to us are now comparatively dark. There can be no doubt that metropolitan sees existed in Samarkand, Herat, and even in China, in the eighth century; this is proved, as to China at least, by several incontestable pieces of evidence, among which perhaps the foremost place is occupied by the celebrated monument of Singanfou, which was dug up by chance in the first half of the seventeenth century. In the tenth century Christianity had fallen very low; but when European travellers began to flock eastwards after the rise of the Tartan power, they found a large number of Nestorian Christians in China and Mongolia. Not long after the retirement of the Tartars from their career of Western conquest, when, after the battle of Lignitz (1241), Europe seemed to lie almost at their mercy, we find the idea rising up in Christendom that the formidable invaders might be converted into friends by their acceptance of the Gospel, and might then be used as allies against the Mahometan power. Innocent the Fourth sent John of Plano Carpini, a Franciscan friar, and some companions to the Great Khan in 1245; the friars reached Karakorum, but were haughtily dismissed, and returned to Europe. Another friar, William Rubruquis, a Fleming, was sent some years later by St. Louis to the Tartar chiefs, and he, too, reached Karakorum. Rubruquis, says Col. Yule, in another work, *Cathay, and the way thither*, vol. i., Intro., p. xcviij.,

In the narration of his journey to the Court of Karakorum (1253, 1254), we have frequent mention of the Nestorians and their ecclesiastics, and speaks specifically of the Nestorians of Cathay as having a bishop in Segin on Singanfu. He gives an unfavourable account of the literature and morals of their clergy, which deserves more weight than such statements regarding those looked on as schismatics generally do; for the narrative of Rubruquis gives one the impression of being written by a thoroughly honest and intelligent person. In the time of Marco Polo, we find Nestorian Christians numerous not only at Samarkand, but at Yarkand, whilst there are such also in Chichintalas (identified by Pauthier with the modern Urumtsi, north of the Thian Shan) in Sucheu and Kancheu, and over all the kingdom of Tangut, in Tenduc and the cities east of it, as well as in Manchuria and the countries bordering on Corea. Polo's contemporary, Hayton, also testifies to the number of great and noble Tartars in the Uigar country who held firm to the faith of Christ. . . . (Polo) also speaks of them (Christians) specifically in the remote province of Yunan, and at Chinkiangfu, where they had two churches, built in the travellers own day by Mar Sergius, a Christian officer, who was governor then. Their number and influence in China at the end of the thirteenth century may also be gathered from the

letter of John of Monte Corvino, . . . and in the first part of the following century from the report of the Archbishop of Soltania, who describes them as more than thirty thousand in number, and passing rich people. Probably there was a considerable increase in their numbers about this time, for Qdoric, about 1324, found three Nestorian churches in the city of Yangcheu, where Marco would probably have mentioned them if they had existed in his time.

The same writer tells us (p. cxxx.) that during the last thirty years of the thirteenth century and the first few years of the fourteenth, the Mongol sovereigns had frequent communications with European Princes, the great object of which was to obtain alliance against the Sultans of Egypt. He adds also a number of details which prove that commerce was as active as the Church and as Christian sovereigns in intercourse with the Tartars; but that missions and merchants alike disappear from the field soon after the middle of the fourteenth century. The Mongol dynasty in China fell; the Mahometan power once more became predominant in Central Asia, and at the same time the Popes were in exile at Avignon, and the exile of Avignon was succeeded by the great schism. The fourteenth century inherited many hopes as well as many woes from the thirteenth, but it was itself a century of disaster, and distantly prepared the way for the catastrophe of the sixteenth. At another time, and under different circumstances in Europe and elsewhere, Marco Polo's book, and the accounts of the East given by other travellers, might have lighted up a great flame of Christian zeal, and that flame of zeal might have spread and worked until the Church had won so much ground in Asia as to turn it into a stronghold of Christian civilization, from whence it would never have been difficult to conquer to the Cross the as yet unknown world of America. Then, indeed, Christendom might have fulfilled the old aspiration of the Persians, and stretched its empire till it knew no boundaries but those of the heavens which enfold the earth.*

But, if so glorious a consummation is ever to come, so it was not then to be; and now, after so many centuries, Central Asia remains like Central Africa, an enormous field calling for Christian labourers, but which seems at present to be all but uncultivated. A great impulse was given to missionary enterprise by the Portuguese discoveries in the

* γῆν τὴν Περσίαν ἀποδέξομεν τῷ Διὶ αἰθέρι ὁμοῦρέουσιν· οὐ γὰρ δὴ χῶρην γε διδμεῖαν κατόψεται ὁ ἥλιος ὁμοῦρέουσιν τῇ ἡμετέρῃ (Herod. vii. 8).

East, and after St. Francis Xavier had led the way, hundreds of Christian priests pressed forward to tread in his footsteps and penetrate to the lands which he had been unable to reach. They had to labour from the eastern side of Asia, for the Greek schism and the power of Islam still barred and still bar the way from the west. Then again, there came a time of decadence in Europe itself, in which scarcely anything political has happened for more than a century which has not in some measure tended to check the expansive impulse of Christianity in the world. The Bourbons, a century ago, filled half the thrones of Europe, and they conspired to wrest from the Church a surrender of one of those great religious bodies which furnish her with her best instruments for the conversion of the heathen. The Society of Jesus fell—to rise again, with the fatal gap of more than forty years of extinction to throw it back on a second adolescence; and what throne of Europe is now occupied by a Bourbon? At the same time a chilling blast swept over the missionary fields of Catholicism throughout the world, and later on came blow after blow, the great Revolution and all its as yet unexhausted consequences, to paralyze still further the evangelizing resources of the Church. At the present moment, with a band of pickpockets lording it at Rome herself, whilst the Holy Father is a prisoner in the Vatican, it may not seem natural to form any lofty and daring wishes as to the conquests of the Church. But brighter days succeed, by a law of her existence, to her periods of depression, and we shall not abandon the hope that the darkness which now hangs over the cradle of the human race may soon be rolled away, that the “perfidious nation,” of which the Church speaks in her hymn, may soon be driven from the boundaries of the faithful, and that Eastern Christianity may wake up to new life and strength, and, once more united to the one fold, may have that power, fertility, and permanence accorded to its efforts which they lacked as long as they were made without the Apostolical blessing upon them. Then we may yet indeed see band upon band of Christian missionaries turning their steps eastwards along the track marked out by the old Venetian traveller, until the dominion of Catholic unity extends over all the countries which he has so faithfully described, from the Euxine and the Gulf of Scanderoon to the furthest limits of Cathay.

H. J. C.

A Russian of the last Generation.

OUR readers have lately had submitted to them a brief and summary sketch of the present circumstances of the Russian Church, and of the prospects of religion in the mighty empire which seems destined before long to come forward more prominently than heretofore as a determining influence in the fortunes of the civilized world. The character of the Russian people must necessarily interest all those who look with hope or anxiety on the prospects to which we have referred, and we may expect ere long to find their popular customs and literature, so far as it exists, become better known to Western readers than is now the case. On this head, we have nothing very definite to promise in the following pages. But we conceive that we owe a debt of gratitude to Count A. de Ségur, for having given us so lucid and interesting a sketch of one who may be called a "typical" Russian of the older school as that which is contained in this biography of his grandfather, Count Rostopchine. "Sixty years since," the name of Rostopchine was very familiar in many circles, as that of the Governor of Moscow who had the patriotic and desperate courage to plan and prepare the great conflagration of the ancient Muscovite capital, which had so fatal an influence on the fortunes of Napoleon. Count Rostopchine, at a later period, thought it well to disclaim the deed, but his disclaimer has not gone for much in the opinions of historians, or of the public. What is important at present is, that whether he burnt Moscow or not, he was just the man to do it. What he is said to have done as Governor of the "holy city" is exactly in keeping with the character evinced by the rest of his career, and it is in this sense that we shall proceed to study his life.

Theodore Rostopchine belonged to that race in Russia who kept up the characteristics of their Tartar origin, and who only accepted from necessity, and against the grain, the shallow attempts at civilization forced upon them by Peter the Great. His father, Count Rostopchine, was a man of little cultivation

but considerable talent, and possessing great strength of character. His mother died in giving birth to her second son. Thus Theodore was deprived almost in infancy of the softening influence of a mother's care, and we shall not be surprised to find in him all the roughness of his native race; that unbending determination which he inherited was, however, allied to many noble qualities. Indeed, his biography is chiefly interesting from the fact that he is so complete a specimen of the national character. Theodore was probably born during a brief sojourn of his parents at Moscow in 1765, but he passed his childhood in their own territory of Livna. He began his military career very early, and was appointed successively ensign in 1782, "sublieutenant" in 1785, lieutenant in 1787, and captain in 1789. At about twenty years of age he obtained permission from his father to travel for the completion of his education, and he spent a year in Prussia, partly at Berlin and partly at Gottingen. From the notes that he made at this period it is evident that he led a studious life, giving up only his evenings to the pleasures of society.

Upon his return to St. Petersburg, Rostopchine took up his military life with fresh ardour, and was burning with a desire for active service, which was soon granted. He acted as a volunteer at the siege of Oczakow, and for one year he served immediately under Souvarow, whose favour he gained by his readiness of speech. Upon his first introduction, after a few sentences, the General gravely asked him how many fish were contained in the Neva, and the young officer answered by the first number that came into his head, without a moment's hesitation. This presence of mind won for him the affection and protection of Souvarow, which he was able to repay fully in later years, when he used his influence with the Emperor Paul in his favour. After this campaign Theodore Rostopchine returned to St. Petersburg, where, besides his military duties and the serious study with which he occupied his time, he also entered into the pleasures of society, in which he was well fitted to shine by his brilliancy and originality. But he could not disguise his contempt for the corruption which reigned in the higher classes, and by the severity of his strictures he gained for himself more enemies than afterwards by the glory which he won, or even by the burning of Moscow.

In 1792 Rostopchine left the army, and was placed at the Court of the Empress Catharine. Here he began his connection with the Emperor Paul, then hereditary Grand Duke, and we

see proofs of the manliness and justice of his character in his conduct towards Paul. Paul was kept in the background and harshly treated by the Empress. He lived a very retired life at Gatselima, and the twelve courtiers appointed to attend him by turns were ready enough to imitate their betters by treating him with neglect and insult. Rostopchine was willing to supply those attentions which were omitted by the rest, but when two weeks elapsed and no one came to relieve him from his post, his indignation burst forth at such negligence towards the Prince. This resulted in quarrels and recriminations which reached the ear of Catharine, and Rostopchine was banished for a year from the Court. But he had gained the affection of the Grand Duke, and the friendship then formed lasted during life, and did honour to them both, for the favourite was unsparing in his candour, while the master generally accepted it in good part.

During the year of exile which now followed, Rostopchine visited Prussia a second time. He evidently did not increase his affection for that country, and the notes that he has kept of his sojourn there are not wanting in force and satire; a few extracts will serve to illustrate the character of the man, as well as that of the people he was depicting—

The frontier. The town of Tsillintsig is small, ugly, and contains nothing remarkable; its most beautiful buildings are, as in all the small towns of Germany, the town hall, the cathedral, and post house. Here begin the Prussian States, the German language, and the reign of enforced patience. Ah, unhappy Russian traveller, weep and forget the Russian coachmen. Forget that horses can trot or gallop. You know the sufferings that barbarians inflict upon Christians, but the latter can be ransomed from their slavery, while as for yourself, alas! nothing can save you.

The *poste*. It is managed by post masters who, for the most part, are retired officers, boasters, and chatterboxes. They have in their stables about sixteen large, heavy looking horses, with thick legs. First the post master inspects the traveller's carriage with the view of attaching an additional horse, which he always manages to do when he has supporters at hand, or when he happens to be a little more tipsy than usual. This rests with him, for the traveller is completely in his power. Then the horses are fed, while the postillions also refresh themselves. The post master smokes his pipe, shakes out the ashes, refills it, and smokes it again, relating his own history, his heroic deeds, his number of wounds, the esteem in which the King holds him, and so on; and all this lasts till the time for starting: . . . At first I was indignant, but now my feelings are quite touched by the consideration that this immovable post is called the *extra post*—that is, the express! It is not wonderful that it should be so in Prussia when we remember the phlegmatic temperament of the people. In the schools of philosophy

in ancient Greece, it required years to inculcate patience, but in these modern times the Prussian *poste* can form philosophers in a few miles. This *poste* is an unbearable torture, and the post masters are pitiless tyrants. Neither prayers, nor persuasion, nor tears, can move them; they will, through a cloud of smoke, emit the one word *gleich* (directly), and this *gleich*, which is their reply to everything, lasts an hour and a half. Some people have been goaded to fury, and struck them, but then, and still more slowly, they were conveyed by this *poste* to courts of justice, and condemned to heavy penalties. Others have given vent to abuse, but then the post master will fetch a rusty sword, and threaten to seek reparation for his wounded honour. I generally cast my malediction upon them, and went for a walk, or I would sit in the carriage and read, which was the only means by which I could stifle my anger and my regrets at having started for a foreign country.

Gleich is the word with which both post master and postillion endeavour to soothe the traveller's impatience. This *gleich* of the Prussian *poste* is, in comparison with the Russian *ay-tchass*, the French *à l'instant*, the Italian *subito*, and the English *directly*, like unto eternity in comparison with a moment.

After this journey in Prussia, Rostopchine returned to the Court of Russia, and about 1795 he married Catharine Protassow, daughter of Count Protassow, Civil Governor of Kalouga. She, with her four sisters, had been brought up by her aunt, the Countess Anna Stephanowna Protassow, maid of honour and favourite of the Empress Catharine. The young Countess Rostopchine was pretty, lively, and very well informed. She had acquired from her aunt the distinguished manners of the Court, but she was preserved from its corrupt influence by her taste for serious study, and by the high tone of her mind. She was eighteen, and Rostopchine thirty years of age, at the time of their marriage. Their first child, Sergius, was born a year later, and he was followed by seven others, three of whom died early in life. Soon after the marriage of Rostopchine, his position was quite changed by the death of the Empress Catharine, in 1796. Paul became Emperor under the title of Paul the First, and Rostopchine was at once one of the principal persons in the Empire. As is usual in such cases, he found the whole Court ready to bow down before him. Rostopchine has left to posterity an account of the Empress Catharine's death full of detail and good feeling. It is too long for insertion here, but some extracts we may give. We take up the account where the Empress is dying from an attack of apoplexy, and the Grand Duke Paul is hurrying to her side.

Having passed the palace of Tchesma, the Grand Duke got out of his carriage for a moment, and I called his attention to the beauty of

the night. It was clear and tranquil, and it was only three degrees below the freezing point. The moon was now and then concealed by clouds, and sometimes afforded us her full light; it seemed as though all the elements were hushed into a solemn calm in presence of the great event which was about to take place. I glanced at the Grand Duke at the moment when his eyes were turned towards the unclouded moon, and I perceived that his face was bathed in tears. Strongly impressed by the emotions to which this day had given rise, and devoted heart and soul to him who was about to take possession of the Russian throne, as well as to my native country, I realized fully the grave consequences of those influences which might first obtain power over a despotic sovereign who was full of vigour, health, and impetuosity, and who had lost the power of selfcontrol; forgetting, therefore, the distance of our position, I seized his hand, and said, "Sire, what a moment is this for you," to which, pressing mine in return, he replied, "Patience, my friend, I have lived forty two years, and God has sustained me, doubtless He will also give me the strength and wisdom necessary for the position of life to which He has called me. I hope all things from His goodness." He reentered his carriage, and at halfpast eight o'clock reached St. Petersburg, where few people knew the events that were occurring. The palace was filled with persons of various conditions assembled either by duty, fear, or curiosity, and who watched with disgust the close of a long reign and the commencement of another. . . . The Grand Duke, after entering his own apartments, went to those where his mother was lying, and in passing through those chambers, thronged with people who were watching for his access to the throne, he was affable and courteous to them all, while they received him, not as the heir, but rather as their sovereign. Having conversed with the doctors, and received from them particulars of the case, he retired with the Grand Duchess into a side chamber, and sent for those with whom he desired to speak or to whom he wished to give orders.

Among the different scenes sketched by Rostopchine in his account of Catharine's last hours, is an incident eminently characteristic of a Court, and it was not likely to pass unnoticed by one of his sardonic temperament. Zoubow had been in favour with the Empress, and it was probably not known that Paul had promised him his protection. Rostopchine writes—

Having entered one of the public rooms, I saw Prince Zoubow seated in a corner. The crowd of courtiers held aloof from him as though he had the plague, and though he was dying with thirst he could get no one to fetch him even a glass of water. I sent a lackey for one and presented it to him myself, but those around, who refused him this attention would, the previous night, have built a splendid castle in the air upon the smallest notice received from him, jostling one another to get near that favourite, in this very room which was now converted into a crowded desert, so far as he was concerned.

In spite of the friendship which bound Rostopchine to the new Emperor, and the tokens of affection which Paul the First

showered upon him, his position was not an easy one, and afforded him ample opportunity for showing the straightforward honesty of his nature. He did not scruple to risk the favour of his sovereign when the interest of that sovereign or of his country required it. Paul began his reign by acts of very wise legislation, but this was soon marred by outrageous follies and caprices. At one time, out of hatred for France, he would proscribe all French fashions, giving orders himself as to what should be worn. At another time he would decree that all men and women should alight from their carriages and bow down before him, and such like absurdities. On one occasion, showing some logic in his folly, he took it into his head to say mass, in his capacity as supreme Head of the orthodox Church. "Since I am their Head," he said, "I have a right to do as they do." In spite of all that could be said he gave orders for magnificent vestments, had a chapel fitted up suitable to what he considered his pontifical rank, and would have accomplished this ridiculous sacrilege, only a Russian bishop bethought him of the objection that, according to St. Paul, a widower who had married again could not be received into Holy Orders. This argument disarmed him, and so changeable was his nature that, the project once put off, he thought no more about it. The Emperor was violent and yet weak, proud, habitually mistrustful, anxious to do well and yet often doing much evil, of great intelligence and yet acting like a fool, as incapable alike of controlling his subjects as he was his passions, and often causing all those who surrounded him to tremble. Thus he unconsciously hastened towards the catastrophe which was to terminate abruptly his life as well as his reign. Rostopchine seemed the only man who could guide him and who ventured to speak the truth. He had to use much discretion and tact, now managing him in one way, now in another, and Paul often got furious and ordered him into exile, recalling him, however, very shortly, for he seemed unable to live without him.

Though generally using much address and even flattery in his management of the Emperor, Rostopchine spoke boldly enough when his master's or his country's interest required it. The following anecdote will prove this, Paul returned from parade one day greatly irritated, because he considered the cloth used for the soldier's uniform to be of very bad quality, and he ordered Rostopchine to write at once and desire that the cloth should be procured every year from England. Rostopchine

replied that such a command would be tantamount to closing the national manufacture and ruining the Russian merchants, but, as Paul insisted, he wrote the letter and gave it to the Emperor to sign, but after his signature he added—"Do nothing of the kind; he is crazy." When Paul observed that he was adding something on his own account, he quietly handed him the epistle. Paul was walking up and down the room; he turned pale, strided up and down a few more seconds, then threw the letter into the fire and embraced Rostopchine, saying, "You are right, and I thank you. Would to heaven that all my servants were like you." On another occasion the Emperor was irritated for some reason against his wife, the Empress Mary, and ordered Rostopchine to prepare an edict consigning her to the Convent of Solovetsk, and declaring her two youngest sons to be illegitimate. At first Rostopchine tried to bring him to reason, but finding he was too angry to listen to his persuasions, he allowed a few hours to pass, and then addressed to him the following letter—

Sire,—Your orders are being put into execution, and I am now busy preparing the fatal document. Tomorrow morning I shall have the misfortune of presenting it to you. May God grant that you may not have the misfortune to sign it, and thus to write in history a page which will cover with shame the whole of your reign. Heaven has granted you all that was necessary for your own happiness and for the good of others, but you create a hell for yourself and condemn yourself to dwell therein. I am too bold, and expose myself to ruin, but in my disgrace I shall console myself by the thought that I am worthy of your favours and of my own honour.

A few minutes afterwards he received a despatch from the Emperor containing his own letter and these words, written by Paul with his own hand—

You are a terrible man, but you are right, let nothing more be said on the subject. Let us sing, and forget all trace of it.
Adieu, Signor Rostopchine.

Except for a few brief estrangements caused by the candour of Rostopchine, he always retained the confidence of Paul, and the letters patent conferring on him the title of Count, gave a surprising enumeration of the honours and public appointments which were showered upon him. He rendered many great services to his country, and among other instances of his policy may be named his influence in frustrating the schemes of

Dumouriez, who visited St. Petersburg with the hope of drawing Paul the First into a fresh alliance against France. Rostopchine, though hating the atrocities of the French Revolution, retained a regard for France as a nation, and became dazzled by the success of Napoleon. He led Paul to look upon him as the restorer of peace and order, and passed rapidly from suspicion and hatred to hopefulness and admiration; but though it was easy to influence the mind of the Emperor, it was impossible to restrain his impetuosity. Paul took up violently the cause of Napoleon, and turned ruthlessly upon his former allies. He had afforded generous hospitality to Louis the Eighteenth at Mitau, but now he ordered him and his suite to quit Russian soil within forty eight hours. His conduct with regard to England was equally rash, so that he plunged into hostilities very injurious to the welfare of Russia, for the cessation of intercourse with England seriously affected the commercial interests of the country. The dissatisfaction this caused probably hastened the tragic termination of his life. All around him were already groaning under his violence and caprice, and even his own family were not safe from the suspicious temper which darkened his life, and led him to commit insane acts of tyranny.

The plot which was destined to end his wild career was inaugurated by Count Pahlen, who was high in office, and enjoyed the confidence of his sovereign, but was ambitious and patriotic, and became alarmed at a policy which threatened ruin both to his country and himself. He concerted with Count Panine, who also had a responsible post in the Ministry, and they decided on putting an end to the power of Paul, though it is not certain that Panine knew of the plot for assassination. As far as the Grand Duke Alexander was concerned, it is clear that he believed the scheme consisted only in an enforced abdication, and thus his passive consent was obtained. One step more had to be taken, namely, to banish from the Court the only two men whose attachment to the Emperor might act as a safeguard to him. This was only too easy with a man of his stormy nature. General Arachchéief was removed from St. Petersburg, and Paul was by some means irritated against Rostopchine, who had to depart upon one of those periods of exile, which, though frequent, were generally so short in their duration.

There is no occasion here to enter into the painful details of the assassination of Paul, which are a matter of history. The

Grand Duke Alexander learnt too late that he had unconsciously been a party to the murder of his father, but he could not openly resent a crime to the planning of which he had in a measure been privy. Although it was given out that Paul the First had died from a sudden attack of apoplexy, there was no doubt in the public mind as to the true nature of the event, and the horror which it excited proves that civilization had made some progress during the previous half century. Rostopchine mourned sincerely the death of his benefactor, and declared openly that except for his absence it could not have occurred. This was evidently the opinion also of his master, for when his suspicions, which were ever on the alert, took definite form, his confidence in his old friend and favourite returned. There is a certain pathos in the few words which Paul sent to Rostopchine only a few days before his assassination—

I want you, return quickly.—PAUL.

The missive reached him too late, for when Rostopchine arrived at St. Petersburg, it was to hear of his master's sudden death, and to return home in sorrow—this time a voluntary exile.

The Emperor Alexander offered Rostopchine a post of honour, but he declined it, and retired to his estate at Voronovo. He had high ideas of the duties incumbent on a Russian noble on his own estates, for his opinions were autocratic, and perhaps the care which he bestowed upon the administration of justice prevented his realizing the abuses which too often accrue from the unlimited power. The horrors of the French Revolution had made a deep impression upon him, and he confounded the false cry of liberty with the claims of constitutional government.

During his retirement, Rostopchine's letters give continual proof of his kindly nature. One which he wrote upon the death of Kraft, his family physician, is full of gratitude for the professional care received during his residence at the *château*, and expressive also of grief, as at the loss of a valued friend. Many specimens are left to us of his intercourse with Prince Tsitsianow, one of his dearest friends, and a few extracts will convince us that, spite of the roughness of his nature, and the barbarous character often attributed to him, he possessed a warm and tender heart and much nobility of character.

Prince Tsitsianow had been appointed General of the Caucasian Army and Governor of Georgia: he took Ganja, and filled his position with considerable honour, but he perished

in 1809, the victim of a treacherous plot; on one occasion, Rostopchine writes—

I would that my hand were withered for having signed the union between Georgia and Russia when I was Minister of Foreign Affairs, for that union now makes me tremble for your life.

When, at the beginning of 1804, Rostopchine heard that his friend had taken the important town of Ganja, he congratulated him thus—

Glory to God, and glory also to you! Not because you have, without artillery, taken the Asiatic Gibraltar; neither because you have added the laurels of Ganja to those of Ostchakow and Ismaël; but because your entreaties, and that voice which is the echo of a great soul and noble heart, have penetrated the minds of your soldiers, and you have turned ferocious tigers into human beings! I am convinced, that upon the battle field you looked forward with joy to giving up the service, and that in your heart you exclaimed, like Frederick the Great, "My God, when will You put an end to my torment?" Now we may consider how your application will be received; whether you will be granted an honourable dismissal, or whether, by compensation, they will induce you to remain at your post. Your letter is like yourself, and I see by the date that it was written before the attack. So much the better for you, to give up your appointments after so grand an exploit, that you leave to your successor not the anxiety of taking a fortress, but only the trouble of guarding it. I admire your way of relating events; one recognizes in it the pen which gave an account of the taking of Grodno, which was so much talked about, and described as exemplary and unexampled. I think, too, it is a happy expression, that "the mercy of the sovereign penetrated the hearts of the soldiers, in spite of irritation." If you had been present when I read your letter and your account of events, you would have been convinced how thoroughly I know and understand you. My tears would have flowed upon you; but I trust that life will still grant us many opportunities for mutual sympathy, and of shedding such tears together.

Later on he writes—

It is a great sorrow to me, dear friend, that you should be too much engaged to write to me oftener. I am constantly tormenting myself about you, and when I have no immediate reason for anxiety I ask myself when I shall see you, and whether it will be a long time hence. However, it is the will of God, to which all thoughtful beings must submit. May God watch over you; having blessed your soul, He will save your body, and restore you to your friends who are longing impatiently for you.

The glance afforded us by these quotations into the tenderness of Rostopchine's heart will lead us to imagine what such a man must have been with a beloved wife and children, in whom, to use his own words, he found all the elements of happiness.

His pen gives us many traits of paternal fondness. Here is an account of his children. Sergius, his firstborn, comes first in his notice—

Sergius makes wonderful progress in geography and history, particularly with regard to Russia, which, thanks to his mother, he knows as a Russian should do. He has a taste for drawing, is clever in arithmetic, and speaks French, English, and German as fluently as he does Russian. He is passionately fond of reading, but is not allowed to indulge it too much, because of his delicate health, which also renders him a little timid. In face he is the portrait of his mother, except for the colour of his eyes. He is obstinate, like myself, when force is used with him, but he is amenable to reason and has an excellent heart. Natascha has a very pretty face, sparkling with wit, and she often gives proof of intelligence beyond her age. She is very attractive, and, like her mother, fond of constant occupation. Sophalette, having rude health, plays the part of buffoon; she is most intelligent, and delights in inventing little histories beyond the comprehension of the listeners. On one occasion, having made a mistake in copying from a book, she thought she would correct the book itself, but the ink made a blot and her guilt was discovered. When her mother once told her she could not read her writing she replied—"But why should you wish to read what I write, when you possess so many books?" Natascha touched our hearts deeply. Every time we gave her medicine or arranged her pillows she would kiss our hands, saying—"I am better, go and take some rest." One more incident regarding Sophie. She heard little Alovville praising my wife's writing, and saying—"When I am grown up I shall write as well as that." Sophie became red with anger, and exclaimed—"That is good! You, a little girl, to talk of writing like mama, who is a clever lady!" I must tell you that my daughters resemble me in being passionate. Natascha knows how to control herself, but the youngest gives way to fits of anger, notwithstanding the sermons she gets. One day she dropped some stitches in a stocking she was knitting, which made her go into a fit of despair and cry out—"Now I cannot live any longer; I must and will die." Her sister having told her it was very wicked to talk like that, she replied, through her tears—"God will forgive me, I am so miserable."

One more expression from the pen of Rostopchine may complete the picture of domestic affection which we would draw of him in his six years of retirement from public business—

I have grown so into the habit of being surrounded by my wife and children, that when business obliges me to be absent for a few days I cannot take leave without a feeling of despair.

Further on, alluding to such a parting, he writes—

My departure was sorrowful. Those who know my wife will understand this; but I was free from anxiety about my children. They were with their mother, who is their mentor, their guardian, their example, and their protector in God's sight.

Although in his tranquil home life Rostopchine felt no regrets, and had no ambitious longings for public honours, his ardent love for his country kept alive his interest in the politics of the day, and allowing his judgment to be influenced by the result of false liberty in France, he felt a profound mistrust for the liberal tendencies shown by the Emperor Alexander, and was anxious that Russia should retain her autocratic form of government without being imbued with the political bias either of France or England. He indulged in a dream of wise and Christian government without any change in the existing system, not perceiving that in a country where the laws depended upon the personal will of the sovereign there could be no guarantee for such just legislation as he would have desired. The establishment of the French Empire does not seem to have startled him, and he writes upon the subject—

I have just heard that a messenger has arrived at St. Petersburg with the intelligence that Bonaparte has accepted the title of Emperor of the French and King of Italy. . . . Thus he has brought France back to her original form of government, after first accustoming her to his despotic power. It amuses me to observe that men will never own they have been fools, and that it was hardly worth while to put to death two millions of people, to behead all the authorities, to upset everything, and to commit a thousand horrible sacrileges in order to convert a simple captain into an Emperor and a King.

The murder of the Duc d'Enghien shocked him, and he soon perceived the encroaching policy of Napoleon, but he was anxious to avoid a war which he considered would be disastrous to Russia. At this time his correspondence is expressive of most melancholy prognostications, but a nature like his could not remain long inactive. He had purchased a *château* at Moscow, where he spent some portion of every year, and the high position which he had held during the reign of Paul the First had naturally led to his being drawn into public affairs. His writings first led to this result, for he had many gifts that qualified him for authorship, though only two specimens are preserved to us; one brochure, entitled the *Soliloquy of Sila Andrevitsch Bagatizen*, made a great sensation, and probably led to the appointment of Rostopchine to be Governor of Moscow. Many blamed it for its caustic severity, but it seems to have produced its intended effect in rousing national ardour. In this brochure a wounded officer, just returned from war, is supposed to be reflecting upon the past greatness of his country,

and lamenting that it had now become the rendez-vous of French-men, while Russians were proud to pay court to, and imitate them. He continues—

What are our children now taught? To pronounce French well, to turn out their toes, and to curl their hair. He only is thought witty and agreeable whom a Frenchman can claim as his countryman. How can our people love their country when they do not even know their own language! How can they defend their faith, their sovereign, or their native land, if they are not taught God's law, and are allowed to treat Russians like bears! . . . What need we desire better than to be Russians? We need feel no shame in coming forward; let us raise our heads, we have plenty to say for ourselves. Who are these people who have come amongst us, and to whom we confide our children? So long as they pronounce French well, nothing else seems to affect us; we allow them to cast insult upon our nation without dismay. Is not this a disgrace? In other countries, French is taught to children, but only that they may know it, not that it may replace their mother tongue. . . . Two maxims suffice for a law to the French—all that succeeds is right; all that one can take, one may keep. Slaken their reins, and a revolution follows. What have they done during the last twenty years? They have destroyed, ruined, and burnt everything.

The article goes on in this way for some time, and then, as it were by comparison, appeals to the patriotism of the Russians, reminding them that they, who had such reason to be proud of their ancestors, need not cringe to foreigners.

The peace of Tilsit gave brief hopes of tranquillity, which, however, Rostopchine never shared; he restrained all incitements to war, but still looked forward to it calmly as inevitable. About this time his domestic life received rather a severe shock, and though the event was a happy one, Rostopchine commands our sympathy by the forbearance he evinced in what to him must have been a great trial. The Countess Rostopchine, in spite of the many amiable qualities which endeared her to her husband, had been brought up without any serious religious belief, and although she appreciated the beauties of the Christian faith, it was only to exclaim, with a sigh, "What a pity that so beautiful a belief should not be true!" Many circumstances, however, conduced to draw her nearer to the truth—the experience of earthly vanity, intercourse with eminent Christians, and an intimacy with Count Joseph de Maistre, all had a share in rousing her to inquiry, and she was much edified by the zeal and charity of the Jesuits, who had been hospitably received in Russia when banished from other parts of Europe. Serious study and meditation had ripened these good influences, and a

small book of controversy lent to her by the Catholic curé at Moscow completed the good work. The Countess at once abjured the Greek schism, and made her confession of faith under this same priest, but, by his earnest advice, she unwillingly consented to keep her conversion secret for a time. The details of her religious life at this time are most interesting, and take us back in thought to the early ages of Christianity. Every week the priest dined with Count Rostopchine, who kept almost open house when residing in Moscow. After dinner the Countess would walk up and down with the priest as though in conversation, and so would make her confession. When they were beyond the reach of observation he would give her a small pyx, containing seven consecrated particles, and would receive from her in return an empty pyx, to be refilled for her the following week. She would then retire into her chamber, which, according to the Russian custom, was adorned with icons of the Blessed Virgin and the saints, and where lamps were kept burning night and day. There she would place the Blessed Sacrament on her *priedieu* and adore her hidden God, then return to the company as though nothing unusual had happened. Every day she received a sacred particle, communicating herself like the Christians of the first centuries.

When the time came for her to tell the Count, it cost her a severe struggle, since she was well acquainted with his patriotic devotion to the national Church, and she had not only to encounter the violence of his temper, but to inflict a wound upon the heart she loved. However, she had already begun to reproach herself with cowardice for so long a concealment; one morning, therefore, after communion she went to her husband, and said with simplicity—"I have a secret to tell you, and I am going to cause you great sorrow, but I am not free to avoid it, for I have obeyed the will of God. I am a Catholic!" He stood silent and motionless as one paralyzed, and she left him without his speaking a word. For a week he never addressed a syllable to her, but his angry and melancholy countenance sufficiently expressed his displeasure. However, at the end of a week he approached her in his usual manner, took her hand, and embracing her, exclaimed—"You have indeed pierced my heart, but as your conscience commanded you to become a Catholic, you were right to obey it. It is the will of God, and we will speak of it no more." And indeed he never brought up the subject again. This was the only serious

dissension they ever had, but at this very period, in one of his writings, he mentions her in a way that can hardly be surpassed for affection and respect.

Having thus disclosed her secret to her husband, the Countess Rostopchine was eager to impart it to her sisters, one of whom, the Countess Vassiltchikow, had recently died; the other three she met together at Moscow, the Princess Galitzine and the Countess Tolstoï, who were married, and the Countess Barbe Protassow, who had remained single. When in their presence she announced her change of faith, she looked for reproaches and regrets, but instead of this, the Princess threw herself into her arms, saying, "I also am a Catholic." "And so am I," exclaimed the Countess Barbe. After the first joy at this discovery, the Countess Rostopchine began to lament that her dead sister had not had this grace. "Do not weep for her," said the Princess Galitzine, "she became a Catholic three months before her death." Thus, out of four sisters, three had been converted to the Catholic faith without any mutual interchange of their opinions, and if we may look upon them as conveying some idea of religious bias in Russia, it will afford great hopes for the gradual progress of Catholicity in that country.

To return to Count Rostopchine. He had not long been at the head of affairs at Moscow before the course of events proved that war with France was unavoidable, and upon the 24th of June, 1812, after repulsing all overtures for peace, Napoleon crossed the Niémen, and set foot on Russian territory. But he who had conquered till he scarcely thought defeat possible, was in his turn to be vanquished by enemies different from any he had yet encountered. He had never calculated on the severities of a Russian winter, nor the selfsacrificing hardihood of the Russian character. In its progress, the French army met with the passive resistance of conflagrations and deserted towns. Even after the hardfought victory at Smolensk, they gained possession at last, only to find it a heap of ruins. The most serious attempt at resistance was at the Moskowa, which was in itself so disastrous to the Russians. At every step that Napoleon advanced towards Moscow, the valour and patriotism of the Russians increased, but especially did Rostopchine, in his capacity as Governor, keep up the courageous determination of the people by his various proclamations and exhortations. Kovtowsow had been appointed commander in chief of the army, and, confiding in his good faith, Rostopchine had believed

the accounts of victory, until the intelligence reached him of the defeat and bloodshed of Borodino, near the Moskowa. He also believed in his assurances of another battle soon to follow. But time passed, while he awaited in vain the signal to arms. At last he visited the camp, and he has left among his memoirs a description full of wrathful contempt of his interview with Kovtovsow, who he declares did nothing to merit the title of "saviour of Russia." The generals assembled in camp were of opinion that no engagement could take place with the army situated as it then was, and Rostopchine returned to the city in great anger, but undismayed, ready to play his part in the terrible drama. From this moment, perhaps, may date his determination of burning Moscow, for a few words dropped by him to the Prince of Wurtemberg give a clue to his thoughts. During the same evening he received a formal intimation of the abandonment of Moscow, upon which he wrote the following furious but dignified note to the Emperor Alexander, who was as much startled as himself upon finding the true state of affairs—

An aide-de-camp of Prince Kovtovsow has brought me a letter, in which he asks my police officers to guide the army in the direction of Riaisan. Your Majesty! Kovtovsow's conduct decides the fate of the capital, and of your whole empire. Russia will shudder when she hears of the evacuation of that city wherein is concentrated the greatness of the whole State, and wherein are resting the ashes of your Majesty's ancestors. I represent the army. I take all with me, and it only remains for me to weep over my country.

After this, Rostopchine rapidly completed his arrangements for the evacuation of Moscow. It was observed afterwards, as significant, that among other measures, he ordered the removal of all the fire engines; that when questioned he answered—"I have very good reason for it;" but immediately added, "Still, for my own use, I have only brought away the horse which I ride and the clothes which I wear." All the inhabitants hurried to depart, and when Rostopchine passed through the gates, three cannons were fired as a signal for the dispersion of the populace, which served also as a formal abandonment by Rostopchine of his post as Governor. To his son Sergius, then a youth of sixteen, who was riding by his side, he turned and said—"Salute Moscow for the last time, since in half an hour it will be in flames." This adieu to the city took place on the 14th September, 1812.

Napoleon, upon reaching the term of his hopes, expected to be met by offers of surrender, but not a soul appeared. Two

hours passed; then the cry arose that Moscow was deserted. He concealed his chagrin, and ordered that the city should be preserved uninjured, strictly forbidding any pillage. After the first night, however, the truth began to dawn upon the invaders. One fire after another broke out. At first it was attributed to the recklessness of a victorious soldiery, but soon the conflagration was proved to be the result of an organized plan, the perpetrators having been left in Moscow for that purpose. At first Napoleon smiled incredulously at the report of the flames which surrounded him, then he strode excitedly in the direction of the fire. Soon, however, he perceived that the destruction was universal, for, turn which way he would, the terrible element blocked up the path; so at last he was driven back to the Kremlin, as the only safe place. This, the palace of the Czars, he was determined he would not yield; yet, ere long, the cry of "Fire" once more arose. Twice the flames were extinguished, to burst forth again. But a Russian soldier succeeded in setting fire to the tower of the Arsenal. It could no longer be doubted that the edifice was doomed to destruction. This decided Napoleon, and on the 17th September he ordered a guide to conduct him from the city in the direction of St. Petersburg. It appeared, however, as though the walls were besieged by an ocean of fire, and their first attempts were useless. At last, they escaped through a gate leading towards the Moskowa; but even then they seemed for a time in still greater danger—fire and smoke hemmed them in. Napoleon jumped from his horse, and ran down one narrow passage which alone was open. Those who followed him had to cover their faces to protect them from scorching, while they seemed to be walking on red-hot coals. Fortunately for them, a detachment of soldiers met and guided them in safety, though even in their flight they encountered fresh danger, for they were compelled to pass a large supply of gunpowder. But we need not follow their fortunes, since our interest at present is with Rostopchine, who risked this appalling act and all its consequences rather than yield the pride of his country to the exultation of its foe. It is true that he has shrunk from the responsibility, or the glory, of acknowledging himself its author, but the weight of evidence would be difficult to disprove. Upon leaving Moscow, he joined the army of Kovtowsow, which was marching towards the west, passing his splendid *château* at Voronovo. Rostopchine went towards it, and, in spite of the remonstrances of those Generals who accompanied

him, he set fire to it. In the presence of the Generals, he said, "What I could not myself do at Moscow, I will accomplish here, in setting fire, with my own hand, to this dwelling, which I would desire to be twenty times as beautiful and costly." Sir Robert Wilson, who was then with the Russian army, has left us an account of this scene. When Rostopchine entered the *château* lighted torches were distributed to those who accompanied him, and who remained near the entrance, while he passed to his own room. Here he paused a moment, and the memories of past happiness seemed to crowd upon him. He was profoundly moved, so that even his hand trembled in the act of destroying these mementos of his dearest affections. Suddenly turning to Sir Robert Wilson, he said, "This is my bridal bed; I have not the heart to set it on fire; spare me this grief!" The Englishman was greatly touched, and hesitated to render so painful a service, until he had seen Rostopchine set light to the rest of the apartment. He did not remain long with Kovtovsow, of whom he wrote and spoke with the bitterest contempt. It was hardly likely that the comparatively passive policy of the one should satisfy the fiery energy of the other.

Rostopchine was still Governor of Moscow, where he received, on his return, the most enthusiastic applause, the whole population forgetting their ruined homes to greet him, who was here honoured as the saviour of Russia. This, however, was not to last. When excitement had cooled down, the merchants and nobles realized the extent of their disaster, so that he was treated at first with silence, then complaints were raised against his administration, until Alexander sent functionaries to inquire into the matter. No immediate result followed, but Rostopchine, who understood human nature well, prepared to resume his private life, though while continuing at his post he exerted himself energetically to restore public order. The last events of his governorship were the rejoicings at the conclusion of peace in 1814. When, a month afterwards, the Emperor entered Moscow, he treated Rostopchine with marked coldness. There is reason to suppose they never came to an open rupture, the Emperor conferring upon Rostopchine the dignity of Counsellor of the Empire, but it remained an honorary one, and he retired permanently from the honours and duties of public life at the age of forty nine. After this he lived once more the routine of private virtue, for which we have already had to admire him, not, however, in the tranquillity of his country home, as his health

rendered travelling desirable, and still more did the resentment jealousy of the Russians compel him to seek repose on a foreign soil. His first journey was to Toplitz, his second to Carlsbad, during which we have many scraps of his penmanship, full as ever of tender affection, alternating with powerful hits of satire. For a time his health improved; but the following year he had again to wander, on which occasion he visited France for the first time, passing by Stuttgart and Frankfort to Paris.

There could hardly have been a more unfavourable time to visit this capital, still the scene of contending parties, as well as suffering from the results of previous war and revolution. To a man of his iron temperament, the character of the French must have appeared to great disadvantage, ready as they seemed to turn from one form of government to another, forgetful alike of revolutionary horrors and the disasters of war. At any rate, in Rostopchine's notes at this period there are many sharp satires against the French; nor does a closer acquaintance seem to have altered his views, for even at the close of his sojourn, his descriptions breathe the same tone of contempt, at the same time that he prognosticates those further changes which eventually occurred. His sarcastic criticisms, however, apply chiefly to the political character of the people, and he rendered ample justice to their courtesy and amiability in private life. In his earlier history we were amused by the almost pathetic description of German slowness and obstinacy, especially in the matter of post horses, and we are thus prepared to sympathize in his delight at the promptitude with which these arrangements could be made in France. He writes to his wife—

The roads are splendid, . . . the management of the *poste* excellent; without the horses having been ordered beforehand, they were changed in ten minutes. But what may surprise you most is that they only employ three horses, while in Germany one had a fight to be let off with six. I have cordially made my peace with the French; in their own country they are so different from elsewhere. Their character is one of ready politeness, which is evidently instinctive, for even the peasants, beggars, and postillions make pretty speeches to you quite naturally.

Immediately upon his arrival at Paris, Rostopchine found himself sought after as a celebrity. But he was determined not to be made a lion of, contenting himself with introductions to those who, either from merit or rank, might lay special claim to his notice. Amongst others we distinguish the names of Louis the Eighteenth, the Duc d'Orleans, the Princes, Talleyrand,

Madame Swetchine, and Madame de Staël, but the accounts that remain of his impressions are of a very passing nature. An amusing specimen is given us of his intimacy with the celebrated Dr. Gall. Rostopchine writes—

At our first interview he was much struck with the formation of my head, and exclaimed, "You have a wonderfully well shaped head; I never saw one equal to it, except a skull which I have in my collection." I trust, however, he will not deprive me of my head; but I fancy if I died, he would take possession, and use it for his observations.

The Count was not mistaken as to the sentiments of the great phrenologist, for when they parted after several years of friendship Dr. Gall embraced him cordially, and with a voice broken by grief, assured him that after his death he would at any cost procure his skull, in order to study its bumps and enrich his collection!

Rostopchine spent much of his time in visiting the principal objects of interests at Paris, paying special attention to those that were in any way connected with Marie Antoinette, for whose memory he felt great admiration and compassion. Among other eminent persons, he became acquainted with Madame de Staël, but they had no affection for one another, and he offended her by refusing an invitation to dinner, when she had hoped to add him to her circle of admirers. This so irritated her, that when they met in society some little passage of arms was sure to take place. Upon one occasion he writes thus of a skirmish of words which passed between them when they met at the Duc d'Escars—

She got into a passion, but I retained my selfpossession. It was the subject of her famous Benjamin Coustant, who had said that Russia was not even a country. Every one was on my side, for Madame de Staël is feared more than she is loved. She attempted to joke, telling me she had written that I was born before the age of civilization. I replied by informing her that I had called her a "pious conspirator," and therefore we were quits. This caused great laughter, so, according to the precepts of the country, after this hit I took my leave.

Of all the public institutions of Paris, the Hotel Dieu chiefly excited his sympathy. His was a very generous nature, and one that could well appreciate the devoted life led by Sisters of Charity; in fact, we gather from some of his letters to his wife, that his own time was much occupied in consoling and assisting the poor, the love of relieving distress being one of his most special characteristics.

At last, finding his health did not improve, and growing

weary of separation from his family which he loved so dearly, he begged his wife to join him at Paris with all his family. This she readily consented to, and they spent five years there together, she occupying herself chiefly in piety, good works, and literary labours, while he continued to enter into society occasionally, but with great moderation. During this time two of his daughters were married, one, who remained in the Greek Church, became the wife of Dmitri Narischkine, a young Russian officer, nephew to a very old friend of Rostopchine's. The other daughter, who became a Catholic, married Count Eugène de Ségur. Thus the tie was strengthened that bound Rostopchine to French soil; but the necessity of attending to his estates, as well as his strong love for his native country, led him to decide on a return thither, which he accomplished in the spring of 1823. The first few months that he again spent in Russia, he passed at his *château* of Voronovo, which had been in a great measure restored. Here he wrote those memoirs, part of which have furnished our narrative, but the great bulk of which are kept back from publicity by the Russian Government. From Voronovo he went to St. Petersburg, then settled for the winter in the only one of his residences at Moscow that had been spared by the conflagration. Immediately upon his arrival in Russia, Rostopchine sent in his resignation of all civil or military appointments, which the Emperor accepted, leaving him the purely honorary title of Grand Chamberlain. It was about this time that being asked to write his memoirs, he composed the sketch that gained such notoriety, entitled—*Simple Memoirs of Myself: written in Ten Minutes*. His special gifts of originality, wit, satire, candour, and powers of observation are combined and prominent in this brochure, which has been translated into almost every European language.

Amid all his disappointments and trials one sorrow had hitherto been spared to Rostopchine. He had never felt any severe domestic loss, but in the death of his unmarried daughter, Lisa, he was now to experience a grief which overcame him to an extent which no public calamity had done. She is described as young, beautiful, charming; and the parents were slow to realize that consumption had laid its fatal hand upon her. The father's letters written at this time are but another proof of his deeply tender nature, but the Countess had an object dearer to her heart than even the life of her child, the salvation of her soul. At first she contented herself with prayers, but when she

perceived that Lisa was indeed hastening to the grave, she inquired whether she would not embrace the Catholic faith. From the readiness of her acquiescence it was clear that the work of conversion had been going on, perhaps unexpressed for fear of incurring her father's displeasure. Madame Rostopchine acquainted him with her daughter's wishes, to which he gave no consent, but as he made no objection the Curé of Moscow was sent for; he at once reconciled Lisa to the Catholic Church, then gave her the last sacraments whilst she was still fully conscious, and in a few hours she died peacefully.

Rostopchine seems never to have rallied thoroughly from this affliction. His own health grew more and more precarious, so that after the somewhat unexpected death of Alexander, he was unable to repair to the Cathedral to take his oath to the new Emperor, having to go through this formality in his own *salon*. Later, at the abdication of Constantine, the insurrection, and the taking possession of the throne by Nicholas, Rostopchine was already confined to his bed. He suffered greatly from his chest, growing daily worse until, in the month of January, 1826, those around him became convinced that his end was approaching. The faith in Christianity, which had accompanied him through life, awoke in full vigour at the last hour, and he begged that a priest might render him the rites of his Church. His wife lost no time in fulfilling his wishes. It is true she would have given all things to see him a Catholic, but since it was impossible, there was much consolation for her in the good faith with which he received those sacraments which, although schismatical, were valid. After his interview with the priest, Rostopchine addressed to his wife words of calm resignation, while his features expressed a holy peace. He remained stretched upon his bed, his eyes closed, apparently asleep, when suddenly Madame Rostopchine, who was praying at his side, perceived that he raised himself, opened his eyes, and made distinctly the sign of the Cross; then he fell back upon his pillow—he had breathed his last sigh.

Thus died Count Rostopchine, on the 30th January, 1826, aged sixty years and a few months. The Countess survived him many years, leading the life of a true Christian widow. She died at Moscow, the 28th September, 1859, at the age of eighty three. Two of their children are still living: the youngest son, André, and the second daughter, who married the Count de Ségur.

F. G.

Reviews.

DR. NEWMAN'S DISCUSSIONS AND ARGUMENTS.

Discussions and Arguments on various subjects. By J. H. Newman, sometime Fellow of Oriel College. Pickering, 1872.

DR. NEWMAN has been for some time providing us with a uniform edition of his many publications. His Sermons, Anglican and Catholic, the former including a volume of the *Plain Sermons*, which were never before included in any collection under the name of their author, the *History of the Arians*, and the *History of my Religious Opinions*, that is, the second form of the *Apologia*, as well as his *Essays on Miracles*, *Critical and Historical Essays*, and the *Grammar of Assent*, have already been issued in the neat and handy octavos which are now becoming so universally popular. The rest of Dr. Newman's works, we may hope, will follow in time, though he does not yet announce them all as in preparation. The volume now before us, called *Discussions and Arguments*, is supplementary to the two volumes of *Critical and Historical Essays* already mentioned. It contains some pieces which we are not aware that Dr. Newman has before this acknowledged.

The Dialogue from the British Magazine with which it opens, under the new title of *How to accomplish it*, has probably been unknown up to the present time to all but a few of the writer's immediate contemporaries. It was intended to be the first of a series, called *Home Thoughts abroad*, of which the succeeding numbers were never written. The Dialogue is remarkably interesting, as showing that, as early as the spring of 1836, Dr. Newman, though he makes his supposed "narrator" side on the whole with one of two disputants in favour of attempting to revive Anglo Catholicism rather than of "submitting to Rome," certainly made the argument appear very evenly balanced between the two alternatives, and the paper contains many incidental anticipations of what he was to write at a much later time. The second place in the volume is occupied by the admirable Advent Lectures on Antichrist which appeared in print as the 83rd *Tract for the Times*, and this is followed by another much larger tract, the 85th, on *Holy Scripture in its relation to the Catholic Church*. This paper is one of the most elaborate, and also one of the most characteristic, of Dr. Newman's contributions to those far famed Tracts. It proceeds on the line of thrusting one of two alternatives on an opponent, so that he must either, to be consistent, give up what he already holds of Catholic truth or admit some further portion which he has hitherto denied. In this case the argument urges that the difficulties raised against certain Catholic doctrines, on the ground of the absence of clearness of Scriptural proof in their favour, might be urged against facts as well as

against doctrines, that Scripture shows as much appearance of discrepancy in its several statements as to history, as there is appearance of discrepancy between its statements as to certain doctrines and those doctrines as set forth by the Church, and that, as to the direct testimony of the Fathers, there is as much difficulty, to speak broadly, as to the canon of Scripture as there is as to the Creed. We may quote what Dr. Newman says, not as to the particular subject to which he here applies this kind of argument, but as to the question of the use of such arguments in general.

Now it is plain that if this be a sound argument against our assailants, it is a most convincing one; and it is obviously very hard if we are to be deprived of the use of it. And yet a cautious mind will ever use it with anxiety; not that it is not most effective, but because it may be, as it were, too effective; it may draw the parties in question the wrong way, and make things worse instead of better. It only undertakes to show that they are inconsistent in their present opinions; and from this inconsistency it is plain they can escape, by going further either one way or the other—by adding to their creed or by giving it up altogether. It is then what is called a kill-or-cure remedy. Certainly it is better to be inconsistent, than to be consistently wrong—to hold some truth amid error, than to hold nothing but error—to believe than to doubt. Yet when I show a man that he is inconsistent, I make him decide whether of the two he loves better, the portion of truth, or the portion of error, which he already holds. If he loves the truth better, he will abandon the error; if the error, he will abandon the truth. And this is a fearful and anxious trial to put him under, and we cannot but feel loth to have recourse to it. . . . Thus, for instance, a person who denies the Apostolical Succession of the ministry, because it is not clearly taught in Scripture, ought, I conceive, to deny the divinity of the Holy Ghost, which is nowhere literally stated in Scripture. Yet there is something so dreadful in his denying the latter, that we may often feel afraid to show him his inconsistency, lest, rather than admit the Apostolical Succession, he should consent to deny that the Holy Ghost is God. This is one of the great delicacies of disputing on the subject before us; yet, all things considered, I think it only avails for the cautious use, not the abandonment, of the argument in question. For it is our plain duty to teach and defend the truth in a straightforward way. Those who are to stumble must stumble, rather than the heirs of grace should not hear. While we offend and alienate one man, we secure another; if we drive one man further the wrong way, we drive another further the right way. The cause of truth, the heavenly company of saints, gains on the whole more in one way than another. A wavering or shallow mind does, perhaps, as much harm to others as a man that is consistent in error, nay, is in no very much better state itself; for if it has not developed into systematic scepticism, merely because it has not had the temptation, its present conscientiousness is not worth much. Whereas he who is at present obeying God under imperfect knowledge, has a claim on His ministers for their doing all in their power towards his obtaining further knowledge (p. 113).

This Tract is the most important feature in the volume—one of Dr. Newman's most vigorous and cogent arguments, at the same time reaching further than he could have intended at the time, for the Anglican position, which he was then defending against the more advanced Protestants, is open to the same charge of inconsistency which is here made against its assailants.

After this, Dr. Newman gives us his famous letters of *Catholicus* in the *Times*, written on occasion of a foolish speech in praise of "Useful

Knowledge" as leading to every kind of moral blessing, by the late Sir Robert Peel. These letters aroused a great interest at the time when they appeared (1841), and remain now "a possession for ever," as Thucydides says, embodying a mass of close clear reasoning against the shallow but perpetually recurring doctrine against which they were aimed. Here are two passages from the letter headed *Secular Knowledge without Personal Religion tends to unbelief*—

The truth is that the system of Nature is just as much connected with Religion, where minds are not religious, as a watch or a steam carriage. The material world, indeed, is infinitely more wonderful than any human contrivance; but wonder is not religion, or we should be worshipping our railroads. What the physical creation presents to us in itself is a piece of machinery, and when men speak of a Divine Intelligence as its Author, this god of theirs is not the Living and True, unless the spring is the god of a watch, or steam the creator of the engine. Their idol, taken at advantage (though it is not an idol, for they do not worship it), is the animating principle of a vast and complicated system; it is subjected to laws, and it is connatural and coextensive with matter. Well does Lord Brougham call it "the great architect of nature"—it is an instinct, or a soul of the world, or a vital power; it is not the Almighty God.

A little further on Dr. Newman says—

Sir Robert Peel tells us that physical science imparts "pleasure and consolation" on a deathbed. Lord Brougham confines himself to the "gratifying treat," but Sir Robert ventures to speak of "consolation." Now, if we are on trial in this life, and if death be the time when our account is gathered in, is it at all serious or real to be talking of "consoling" ourselves at such a time with scientific subjects? Are these topics to suggest to us the thought of the Creator or not? If not, are they better than story-books, to beguile the mind from what lies before it? But if they are to speak of Him, can a dying man find rest in the mere notion of his Creator, when he knows Him also so awfully as his Moral Governor and his Judge? Meditate indeed on the wonders of Nature on a deathbed! Rather stay your hunger with corn grown in Jupiter, and warm yourself by the Moon (p. 304).

After the letters of Catholicus, we have here a series of letters or articles written to the *Catholic Standard* at the time of the breakdown of our arrangements in the Crimean War, and called, *Who is to blame?* Dr. Newman's answer is that the British Constitution is to blame, which makes the State so weak and the nation so strong, which provides every outlet for individual enterprize and jealously cramps the action of Government; which makes it necessary that everything should be done under constant check and supervision, and after discussion and criticism from everybody who thinks himself concerned in the matter. Such a system does very well in peace, in all the arts and employments, of which England is very great, but it does not suit war, or, indeed, any great external effort, which requires the dictatorship of one man preeminently fitted for his task. Dr. Newman even seems to have thought that a continuance of such a struggle as that of the Crimean War might have led to a dictatorship in England, if not to a change of the Constitution. We need hardly say that Dr. Newman is a thorough Englishman; but this does not prevent him from seeing the foibles of his fellow countrymen. Indeed, we have sometimes thought that it would be worth while to put together all that is to be found up and down his

writings on the subject of John Bull and his characteristics. It would be a most amusing collection of passages, and as instructive as amusing. Here is a passage on our ways of dealing with our Army and our Clergy—in ordinary times, of course—

Every sovereign State will naturally feel a jealousy of the semblance of an *imperium in imperio*; though not every State is in a position to give expression to it. England has indulged that jealousy to the full, and has assumed a bearing towards the military profession much the same as she shows towards the ecclesiastical. There is indeed a close analogy between these two powers, both in themselves and in their relation to the State; and, in order to explain the position of the army in England, I cannot do better than refer to the position which in this country has been assigned to the Church. The Church and the Army are respectively the instruments of moral and material force; and are real powers in their own respective fields of operation. They necessarily have common sympathies, and an intense *esprit de corps*. They are in consequence the strongest supports or the most formidable opponents of the State to which they belong, and require to be subjected, beyond any mistake, to its sovereignty. In England, sensitively suspicious of combination and system, three precautions have been taken in dealing with the soldier and the parson,—(I hope I may be familiar without offence),—precautions borrowed from the necessary treatment of wild animals, —(1) to tie him up, (2) to pare his claws, and (3) to keep him low; then he will be both safe and useful;—the result is a National Church, and a Constitutional Army.

1. In the first place, we tie both parson and soldier up, by forbidding each to form one large organization. We prohibit an organized religion and an organized force. Instead of one corporation in religion, we only allow of a multitude of small ones, as chapters and rectories, while we ignore the Establishment as a whole, deny it any legal *status*, and recognize the Dissenting bodies. For Universities we substitute Colleges, with rival interests, that the intellect may not be too strong for us, as is the case with some other countries; we freely multiply local schools, for they have no political significance. And, in like manner, we are willing to perfect the discipline and appointment of regiments, but we instinctively recoil from the idea of an Army. We toast indeed "The Army," but as an abstraction, as we used to drink to "The Church," before the present substitution of "The Clergy of all denominations," which has much more of reality in it. Moreover, while we have a real reason for sending our troops all over the world, shifting them about, using them for garrison duty, and for the defence of dependencies, we are thereby able also to divide and to hide them from each other. Nor is this all: if any organization requires a directing mind at the head of it, it is an army; but, faithful to our Constitutional instincts, we have committed its command, *ex abundanti cautela*, to as many, I believe, as five independent boards, whose concurrence is necessary for a practical result. Nay, as late occurrences have shown, we have thought it a lesser evil, that our troops should be starved in the Crimea for want of the proper officer to land the stores, and that clothing and fuel shall oscillate to and fro between Balaklava and Malta, than that there should be the chance of the smallest opening for the introduction into our political system of a power formidable to nationalism. Thus we tie up both parson and soldier.

2. Next, in all great systems and agencies of any kind, there are certain accessories, absolutely necessary for their efficiency, yet hardly included in their essential idea. Such, to take a very small matter, is the use of the bag in making a pudding. Material edifices are no part of religion; but you cannot have religious services without them; nor can you move field-pieces without horses, nor get together horses without markets and transports. The greater part of these supplemental articles the English Constitution denies to its religious Establishment altogether, and to its Army, when not

on active service. Fabrics of worship it encourages; but it gives no countenance to such ecclesiastical belongings as the ritual and ceremonial of religion, synods, religious orders, sisters of charity, missions, and the like, necessary instruments of Christian faith, which zealous Churchmen, in times of spiritual danger, decay, or promise, make vain endeavours to restore. And such in military matters are the commissariat, transport, and medical departments, which are jealously suppressed in time of peace, and hastily and grudgingly restored on the commencement of hostilities. The Constitutional spirit allows to the troops arms and ammunition, as it allows to the clergy Ordination and two sacraments, neither being really dangerous, while the supplements, which I have spoken of, are withheld. Thus it cuts their claws.

3. And lastly, it keeps them low. Though lawyers are educated for the law, and physicians for medicine, it is felt among us to be dangerous to the Constitution to have real education either in the clerical or military profession. Neither theology nor the science of war is compatible with a national *regime*. Military and naval science is, in the ordinary Englishman's notion, the bayonet and the broadside. Religious knowledge comes by nature; and so far is true, that Anglican divines thump away in exhortation or in controversy, with a manliness, good sense, and good will as thoroughly John Bullish as the stubbornness of the Guards at Inkerman. Not that they are forbidden to cultivate theology in private as a personal accomplishment, but that they must not bring too much of it into the pulpit, for then they would become "extreme men," Calvinists or Papists, as it may be. A general good education, a public school, and a knowledge of the classics, make a parson; and he is chosen for a benefice or a dignity, not on any abstract ground of merit, but by the great officers of State, by members of the aristocracy, and by country gentlemen, or their nominees, men who by their position are a sufficient guarantee that the nation will continually flow into the Establishment, and give it its own colour. And so of the army; it is not so many days ago that a gentleman in office assured the House of Commons (if he was correctly reported) that the best officers were those who had a University education; and I doubt not it is far better for the troops to be disciplined and commanded by good scholars than by incapables and dunces. But in each department professional education is eschewed, and it is thought enough for the functionary to be a gentleman. A clergyman is the "resident gentleman" in his parish; and no soldier must rise from the ranks, because he is not "company for gentlemen."

Let no man call this satire, for it is most seriously said; nor have I intentionally coloured any one sentence in the parallel which I have been drawing out; nor do I speak as grumbling at things as they are;—I merely want to look facts in the face. I have been exposing what I consider the weak side of our Constitution, not exactly because I want it altered, but because people should not consider it the strong side. I think it a necessary weakness; I do not see how it can be satisfactorily set right without dangerous innovations (pp. 356—360).

The last paper in this volume is the striking review of *Ecce Homo*, which appeared some years ago in our own pages.

LE MANUSCRIT DE MA MÈRE.

Twenty Five Years of my Life, and Memoirs of my Mother. By A. de Lamartine.
Translated by Lady Herbert. Two vols. Bentley, 1872.

Lady Herbert has here given us two very charming volumes, though to our minds the charm of the first is not equal to that of the second. Lamartine's character is one that must always interest us to a certain

extent, even though we cannot absolutely approve of him. He seems to have been frequently, as it were, on the verge of being a great man, without ever attaining stable greatness. All Europe was his debtor in the Revolution of February, when he turned the tide in favour of moderation by his speech at the Hotel de Ville in favour of the tricolour flag. For the moment he had a position of unexampled splendour, but all such glories are ephemeral, and he soon sank to the level from which he had so fine an opportunity of rising—a level certainly below that of sound statesmanship. Then we cannot read his works about himself without being repelled by his selfconsciousness, and what looks to us like vanity, if it is not so. Such a man could hardly write any portion of an autobiography with a better chance of pleasing and engaging our sympathies than the account of his own childhood and youth, and the first of the two volumes before us, which contains his own memoirs or his first five and twenty years, is undoubtedly beautifully written in the main, while it contains not a few fine pictures and descriptions. And yet, with all this, it is undeniable, as we think, and it is well worth the noting that it should be so, that the greater part of the second volume, which consists of the journals kept by his mother from time to time, is far more attractive and beautiful than the more artistic and finished pages of the first volume. Madame de Lamartine had not, of course, half the talent of her highly gifted son; she never set herself to write finely, or to make the most of the scenes which she records. She gives us, moreover, simply and openly her own thoughts, not that they were intended for us, but still she writes freely about herself to herself. And yet, with all the advantages under which he has written the first volume of the work now before us, he has altogether eclipsed himself by the *manuscrit de ma mère* of which the second is made up. We shall confine ourselves, in the main, to a very brief summary of the contents of the autobiography of his mother.

Alix des Roys, afterwards Madame de Lamartine, was the daughter of M. des Roys, Comptroller General of the Finances of the Duke of Orleans. She was born in the Palais Royal, and educated in close intimacy with the future monarch, Louis Philippe. Her mother had a position of great honour in the household; consequently her early recollections were connected with some of the most celebrated men of the day, amongst others, Voltaire, d'Alembert, Laclos, Madame de Genlis, Buffon, Gibbon, Grimm, Necker, and Jean Jacques Rousseau. But her pious mind remained uncorrupted by any of the scepticism with which she must have thus come into contact. Through the interest of the Duke of Orleans she was appointed "chanoinesse" in the Chapter of Salles at the age of about sixteen. A portrait still remains in the family representing her in the dress peculiar to this somewhat abnormal dignity, and from all accounts it was a very becoming one, which she was well fitted to grace.

Alix married the Chevalier de Lamartine, the third son of a rich and noble family, who was at this time about thirty eight, but a man of peculiar youthfulness and vigour. He is described as remarkably frank, simple, and independent, as well as unpretending in his manner, contented with his duties as a soldier and the happiness of domestic life. Their union took place just before the outbreak of the Great Revolution, so that he was soon torn from the side of his young wife, to be confined

in the Prison of Macon, once an Ursuline convent. Happily, he was placed by a friendly gaoler in a cell facing the street, so as to be opposite the house where Madame de Lamartine resided. She established herself in a garret, in the hope of observing him, and from signs they soon progressed to an organized method of communication. Love is ingenious in resource; the lonely wife found some stray bows and arrows, with which she carefully practised at first, then, growing bold with experience, she shot the arrow straight into her husband's room. This he promptly concealed, but drew in the cord, at the end of which was a letter. Pens, ink, and paper were conveyed to him in the same way during the darkness of the night, enabling the prisoner to solace his confinement by constant correspondence with those dear to him. After a time it was urged upon Madame de Lamartine that she should plead for her husband's release with the Revolutionary authorities. Accordingly she conquered her repugnance, proceeding to Lyons and Dijon. She was in one instance kindly received, and seems to have obtained the favour that her husband should be passed over in the lists of condemned, though not released. Eighteen months, however, passed before husband and wife were once more united, and free to retire to that peaceful country life of which we shall gain an insight by a few glances at her journal, which reveals her to us as a humble Christian, a good wife, a devoted mother, with a clear intellect and much fervent charity. Probably, in her childish associations with the pupils of Madame de Genlis, she had acquired the habit of keeping a diary, for on the 11th of June, 1801, she writes—

I had begun, from the moment I could write at all, to jot down each day an exact account of all that I saw and felt, of all that happened around me, and of all the thoughts which the different events of my life had suggested. After a time I burnt this journal, and gave up the habit for a long while. I regret it now very much, and am sorry that I destroyed it, as I think it would have been useful to me later. I intend now, with the grace of God, to begin again and to write simply and concisely, and as much as I can each day, the different things which may happen to me, adding what I shall have done ill or well. I think that this plan will help me very much in my self-examination, and will make me know myself better; and should hereafter these lines fall under the eyes of my children, it will not be without some interest for them. Perhaps even it may be of use to them when I am gone, as I shall frequently speak of them and of their different characters. I have now five children, after having lost one—four daughters and one son, who is called Alphonse. At this moment he is away from home and beginning his classical education at Lyons. He is a good and amiable boy. May God make him pious, wise, and a good Christian; that is what I pray for with all my heart. The eldest of my girls is called Cecilia. She is seven and a half; very quick tempered, but good. Eugénie, her sister, is five and a half. She is a most sensitive child, but with a loving heart. Césarine is two years old; and little Susan is but nine months. I am still nursing her. The education of these four girls will not be an easy task. If it were not for the help of God, in Whom I place all my confidence and hope, I should altogether despair of accomplishing it. But I can do all things through Him Who strengtheneth me, and Who is pleased to be glorified in the humblest and most miserable of His creatures. . . . In our house is a poor old relation, weak in mind and body; I must look upon her as my sixth child, and treat her with the like care and tenderness. I have besides six servants to superintend. My God! how much do I need Thy help! My husband and I live almost always at Milly, where I am very happy. Lately, another place has become ours—St. Point.

It is a good property, and an agreeable country, from its solitude and its beautiful position in the mountains. For how many blessings have we not cause to thank Providence !

Very shortly afterwards the whole family established themselves at St. Point, where Madame de Lamartine entered upon that life of active piety, combined with charity and kindly interest in her peasant neighbours, which she continued to her end. There is abundant evidence of this in her own manuscript, though interspersed with acute selfreproach at what might seem very trifling omissions. She gives also many charming sketches of rural scenery and life, being her observations made during the long rambles and picnics made in company with her husband and children. The following is an account of one such expedition—

We spent the whole day with the children, strolling about or sitting on the grass, looking at the glorious views on all sides. Two whole provinces were stretched out, as it were, at our feet : the Mâconnais, with its little white villages clustered here and there, from the steeples of which at midday rose the *Angelus* bell ; La Brasse, with its endless meadows, looking like the Dutch pictures which my eldest brother (who was secretary of Embassy in Holland) used to send us as children ; and to crown the whole, Mont Blanc, which appeared first white, then rose colour, then violet, according to the sun—like a piece of iron which becomes white or red as it passes through the fire of the blacksmith's forge. We all dined together on the grass ; and then, mounting again on our donkeys, came home by another path through the nut wood.

The striking of the donkeys' hoofs on the rock, the cries of the children, the whistling of the blackbirds as they flew, the crack of my husband's rifle as he and the keeper shot coveys of red legged partridges, and the chatter of our guide and the donkey boys, made our little party so noisy that a stranger might have imagined that the mountain was being invaded by a troop of marauders. The poor little shepherds, who were guarding their goats and sheep on the mountain sides, looked quite scared, and ran away. We came to one little dell, where we found the flocks deserted, save by two black dogs, who barked at us furiously as we passed. A little further on, we came upon a fire between two big stones in the middle of the path, and by the side of this rustic hearth were a pair of children's *sabots*. The boys, in fact, were not far off, but frightened at the unaccustomed sound of the guns and of our voices, they had run away and hidden themselves in the heather, without having had time to put their shoes on their little bare feet. My little girls and I determined to give them a pleasant surprise. We stopped by the fire, which was half out, and just in each little pair of *sabots* a half franc and some sugarplums, which the children saved from luncheon. And then we went on again, thinking of the joy of those poor little fellows when, reassured by the silence, they should return to the fireplace to fetch their shoes. They were sure to think that the fairies (who are said to haunt these mountains) had left these presents for them. Our steep scramble down the ravine was enlivened by the hearty laugh of the children at the thought of the fright of the boys, and then their delight and surprise at finding their shoes and the story they would tell their mother at night of the "good people" who had left them such treasures. What we expected came true. The little shepherds, finding their *sabots* full of money and sugarplums, gave all the credit to the fairies. But their fathers and mothers were not so easily taken in ; and with that delicacy of feeling which one so often finds in the peasants, especially in mountainous countries, determined to give us a surprise in return, so as to show how they had appreciated our trifling kindness. The next morning, when the servants opened the front door, they found on the doorstep four little reed baskets, full of nuts, cream cheeses, and little pats of butter, made in the shape of *sabots*. The children who had

thus left their little presents, had run away, so as to give us a like surprise and a like mystery. The delicate way in which this anonymous offering was made delighted us all. We did not know to which of the cottages these poor children belonged, whose gratitude had run the risk of making a mistake rather than not find its legitimate expression. Such acts of mutual kindness between rich and poor are what I most wish the children to see and learn, as they must touch their hearts.

Many domestic details fill up the journal, which overflows also with tenderness and anxiety for her children, especially Alphonse, who gave her alternate cause for uneasiness and maternal pride in his school troubles or successes. In spite of educational improvements, as shown by those prizes which flattered the mother's heart, he revolted at the system of tyranny which seems to have prevailed at the school at Lyons to which he was sent. Finding companions to share his disapprobation, he planned and effected an escape with them, but being recaptured, he remained a prisoner for a month rather than capitulate, till at last his mother came to fetch him home. Fully entering into his objections to this school, for it had never been her wish to place him there, she took advantage of this incident to obtain his father's consent to place him at the Jesuits' College at Belley, which seems to have answered admirably. His mother accompanied Alphonse thither, and there are few accounts of College life so interesting and satisfactory as we have obtained from his pen. He tells us—

Everything was perfect in order. In the schoolrooms we heard the murmur of voices repeating the lessons in class, the calm voice of the professor predominating from time to time. The dormitories were large and airy; the refectory beautifully clean and nice, without being luxurious; the courts were finely sanded; the gardens shady and well kept. *A ménage*, a *salle d'armes*, and a tennis court, were included among the means of exercise and amusement for the students. Nothing seemed to be too dear to answer this purpose. Evidently profit was the last thing thought of in this establishment—only the moral and physical welfare of the boy. No one asked what a student brought in to the College, but what he became as he grew up. It was evidently a College for *souls*—this struck me at first sight. It was written on the faces not only of the professors, but of the lay brothers, and of all whom I met about the house. It was impossible to conceive a greater contrast than between the tone of this College and that of Lyons. . . . No one in this house felt that terrible coldness which is generally met with in great establishments of this sort. . . . I saw nothing around me but kind and sympathizing faces. One or other of the boys came up to me to say a few cheery words, to show me the ways of the house, or to do me some little service. I felt friendship and kindness everywhere. Nothing bitter marred the beginning of my new life; on the contrary, I felt I was only entering a new family, where I should soon be quite at home. This atmosphere made me good from the very first day.

Before leaving this subject we must remark that the studies begun with such cheering auspices terminated in highly satisfactory results, for further on, in the mother's notes of daily life, we find her rejoicing at the return of her son from Belley, "loaded with prizes," bearing the highest character from the masters, but, to crown all, "really piously inclined in a way that he had never been before," so that she could not help rushing off to church to thank God for the blessings granted her in her boy.

Soon after her leaving Alphonse under the care of the Jesuit Fathers, we find in Madame Lamartine's journal traces of family disquietude and grief. In the midst of her troubles as to the future prospects of her brother, she hears very suddenly of his death; a few months later it is a dearly loved mother that she is called upon to mourn. Then the journal takes up once more the thread of daily life, with occasional reference to the stirring events of the day, but the charm of her character consists in the elevating influence of faith upon a beautifully feminine mind in the sphere of woman's duties and charities. Scattered through her self-communings are signs of an ardent, poetic temperament, trying to school itself to patience and resignation in the sorrow brought upon her by the trials of others, but with a marvellous freedom from all selfinterest. Especially we find constant references to her beloved Alphonse, who, now launched upon the world, gave every hope for the future, but some cause for anxiety by his restless, eager temperament, while there was also the uncertainty as to his choice of a career. One evidence of maternal care will not be out of place here—

I have just been into Alphonse's room to look at his books, and burn those which I think bad and injurious for him. I have found, among the rest, the *Emile* of J. J. Rousseau. I could not resist reading a few passages in it, and I do not reproach myself for doing so, for they were magnificent, and I even mean to copy out some portion of them for myself. It is a thousand pities that such really beautiful writing should be spoiled and poisoned by such extravagant and impious opinions, which are enough to ruin the faith and purity of youth. I shall burn this book, and also the *Nouvelle Heloise*, which is still more dangerous, from its passionate sentiments, and its perversion of all sense of right and morality. What a misfortune it is when such a talent is thus abused! I do not fear for myself. My faith is sure, and above all danger of temptation—but my boy?

At this period the most tranquil life was liable to be agitated by the political changes of the day, so we find occasional records of public interest. The return of Napoleon from Elba was of momentous importance to her, for it called Alphonse into active service, besides subjecting herself and family to grave personal risk. Lamartine himself has given us an interesting description of the general panic which followed. His own opinion, he tells us, was that Bonaparte's idea of resuming sway at that precise period was rash and ill-timed—likely, indeed, to prove, as history has shown, not the regaining of a sceptre but rather the “dethronement of his glory.” For some days Lamartine and others awaited a summons to Paris to defend the interests of the King, but, as none arrived, he, with some companions, decided to go and seek a post as volunteer. On his journey he met with an incident which he gives, to show the hold that Napoleon retained upon the hearts of the military—

At a few miles from Mâcon we met Colonel Duluat, a great friend of ours, and *aide-de-camp* to Marshal Suchet. He stopped us, exclaiming—“Well, where is he?” “At Lyons,” we replied, “and marching upon Paris.” “Upon Paris!” he retorted, with a wild joy which he did not attempt to repress. “Well done! *Vive l'Empereur!*” and digging his spurs into his horse he set off as hard as he could go towards Mâcon. “See what the army is,” I exclaimed to my companion; “it begins with indecision and then becomes as mad as Duluat!” We could not help making some rather bitter

reflections. "It is no use fighting against popularity and glory," I continued. "The army has no right to rise against the country, against liberty, against our solemn oaths, against the very people from whom they spring. But you will see that what has happened here will happen elsewhere. We, who have our honour to think of, let us go forward." And we galloped on towards Paris.

There, however, suspense and disappointment were to await them. It is true the cry of "*Vive le Roi!*" resounded in the capital, and that volunteers were ready to show their fidelity, but Napoleon was advancing with his troops, and the Court resolved upon a retreat. Most discouraging was the position of those who were desirous to support the cause of Louis the Eighteenth, for not an effort was made on his part for the defence of the throne. He determined to take refuge in Belgium, while the Princes also seemed to think of little but a safe retreat. They assembled the volunteer troops at Bethune, where they had been quartered, and informed them of their plans, but begged that they would not attempt to follow them into exile. Lamartine tells us there was a diversity of opinion. A few were disposed for emigration, and upon this occasion he first gained courage to speak in public, reminding his companions that France had the first claim upon their service, and that they would even be of more real use to the King by remaining on French soil. Five or six of the volunteers insisted upon following the King, but the greater number were led by Lamartine's advice. An officer who had promised to watch over Alphonse kindly befriended him, advising that he should not wait for the formal disbanding of the troops. Accordingly he started homewards, disguised as a tradesman. Much hospitality was shown him by the country people on his journey, and once more he had to await the turn of fortune, while Napoleon was in power. The marriage of her daughters occupies some portion of Madame Lamartine's attention even at this critical time. Cecilia, the eldest daughter, had a little while previously married a M. de Cessia, of Franche-Comté, an alliance which gave every satisfaction to her mother, but it is rather curious to observe her leaning towards the freedom of choice in this respect which is supposed to prevail more in England than on the Continent.

Perhaps she partook largely in the romantic nature of her son, for in her notes there is a tone of quiet surprise in two instances at the calm dutifulness of her daughters in accepting the husbands designated for them by family arrangements. At the same time it is fair to add that the result was thoroughly satisfactory in the amount of happiness which was their lot, though Cesarine, whose submissiveness had undergone the previous trial of disappointed affection, was not long to enjoy any of those joys which earthly love can afford, for she died in giving birth to her first child. She had complied with the wishes of her family in marrying a M. de Vignet, described as a person of great merit, and her mother, who had at first feared the result of influencing her daughter's choice, had the consolation later on of remarking that Cesarine had bestowed her love entirely upon him. Eugénie had married, soon after her elder sister, a M. Coppens d'Hondschoote, and there seem to have been intervals of about two years between each of these happy events. Madame Lamartine had also some suspense upon the subject of her son's marriage. He had fallen in love with an English

lady, and the fact that she was a Protestant caused a difficulty. She had, it is true, a desire to become a Catholic, but perhaps her relations were anxious to prevent this, for the marriage seemed to be given up for a time. Still Alphonse was not so ready as his sisters had been to yield to circumstances. In the end he carried the day. The young lady was received into the Catholic Church, and exercised a very salutary influence upon her husband, bringing him back, as he tells us, to the Christian practices of his earlier life.

Various domestic incidents of joy and grief, such as the death of her children or the marriage of her other daughters, fill up a considerable part in Madame de Lamartine's journal; but enough has been quoted to prove its interest, and the claims which her character has upon our admiration. As it draws to its close, there are frequent allusions to her declining years and to the approach of death, for which she was carefully preparing.

Her end at last was a sudden and mournful one. She went to take a bath at the establishment kept by the Sisters of Charity, adjoining their hospital; but, adhering to her usual custom, would not accept the assistance of a maid, in accordance with a vow which she had made as Chanoinesse to dispense with all personal attendance. Soon after she was found in the bath in a fainting condition, and it was clear that she had attempted to increase the heat of the water by turning on the hot water, but had been unable to turn the cock back again, as it was rather stiff. She recovered to some extent when rescued from her perilous position by the Superior, who was passing and heard her groans, but fever and delirium soon came on, though she rallied so far as to console her husband and such of her family as were at hand. She received Holy Communion with an ardent faith and joy, and it was followed by so great a calm as well as slumber, that hopes for her recovery began to be entertained. These proved, however, fallacious. Towards dawn she woke, exclaiming—"Oh, how happy I am!" three times running; and then, "My God! Thou hast not deceived me. I am so happy!" and then immediately breathed her last.

LORD ARUNDELL ON TRADITION.

Tradition, principally with reference to Mythology and the Law of Nations. By Lord Arundell of Wardour. Burns and Oates, 1871.

The appearance of a thoughtful, learned, and argumentative work in defence of Tradition, chiefly in relation to natural right and its influence on the duties and conduct of nations, would be always a matter for congratulation, and it is to our mind doubly this when the work proceeds from the pen of a Catholic nobleman. It is always a bad sign when the defence of religion and of the truths of philosophy, history, and science, which form the outwork of the fortress of religious belief, are left to the clergy alone, and it will be an evil day for the Church, if ever it should come, when the laity are not forward in her cause, whether in the field of literature or of action. The tendency, indeed, of the present day seems to be to call the laity forward rather than to discourage their efforts—and, at least, seems to be the obvious meaning of the Holy Father himself. We are happy to know that among ourselves we have many able and active workers in both the fields

already named, and when we consider how much the Church in England owes to her lay children in past times for her very preservation, we are not led to expect that she will cease to look to them for active and efficient exertions as to all matters which lie within their sphere. But we meet here and there with the traces of an opinion that the Catholic body in England can produce but few laymen capable of holding their own in Parliament, in society, or in literature, against the thousand assailants which the prominence given in our times to religious controversy brings down upon the cause of truth. If it were so, we should only have to reply that it is rather hard to deprive a small set of people for generation after generation of every opportunity of intellectual culture, and then turn round upon them and complain of the absence of qualifications which you have yourselves taken good care that they shall not possess, except by unusual exertions. As a matter of fact, however, we have a better answer to give in the denial of the charge, and we may fairly point to the appearance of such a book as that now before us as an argument for the truth of such a denial.

The Tradition for which Lord Arundell contends with so much cogent and lucid argument is not the Ecclesiastical Tradition of Christianity, but that of the human race. He claims for the old doctrines about justice, morality, the obligation of the law of reason and nature upon nations as well as upon the persons of whom nations are composed, an origin which is not to be found short of the primeval tradition of humanity, which, of course, points to a still higher source in original revelation and the impress given to Society by the Creator and Father of all. For ourselves, we must confess that we are unable to lay before our readers a concise analysis of the argument of the sheets before us, which we have only had an opportunity of perusing at a time when the necessities of immediate publication oblige us to give them far too superficial attention. But we have seen enough to be satisfied that the book ought to make its mark, though, if it were written by a Protestant nobleman instead of a Catholic lord, if it attacked revelation instead of defending ancient truths, or if it pandered to frivolous and graceful immorality instead of taking the side of high and pure tradition, it would certainly be far more popular with the ordinary British public than it is ever likely to be at present. It is thoroughly well reasoned and connected, it shows great research and much power of condensing results and of expression, though we may perhaps agree with the author in his Preface that the frequency of quotation may somewhat detract from its general readableness. There are some very good chapters on the chronological and scientific difficulties as to the Scripture account of human history, and in defence of the theory that a great part of the various heathen mythologies has its basis in the true facts and real personages mentioned in Scripture. The number of works which Lord Arundell has to quote shows the wide range of his reading, as well as the immense extent of the field in which he has been labouring with so much quiet industry and ability.

We give the following passage as a specimen of the book. It is from a chapter on *Chronology from the point of Science*—

Although the testimony of history is definite and decisive as to the chronology of the world, within the limits of a few hundred years, there is a general assumption, in all branches of scientific inquiry, that man must

have existed many thousand years before the period thus assigned to him. Lyell speaks of "the vastness of time"* required for his development, and Bunsen, as we have seen, requires twenty thousand years, at least, between the Deluge and the nativity of our Lord: and wherefore this discrepancy? Because of a fundamental assumption—not merely hypothetical for the convenience of inquiry—but confident and absolute; an assumption which, so far as the argument is concerned, is the very matter in dispute—that man must have progressed and developed to the point at which we see him.

At the same time, the actual chronology cannot be altogether ignored, and some cognizance must be taken of the facts which history presents to us; and it is this unfortunate exigency, interrupting the placid course of development, which not unfrequently lands scientific inquirers of the first eminence in difficulties from which it will take an indefinite lapse of time to extricate them; *ex gr.*, Bunsen, in his "Egypt," iii. 379, says—

"It has been more than once remarked, in the course of this work, that the connection between the Chinese and the Egyptians belongs, in several of its phases, to the general history of the world. The Chinese language is the furthest point beyond that of the formation of the Egyptian language, which represents, as compared with it, the middle ages of mankind,—viz., the Turanian and Chamitic stages of development."

The conclusion of philology (*vide* also Brace's "Ethnology," p. 114) is, therefore, that the Turanian or Chamitic grew out of the more inorganic and elementary Chinese.

Now, let us compare Lyell's conclusions with Bunsen's. Lyell equally believes ("Principles of Geology," ii. 471), "that three or four thousand years is but a *minute fraction* of the time required to bring about such wide divergence from a common parent stock, 'as between' the Negroes and Greeks and Jews, Mongols and Hindoos, represented on the Egyptian monuments."

At the same time, he endorses Sir John Lubbock's view, and pronounces, upon what appears to me very light and insufficient grounds (ii. 479), that "the theory, therefore, that the savage races have been degraded from a previous state of civilization *may be rejected*:" and by implication that the civilized races have progressed from the savage state, may be affirmed.†

I have, then, only to assume one point that Sir C. Lyell will concede, the order of progress or development to have been from black to white, and that he will pay us the compliment of being the more favoured race.

But of all the races that are akin to the Mongol or Turanian, the Chinese are the whitest, and most nearly approach the European in colour.

How many years, then, may we suppose that it took the Chinese to progress from the black state of the Egyptian? as many, let us conjecture, as it took the Egyptian to progress linguistically from the state of the Chinese or Mongol!

This is one instance of the entanglement in which the theory of progress,

* "Principles of Geology," tenth edition, 1868, ii. p. 471.

† The ground upon which Lyell pronounces this judgment is (ii. 479) "that no fragment of pottery has been found among the nations of Australia, New Zealand, and the Polynesian islands any more than ancient architectural remains, in all which respects, these rude men now living, resemble the men of the Palæolithic age; when pottery is known to all, it is always abundant, and, though easy to break, is difficult to destroy. It is improbable that so useful an art should ever have been lost by any race of man." The argument is strongly put, but many things are left out of consideration. Supposing the primitive knowledge, is not pottery one of the arts which would be most likely to be lost in a migration across the seas? Again, that they had no pottery, shows that in the interval there had been no progress. When will there be? As to the circumstance that it is the same among the Australians and Polynesians, the fact cuts both ways. You assume that there is a uniformity in progress, but may not there be the same uniformity in the processes of degradation, and, assuming the fact, may it not simply prove that these savages have reached the same depth as the other savages?

pure and simple, from a parent stock will involve us. The obvious mode of escape would be to deny the unity of the human race, a conclusion which would at once land us in the darkness of a still lower abyss, and convert our processes from being scientific in form and hopeful of result, into empirical and aimless conjectures. For either the theory is started that the various races of mankind were created separately, in which case we fly into the face of the only account we have of creation, and also of the multiform testimonies which history and science bring to attest this truth, and we, moreover, debar ourselves from falling back upon any uniform theory applicable to the whole human race; or if, without advertence to creation, we suppose mankind to have been variously developed, here again we shall equally find ourselves cut off from the application of any uniform historical theory, equally unable to account for or to exclude the testimony of history, and in the end reduced to the evidences, whatever they may be worth, of certain real or fancied analogies. At this point, the historical inquiry will be virtually abandoned, and the records of the past, merged in the phenomena of life, will be considered only in the light of some pantheistic or materialistic theory, or, so far as it is distinguishable, of some theory of evolution.

I am no longer concerned with any of these theories the moment they discard the historical element; and I shall, accordingly, return to the theory of Sir John Lubbock, which is honestly based upon it.

When all is said, I cannot make out that Sir John adduces any argument in favour of the antiquity of the human race which does not resolve itself into the contrast between our civilization and the degradation of savages; and that the time which must have elapsed to bring about this transformation is measured by the fact that the negro, of the "true Nigritian stamp," appears upon the Egyptian monuments, at least as far back as B.C. 2400. "Historians, philologists, and physiologists have alike admitted that the short period allowed in Archbishop Usher's chronology could hardly be reconciled with the history of some Eastern nations, and that it did not leave room *for the development either of the different languages or of the numerous physical peculiarities by which various races of men are distinguished.*"* As no facts in the history of Eastern nations are adduced, I shall consider that this part of the argument has been sufficiently disposed of in the preceding chapters, and if they had been adduced, I venture to think that they would have been interpreted by the latter part of the sentence, and would have been incompatible with the chronology, only because they did not allow sufficient time "for the development," &c. Of this sort of fact, I admit, nothing stronger can be adduced than the case of the negro on the Egyptian monuments, only I wish to direct attention to the different aspects these facts will bear when the theory of progress is not assumed as an infallible proposition. Moreover, as Mr. Poole, whom Sir John Lubbock very candidly quotes, points out, in the interval between this and 2400 B.C. we do not find "the least change in the negro or the Arab; and even the type which seems to be intermediate between them, is virtually as unaltered. Those who consider that length of time can change a type of man, will do well to consider the fact that three thousand years give no ratio on which a calculation could be founded." So that if Arch. Usher had expanded his chronology so as to take in the twenty thousand years Bunsen requires, it really would not appreciably have affected the argument. Sir John Lubbock, indeed, says (p. 477)—"I am, however, not aware that it is supposed by any school of ethnologists that 'time' alone, without a change of external conditions, will produce an alteration of type." "Let us," he continues, "turn now to the instances relied on by Mr. Crawford. The millions, he says, of African negroes that have, during three centuries, been transported to the New World and its islands, are the same in colour as the present inhabitants of the parent country of their forefathers. The Creole Spaniards . . . are as

* Sir John Lubbock's "Prehistoric Times," p. 313.

fair as the people of Arragon and Andalusia. The pure Dutch Creole colonists of the Cape of Good Hope, after dwelling two centuries among the black Caffres and yellow Hottentots, do not differ in colour from the people of Holland." [The strongest case is, perhaps, that of the American Indians, who do not vary from a uniform copper colour in north or south—in Canada or on the line.]* In these instances, Sir J. Lubbock says—"We have great change of circumstances, but a very insufficient lapse of time, and, in fact, there is no well authenticated case [he does not, however, advert to the case of the Indians, which seems to satisfy both conditions] in which these two requisites are united," . . . and adds, "there is already a marked difference between the English of Europe and the English of America;" but is full allowance made here for admixture of race? and, also, is his instance to the point? Is not the difficulty rather that, whereas climate, food, change of circumstances have (for, I think, the balance of the argument is on that side), in many ways, modified other races (though whether to the extent of destroying the characteristic type, may be open to question), the negro has resisted these influences, and has remained the same negro that we find him 2400 B.C.? Consider that it is only a question of degree, and that it is merely true that the negro has resisted these influences more persistently than other races. Still the contrast is not the less startling when we find the negro in the same relative position, and with the same stamp of inferiority, that we find indelibly impressed upon him four thousand years ago? It is a case which neither the theory of progress, nor the theory of degeneracy, seems to touch.

But it is a case which De Maistre's view exactly solves. Now, however much we may rebel against De Maistre's theory, that the early races of mankind were endowed with higher and more intuitive moral faculties than ours, and, whether or not, we accept this *dictum* that great punishments presuppose great knowledge, and reversely, that higher knowledge implies the liability to great punishments, I do not see how we can refuse to consider the matter, so far as to see whether the view solves all the difficulties of the question. It is not the first time that the blackness of the African race has been connected in theory with a curse; but De Maistre's theory throws a new light on the malediction—whether it be the curse of Cham or of Chanaan, or whether both were smitten, according to different degrees of culpability; and I maintain, further, that it is adequate to the explanation of the phenomena, that it does not clash with history, and that it is sustained by tradition.

SEUR EUGÉNIE.

Sœur Eugénie: the Life and Letters of a Sister of Charity. By the Author of a *Sketch of the Life of St. Paula.* Burns and Oates, 1872.

In these days of frequent conversion to the Catholic faith, a peculiar interest must attach to the life of Sœur Eugénie, herself a convert; but the mere contrast in her position at the time will serve to illustrate in a particular manner the various ways in which grace works. She was born in Paris in 1836, the daughter of the Comte de —, a nominal Catholic, who having married a Protestant, and perceiving that she brought up

* It has almost passed into a proverb, says Morton, who is among those who know the Americans best—that he who has seen one Indian tribe has seen them all, so closely do the individuals of this race resemble each other, whatever may be the variety or the extent of the countries they inhabit. Reusch's "La Bible et la Nature," *vide* also Card. Wiseman's "Lect. on Science and Rev. Rel." lect. iv. *Vide*, however, Reusch, p. 498, where "a remarkable difference in the cranium" is noticed, "sometimes approaching the Malay, sometimes the Mongol shape."

her children very carefully, neglected even the contract, in which it had been stipulated that the boys should be educated in his own faith. All the children were, therefore, baptized according to the Protestant rite, and there is something well worthy of notice in the way that they, while still children, were brought to a knowledge of the truth, and became the instruments of their parents' conversion. The subject of this memoir was named Eveline; she possessed even in early life such grace and dignity that she was called the "Little Duchess." Although born in Paris, the greater part of her youth was passed in the country, and on leaving the nursery she was confided to the care of an English governess, a conscientious person, but so bigoted a Protestant that she desired her pupils to turn away their heads should they by chance meet a priest; she also taught them very zealously the study of Holy Scripture, as well as the Church of England catechism.

An elder sister of Eveline's has left us an account of the first step taken in the direction of the Catholic faith, which was to end in such a happy result for the whole family. First she tells us of her preparation for Protestant communion by a clergyman, her mother conducting her to his house for instruction three times a week, and how her youthful aspirations after piety were chilled by his dry unsympathetic teaching. When Marie returned home to confide her feelings of disappointment to her sister, Eveline observed—"Do you know, dear Marie, I am sure something good will come out of this. One thing is certain, I shall never have courage to go through all that you are now suffering." Her narrative goes on—

G— was only nine years old when spontaneously, of his own accord, he declared that he would go to mass and be a Catholic, as he had the right to be. He was so earnest and persevering in his desire that my father could not withhold his consent, and to G—'s great satisfaction, he and his two younger brothers were conditionally baptized into the Catholic Church. Touched by such great faith in so young a child, my father resolved to accompany him to mass. This was the first step on that way on which he henceforth so steadily advanced.

Except that we hope our readers will make acquaintance with this edifying history on their own account, we should not willingly pass over the description of how this boy's piety was instrumental in the spiritual welfare of the whole household. One incident we cannot omit.

It was on the feast of Corpus Christi that G— was for the first time to receive the Bread of Life. On the eve of that great day an unaccountable sadness seemed to come over the boy, who had prepared so carefully and with such ardent devotion for this most important act of life; his eyes were filled with tears, and it was distressing to see his depression. When questioned as to the cause of his grief, he answered in these touching words—"Oh! what makes me so unhappy is the thought that tomorrow I shall be the only child who will approach the Holy Table without being accompanied by a single member of his family!" His sisters advised him to go at once to his father, and frankly to tell him of this great trouble. He did so, and, deeply moved at his child's sorrow, his father got up, went straight to the curé and made his confession for the first time for many past years.

The next day he received the Holy Communion, kneeling by the side of his son, and it may well be imagined that neither mother nor daughters could witness this solemn and touching sight without deep emotion.

Indeed, the conversion of Eveline immediately followed. The mother was much pained when her girls first told her of their wish to become Catholics, but soon they induced her to accompany them to the village church. She attended the instructions which they received, and on the feast of our Lady of Mount Carmel she knelt before the altar with her three daughters to be reconciled to the true faith.

Years passed on in the quiet home with but little interruption till the marriage of her youngest sister, her chief friend and companion, cast a shadow on the life of Eveline. There is a satisfaction to us in this separation, as it gave occasion to a correspondence which reveals to us more of her inner life than we should otherwise have penetrated. But the time was drawing near when she was to receive a call to serve God in religion; already her life was so occupied with piety and good works that her parents were prepared for her vocation, but they wished her to test it by going to Paris and associating more with friends and relations. However, she gained their consent to an immediate fulfilment of her desire to become a Sister of Charity, so that she entered the Hospital of X—— at the end of the summer, after first visiting England to take leave of her mother's relations. At the end of four months' probation Eveline went to commence her novitiate in Paris, where she took the habit in 1863. The account of this and her previous probation contains some interesting details regarding the order; in fact, the whole book, which is most pleasingly written, cannot fail to rivet the attention of any who may wish to become better acquainted with the Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul. It will serve, also, to testify the interior spirit which governs their works of outward charity, and which is so frequently overlooked by those who most admire their life of selfrenunciation. To return to *Sœur Eugénie*. Those Sisters who were her companions speak of her as a living example in all holy virtues; but not for long was she to remain amongst them. In the autumn of 1867 she became seriously ill; in November she grew rapidly worse, and never rallied, accepting her weakness and other sufferings with entire resignation. Soon it became evident that death was drawing near. Her parents and sisters hurriedly started for a last farewell; when they arrived she had already received the last sacraments, and the scene around her bed is most affecting.

After the first affectionate greetings were over, she looked from one to another with an expression of the deepest love, and often repeated—"How happy I am! How good God is to me! Oh, how happy I am to see you all." In her deep humility she seemed unable to understand that they could be in grief on her account, and seeing the anguish that was depicted on their countenances, she anxiously questioned them as to what was weighing on their breasts. When they told her that their only present grief was seeing her so ill, she said—"I believe it as you say so, but it is the will of God, and He will give us all strength."

THE ART OF ALWAYS REJOICING.

Compendium of the Art of Always Rejoicing. By Alphonsus de Sarasa, S.J. Translated by a Lady, with a Preface by the Rev. T. Meyrick. Burns and Oates, 1872.

There are a certain number of books among the spiritual treasures of the Church as to which it is hard to know what should be done by those who appreciate their value and are desirous that others also

should learn to appreciate it. They are written in foreign languages, some of them in no modern language, but in Latin, their matter is so good and solid as almost to defy abridgement, while their bulk is so considerable as to make a translator shrink before his task, not so much because they are not worth translating as they stand, but because few people can be expected to read them in their translated form. There is a natural prejudice against translations, and, what is to some at least an excuse or a reason for that prejudice, few translators take pains enough with their work to make it acceptable to general readers. And yet some of the books of which we speak can hardly be surpassed in their line. Such a work, for instance, is the *Uno Necessario* of Father Rogacci, or again, the *Thesaurus Bonorum quæ in Christo habemus* of Father Arias. The same may be said generally of almost everything written by Louis of Grenada and Louis da Ponte, authors, of course, far better known even among Catholics than Rogacci or Arias, but who have left behind them many works other than those for which they are so famous, and yet not inferior to them in merit. The *Spiritual Guide*, for instance, and the *Treatises on Perfection* by the last named writer, are not at all so widely known or appreciated as his *Meditations*, which are popular in England even in a form which certainly would admit of very great improvement. Our belief is that the time will soon come when we shall have to settle the question of how these comparatively unknown works of great authors are to be introduced to our countrymen, by deciding in favour of their being *rewritten* in English by theologians and others competent for the task, who may here and there omit or even add in a way which would not be allowed in a translator. The Spanish of Louis of Granada and Louis da Ponte is probably of the best kind, and of high literary merit; but in books like those of which we are speaking style is not everything, though it may be worth more consideration than is sometimes bestowed upon it. In the case of Rogacci, whose works exist both in Italian and Latin, the language is very good in both cases, but there is no particular reason for valuing it more than any ordinarily good Latin or Italian. Arias is a writer who would certainly have to be abridged if he were to be made popular among us. The same may be said of Ludolph of Saxony. The same may also be said of the writer the appearance of whose name among the list of authors of works lately published has occasioned these remarks, Alphonsus Sarasa, a Jesuit of the seventeenth century, of a part of whose work called *Ars Semper Gaudendi*, Father Meyrick has lately edited a very brief compendium.

Sarasa was born, and seems to have spent most of his life, in Flanders, in the seventeenth century. He was a sound and deep theologian, and a famous preacher—one of that class who are not afraid to preach theologically. "I acknowledge," he says in one of his sermons, "that we have to meet some questions which are wont to be disputed in the schools, but it has never been my belief that such questions were to be banished from the chair of the preacher. Indeed, I have always thought that this was the reason why the truth should be so diligently discussed in our seats of learning, that all dust and chaff might be blown away by the force of disputation, so that the truth, the pure grain, the food of the soul, might so be got at, and afterwards be set forth in preaching to the people in simple uncontentious

discourse, without any of the acrimony of controversy." And he defends himself in the same place by the examples of the Fathers of the Church, who certainly did not avoid doctrinal questions in their sermons.

Sarasa seems to have preached in Latin, at least his great work is in the form of *Conciones Adventuales*, two series of sermons preached during two Advents. They are very long, and very solid. The audience to which they were addressed must have been so far learned as to be able to understand the language in which they are couched; in other respects, although the subjects treated of are frequently subjects which require thought and even education, the matter is put forth so clearly, and in so masterly a way, that any one who takes the pains can see the meaning and the course of the argument. The theme of the whole work is, "how to be always happy"—and the answer which Sarasa gives is twofold. Two things are requisite for unfailing happiness: one, that we should be content with God, and the other, that we should be content with ourselves and God with us. The first is to be attained by that perfect conformity to the will of God which is the result of a true Christian view of the Divine Providence which arranges everything in the world, in whatever way it may affect us. The second is to be gained by the art of having always a good and happy conscience, for, as St. John teaches us, if our own hearts do not reproach us, we have confidence towards God. Each of these two divisions of the subject is treated in a separate series of sermons, of which the second is by far the longest and the most important. The first series, on Providence, is divided into three parts, into which the fifteen "Tracts" of which it consists are distributed. The first part treats of Providence as to the extent, so to speak, of its range, and is supplemented by a Theological Dissertation on the "*Scientia Conditionalium*," in answer to Carmuel. The second part answers doubts and difficulties as to Providence, and the third teaches us practically how to be content with all that happens. A sixteenth "Tract" closes this series, which is a synopsis of the whole argument, and this it is which has been translated (through an Italian version) in the little *brochure* before us. The second and larger series, on Conscience, contains as many as twenty "Tracts," two of which are preliminary, and the rest of which treat of what the author calls the ten "offices" of conscience—to direct our actions, to praise what is good, to reprove what is bad, to examine our life, to lead to penitence, to make confession, to make satisfaction, to produce security as to a state of peace and the remission of sin, to arm the soul against the opinions and remarks of men, and to arm it also against the assaults of the devil in the hour of death. In the course of his argument Sarasa has to deal with some of the questions which in his day, and even in our own, raised or raise controversy, such as those as to what is called a Probable Conscience, and as to Contrition and Attrition, and the effect of the latter when accompanied by a reception of the benefit of sacramental Absolution. On all these questions Sarasa maintains vigorously and forcibly the wellknown and solid doctrines of the Society of which he was a member.

From what we have already said it will be clear that the little publication before us, good and golden as far as it goes, is but the translation of an epitome of one half of the great work of Sarasa. It

would almost seem as if Father Brossiani, from whose Italian translation this English version has been made, was not aware of the existence of the second part of the *Ars Semper Gaudendi*. And yet this little book will, we are sure, do good to hundreds, and it cannot be too widely or generally circulated. Let us hope that some one may add to it at all events an epitome of the second part, here omitted, or that we may even see a larger work drawn from the original, which may embody that very considerable proportion of valuable matter which is necessarily omitted even in the best epitomes.

DICTIONNAIRE ENCYCLOPÉDIQUE DE LA THÉOLOGIE
CATHOLIQUE.

Dictionnaire Encyclopédique de la Théologie Catholique. Tome xxvi. Supplément et Table. Gaume Frères et J. Duprey, Éditeurs. Paris.

This is the twenty sixth and concluding volume of the French translation of Drs. Wetzer and Welte's *Kirchen Lexicon*. It contains a short supplement, a table of contents, and a list of the names of the writers. Every German work must lose something in a French translation; but in the present instance, that loss is more than compensated for by the widely extended circle to which the *Kirchen Lexicon*, hitherto inaccessible, has been introduced.

The German student, with this *Lexicon* and Desharbe or Wilmer's *Lehrbuch*, possesses a pretty complete theological library. We hail the French translation of the *Lexicon* as the beginning of a popular and complete course of theology for the hundreds to whom French is familiar, but who are deterred from reading a learned German book.

In some respects, the *Lexicon* is very complete. The Biblical articles, as a rule, are exact, and as copious as the extent of the work allows. The names of Reithmayer, Schegg, Hanneberg, and so many others who have devoted themselves to Biblical studies, are a sufficient guarantee for the orthodoxy and completeness of the articles, which bring together the results of modern research and the treasures handed down from antiquity.

The Canon law receives full treatment in the *Dictionnaire Encyclopédique*. In Germany this branch of ecclesiastical science has flourished during the present century. Phillips, de Moy, and Permaneder, to say nothing of other lesser lights, have contributed precious articles on the principles of canon law, on the modifications which time has introduced, and on the complications arising from the altered relations of modern Europe. The spread of Protestantism, the extension of parliamentary government (in the modern sense of the word), the decline of the monarchical element, the tendency to political atheism or indifference in the philosophy of the day, the programme of modern liberalism—these combined require a new application of the old immutable principles of Church government and legislation. It would be too much to say that, in every instance, the writers in the *Dictionnaire* have guarded themselves successfully against every poisonous influence of modern error; but, generally speaking, the articles on canon law are sound, and, at the same time, comprehensive: principles are main-

tained, and the change of circumstances in the political and religious world is fully allowed for.

By the general reader, the historical part is the portion of the work which will be most frequently consulted—that which deals with the history of the Church, with the Popes, the saints, the religious orders; the enemies of the Church, the sects, the antiquities of the Church, its liturgy, its ritual. On all these topics, the *Dictionnaire* is necessarily compendious; but it will be found to contain a mass of valuable and exact information, excellently arranged, easily accessible. With Bishop Fessler on Patrology, Bishop Hefele on Councils, Döllinger on the Reformation, Jorg, Damberger, Alzog, and many others, on history, the *Dictionnaire* gives the reader all the most valuable results of modern research and criticism.

What the Germans call the Apologetic Theology is also ably treated in this work. Drey and Staudenmaier and Mattes have contributed valuable articles connected with this subject. In England these contributions are the more valuable, because the tone of German infidelity is felt in the literature of England, and the objections which circulate in the Universities of Germany are certain to reappear in an English dress. The writers who undertake the cause of the Catholic Church in England may profitably follow the battle between Catholic truth and modern unbelief in Germany.

Perhaps the part of the book which least satisfies the non-German reader is that in which dogmatic and moral theology is treated. Many able German theologians have toiled to build up the structure of theological science from its foundations. They have introduced a new method, a different order; and the result has been, on the whole, unfavourable to the development of theology in Germany. Alexander of Hales, St. Thomas, and coming down to a later age, Gregory of Valentia, Suarez, de Lugo followed, not servilely, but still followed their predecessors. Where the older writer needed neither correction or addition he was adopted; where his meaning was doubtful, it was commented upon and explained; where he was thought to have erred his opinion was stated, attacked and refuted: if he had omitted any question of importance, it was introduced by one of his successors and argued elaborately. The idea was to complete the science, and probably the world will never see again such keen criticism, such subtlety as may be met with in the writings of the scholastic school. The same may be said in proportion of moral theology: it was a science built up by succeeding generations, and every one in his turn might hope to add a stone to the pile.

This continuity was broken in Germany. Exaggerations in certain cases were held up to ridicule, and finally each writer took upon himself the construction of a perfect system. It is hardly necessary to say that the new systems have not obtained the adhesion of any considerable school; the old system lives in venerable tomes and may at any time resume its hold on the minds of men. The effect on the *Dictionnaire* is that it is weak, comparatively speaking, in those articles where the reader looks for a clear statement of purely theological questions, and a succinct account of the main arguments which divide the great schools of theology. This deficiency is the more to be regretted because in the present age it is most desirable that the Church should be represented

among the laity by men capable of defending the faith. The faith we hold is a treasure : theology is the citadel which protects it. Where the science of theology is feebly maintained the faith is exposed to imminent danger ; and the greatest security, under the grace of God, for the faith of a Catholic community, consists in the diffusion of radical and thorough instruction in theological or catechetical knowledge. What is wanting in this respect in the *Dictionnaire*, the German finds in the *Lehrbuch der Religion*, by Desharbe or by Wilmer.

With this one drawback the *Dictionnaire* will prove a treasure to the student ; and the Abbé Goschler, who died before the completion of the work, has rendered a great service by undertaking so arduous a task—the twenty six volumes are a monument of his courage and constancy.

We trust that before long the enterprising publishers to whom we owe this grand work, will find it necessary to issue an enlarged edition.

THE LIFE OF QUEEN MARIE AMÉLIE.

Vie de Marie Amélie, Reine des Français. Par M. Auguste Trognon. Paris, 1872.

Towards the close of the last century (1785) a group of royal children was gathered round an aged saint to receive his blessing, not as a passing form, but from a mother's desire that the benediction then given should overshadow their future life. That mother, in whose public history there had been so much to deplore, was Queen Marie Caroline of Naples. She fulfilled her duties as parent in a far different manner from what we might expect from her mode of exercising her sway as sovereign ; and in these days of frivolity and doubt, we are consoled to see that a strong minded woman of the world eagerly sought for her family as a protection for their future life the prayers and blessing of a saint. That saint was St. Alphonsus. One of the children kneeling before him was Marie Amélie, the subject of this memoir. She was a precocious child, and probably would never lose the recollection of this scene. We can imagine how in after life she would recall his loving, venerable countenance, and how, in her various sorrows, she would turn with confidence to the canonized saint who on earth had, as it were, taken her under his protection.

According to the custom of the country, Marie Amélie was placed, immediately after her birth, under the care of a lady called an "Asafalta," who had the entire management of her education. This person, named Madame Ambrosio, proved a strict but kind mistress, and, upon principle, trained the little Princess to the practice of humility and gentleness which, on the other hand, the Queen enforced by an undisguised partiality for one of her other daughters, the Princess Marie Christine. About two years after her birth, Amélie had been destined by her mother to be espoused to her nephew, the eldest son of Louis the Sixteenth, then Dauphin of France, but events were to place her as a sovereign in that country under far different circumstances. The horrors of the French Revolution, and the tragical death of Louis the Sixteenth and her aunt, Marie Antoinette, made a lively impression on her, for she was already more serious than is usual at her age, and she made rapid progress in her education. It appears that the daughters of Marie

Caroline never knew all the atrocities that were perpetrated by her authority for the reestablishment of legitimate authority at the end of the eighteenth century. After her removal with the rest of the household to Palermo, the Princess led the same routine of study and piety; but her first sorrow had already visited her, in the death of her brother, Albert, at seven years old, caused by violent seasickness.

In the year 1800, the Queen repaired to Vienna, for the carrying out of political negotiations, and the two years spent there may be counted among the happiest of Amélie's youth. Though now freed from subjection to a governess, she did not withdraw from her system of regularity, and in the journal which she carefully kept there is ample proof of the conscientious adjustment of her time, although she was subject to those temptations which admiration and gaiety may offer. At last, however, the period devoted to family affection amongst her relations in Austria drew to a close. The Queen was unable to draw the Austrian Court into compliance with her designs, and their return to Italy became imperative. Once more settled at Naples, Amélie has again to suffer in her affections on the marriage of her sister Antoinette to the Prince of the Asturias, and from this time she began to share in the Court ceremonies, as well as becoming acquainted with political plans and intrigues. Not very long, however, was she to enjoy this position. In 1806, the encroaching ambition of Napoleon was to drive Ferdinand from the throne, compelling his family to flee once more to Palermo, and again death tried the loving nature of Amélie, by depriving her of first one, then another, of her sisters.

About the year 1808, the Princess Marie Amélie was introduced for the first time to the Duc d'Orleans. There is but slight mention of this interview in her journal, and it is probable that at first neither she nor the Queen were particularly impressed by him. Soon, however, a secret sympathy grew up between him and Amélie, which ended in their marriage, when she was about twenty seven years of age. While the Duc d'Orleans was absent in command of the army at Catalonia, she was confined, and on his return she joyfully presented to him her first-born son, the Duc de Chartres. The years that followed were passed amid family discord between the Duke and the royal family of Sicily, as well as in political troubles, which terminated in the exile of Marie Caroline to the great grief of her daughter. But events were hurrying on which were to bring the Duc d'Orleans more into notice in his own country. In 1814 he received a despatch announcing the restitution of Louis the Eighteenth, and summoning him back to Paris. After paying his homage to the King, he returned to Sicily, to take a final leave of the Court, now reestablished there; and the Duchess of Orleans took a happy farewell of the island which had been indeed her home, but one fruitful in every kind of trial. At Fontainebleau she heard of her mother's death, which overpowered her with grief for a time, but she soon continued her journey. Then, arriving at the Palais Royal, she began her connection with the French Court, full of confidence for the future. It was not long, however, before the return of Napoleon compelled her to flee suddenly, seeking an asylum for herself and children in England. There her husband joined her, and settled the whole family in a pretty house at Twickenham, where they passed two years. It was during her residence there that the battle of Waterloo took place; but in spite of

disquiet on account of the unsettled condition of France, and her sympathy for the French people plunged in the horrors of war, she had much consolation in friendly intercourse with the royal family of England, as well as in the fulfilment of maternal duties. In 1817, she heard from the Duc d'Orléans of the arrangements by which Neuilly became theirs, informing her also that the time had come when she could return to France, since the Government was once more peacefully established.

The public changes which marked the life of the Duchesse d'Orléans after her return to France are too well known to need a recapitulation. We are more disposed to take an interest in penetrating beneath the surface of her external routine, to notice the prudence with which she conducted her children's education, in which her husband left her at liberty to carry out her own plans. She placed implicit confidence in those who were charged with the duties of instruction, to whom she applied the term of "the authorities," so expressive of the complete freedom she allowed to those who occupied this position. Every day "the authorities" and their pupils presented themselves before her, while she gave full attention to every detail that might be brought before her, though she showed equal readiness to give patient audience to any complaint or suggestion that might be made in private. We need not recall the circumstances which combined to raise the Duc d'Orléans to the throne of France. The Duchess accepted her rank as ordered by Divine Providence, but she is reported to have said it would be a crown of thorns that would encircle her brow, for she could not easily forget the fate of the elder branch to whom she was so nearly allied, and she began her reign in fear rather than joy, especially as the revolution which had placed her husband at the head of the nation had shown an enmity against the Church and priesthood which could not fail to fill her mind with apprehension and regret. She filled her position with dignity and grace, winning the respect as well as the affection of those who were brought into contact with her. Still her character rises before us as commendable for the amiability and excellence of her life rather than from any prominent part taken in affairs of State. Her charities were large, but she refused all publicity regarding them. Her good sense did not yield even to the force of maternal love; and when still suffering from the blow inflicted by the death of the Duc d'Orléans, she was consulted as to the most suitable situation for a statue to be erected at Paris—one also being destined for Algiers—she replied, "God knows my respect for the good qualities of my poor son, but I do not consider that he had time to render such service to France as might entitle him to a statue at Paris. At Algiers it is different, for he rendered considerable service there on the field of battle."

In the marriages of her children Queen Amélie showed a strong preference for alliances connecting them with her own family, which we may trace not so much to political bias as to those strong feelings of natural affection which drew her towards even her grandchildren with sentiments scarcely short of maternal. Although not gifted with any remarkable foresight, she interpreted rightly the discontent of 1847, but she had not sufficient influence over Louis Philippe to affect his government, nor to avert the catastrophe of 1848. Up to that point matters grew gradually worse, till the result might be clearly anticipated even by

the most reckless, when the ominous cry of "*Vive la Réforme!*" was heard in the streets. After he was compelled to sign his abdication, Louis Philippe had to make his escape silently and in concealment, accompanied by his wife, and during the week that ensued her one thought was to share the dangers to which her husband was exposed, rather than be separated from him, though she afterwards consented to remain at Grace if necessary for the escape of the King. Finally, they embarked for England in the *Express*, the King passing himself off as an Englishman, the uncle of Mr. Featherstonhaugh, British Consul, when their satisfaction was completed by the information that the Duc de Nemours, the Duc de Montpensier, the Princesses and their children, were safe in England, but there was still cause for anxiety about the Duchesse d'Orléans and her sons.

The King had written to Queen Victoria, telling her that the "Count de Neuilly" was seeking that hospitality which had been so liberally extended to him formerly as Duc d'Orléans, and he received in reply the offer of Claremont as a residence, to which he and his family repaired at once. The welcome which greeted them in England was a most cordial one, and their consolation was enhanced by the joy of meeting once more those of their children who had preceded them. However, their discomfort was great at first, for they had left Paris suddenly, without any of the ordinary conveniences of life, not possessing even a change of apparel. These trials, however, were slight in comparison with their sufferings on hearing the condition of France, Marie Amélie being particularly distressed at the calumnies uttered against her husband. She was also for a time in suspense regarding the Duc de Joinville and the Duc d'Aumale, and even when they rejoined her, her happiness was checked by the decree of their banishment from France, voted by the National Assembly. Louis Philippe and Marie Amélie both derived much happiness from the visits of their daughter, the Queen of the Belgians, who possessed a particularly cheering influence over her father. He seemed to occupy his mind less with the affairs of France than with his own business arrangements, completing carefully the division of his property and the formalities of making his will, then devoting himself to the conclusion of his memoirs. Still there were no apprehensions as to his health, and no one imagined that his life was so nearly approaching its end. In the course of the year 1850 his health visibly declined. He tried the effects of change of air, and left Claremont for St. Leonard's, but it became apparent to all that his days were drawing to a close, so that after his return to Claremont it became the painful duty of the exQueen to warn him that the approach of death was at hand. He received the last sacraments with most edifying disposition from the Abbé Guelle, gave his blessing to those of his family who surrounded his bed, and survived only a few hours. Before two months had elapsed Marie Amélie was again plunged in grief by the death of her beloved daughter, the Queen of the Belgians, but after that she began that routine of daily life which marked her declining years, but which the ties of wife and mother had hitherto rendered more desultory. Still, she retained her taste for change of place and a certain inclination for sightseeing; the death of her husband, also, perhaps made Claremont distasteful to her. Her first journey was to Scotland, with the Prince de Joinville. At first she was charmed with the country, but the frequent absence of the

sun and constant supply of rain somewhat checked her admiration. During the remaining years of her life she made frequent journeys either for health or family duties, but towards the last her attachment to Claremont increased, strengthened by habit and by the memories of former days, and she devoted herself more and more to works of charity and the exercises of religion. In the month of March, 1866, her strength began to decline. She spoke with confidence of St. Joseph as the patron of a good death, and yet she did not seem to have any idea that her end was near at hand. Still she grew weaker, but there was difficulty in prevailing on her to keep her bed. At last she was compelled to do so, but she seemed anxious about seeing her children, and begged to be awakened when they came. This was done, and as they took leave the Princess Marguerite felt that the Queen pressed her hand at parting with more than usual tenderness, saying—"Pray for me." It was some time ere she could fall asleep, complaining of pain in her side. In the morning there was a marked change in her appearance, and she died at last somewhat suddenly. She was in the eighty eighth year of her age. She was buried at Weybridge, by the side of Louis Philippe.

Notices.

1. FATHER LIBERATORE'S *La Chiesa e lo Stato* is a reprint of a number of articles contributed by their learned and highly respected author to the *Civiltà Cattolica*, on what may certainly be called one of the greatest questions of the day—the duty of the State towards the Church in all that concerns her mission for the welfare of souls. They are the work of a sound and trained theologian, who has thoroughly mastered his subject, and, without sparing his opponents, can treat them with courtesy, fairness, and moderation. His work can be safely recommended almost as a manual of the teaching of the Church on this subject, with regard to which so many delusions exist even in the minds of certain Catholics. We are sorry to have to add to these few words of welcome to so valuable a work, the remark that it has been the occasion of a very curious attack upon ourselves. We have no desire to pursue any further the question which we had occasion incidentally to raise in our last number, as to the propriety of attacking, in anonymous letters to newspapers, the orthodoxy of statements put forward by Catholic priests writing with their names. Our remarks will probably be fresh enough in the memory of any one who cares to enter on the subject, and we need not repeat the words in which we expressed ourselves. They have now been represented as raising the far wider question, "How far it can be legitimate for a Catholic writer to allege publicly a charge of doctrinal unsoundness against any theory which certain other Catholics maintain"—and as implying doubts "whether it is in accordance with the Church's spirit and principles, to adduce such a charge otherwise than by way of private appeal to ecclesiastical authority." And then Father Liberatore is quoted as having done the very thing, under the eye of the Pope, which is here said to be censured. Nothing, however, is said as to the fact that what has really been censured was the practice

of anonymous attacks as to doctrine in newspapers, and what was called an appeal to "the secular tribunal of the Catholic press" instead of a charge before an ecclesiastical Superior. We are not going into a fresh controversy on the matter, and we shall make no further remark upon this fresh incident than what is contained in the obvious comment that we neither said nor meant to say anything on the very large and general question of the limits of Catholic controversy in the press. We confine ourselves to the case before us, and we should be sorry to think that the writer to whom we are now referring is prepared to throw his whole weight into the scale in favour of the most unbridled independence of anonymous comment in matters of doctrine. The press is a valuable weapon for the defence of the Church, but every one knows that it is a weapon peculiarly liable to abuse. All those who are labouring in her cause must be anxious to see it saved from such a fate; and if this writer, whether oversensitively or not, has thought that our remarks on the principle in question referred to himself, he must let us inform him that he was mistaken. The only question raised by the writer before us is that of principle, and he will quite understand why we are very glad not to have to speak of anything further. A man may do a thing he has a right to do, and yet may do it either well or ill, fairly or unfairly. But even in principle, and certainly in practice, there is a wide difference between controversy carried on in a recognized organ of Catholic literature, which has a responsible editor, and assisted, though a layman, by censors appointed by authority, and an anonymous charge in the columns of a newspaper, even the editor of which is "not responsible for the opinions expressed by his correspondents," who have no technical restraint but the law of libel. At all events, if this writer sees no difference, we do: and at a time when the Holy Father has so strongly urged on some of his most loyal and valued defenders in the press the necessity of remembering the paramount duty of charity, we shall not make a single remark, if we can help it, which may tend to irritate even the most sensitive susceptibilities. With regard to Father Liberatore, with whom and with whose fellowlabourers in the *Civiltà* we have a bond of union even more close than that which binds other Catholics to them, we feel sure that they will never suppose that, because we have felt it right to complain of what seems to us an excess—imported from Protestant journalism—of the freedom extended to newspaper correspondents, we have had the slightest intention or idea of casting any reflection upon them, or upon the work which they have so nobly performed for the service of the Church.

2. We owe much gratitude to Father Paria, of the Roman College, for having published in four goodly quartos a valuable work of no less a theologian than the famous Cardinal Toletus, which has hitherto only existed in manuscript. The work of which we speak is his *Enarratio in Summam Theologicam S. Thomæ Aquinatis* (Romæ: typis S. Congregationis de Propaganda Fide, 1869). We fear that for the present we shall look in vain for other similar publications, even at Rome. It is one of the most lamentable consequences of any disturbance of the tranquillity of the Church at her headquarters, that sacred learning is sure to suffer and languish, for the want of that impulse which it so much requires from the largehanded patronage of the Popes. These volumes would hardly have found a publisher except at the Propaganda,

and yet they are the carefully revised work of one of the greatest theologians of the post-Tridentine period. If Toletus, Cardinal as he was, has only just succeeded, so to speak, in getting his Lectures on St. Thomas into the daylight, we may be quite sure that a number of valuable works of less distinguished men must be falling to dust in the libraries on the Continent. We have heard of "heaps of manuscript," for instance, of the great Lessius, we think, at Louvain; and it is sad to consider how far behindhand we are, in these days when novels appear by the score every month, and every newspaper and periodical dabbles occasionally in its little bit of lay "theology," both in the serious study of the great masters who have gone before us, and in the care which their labours, as far as they remain to us, deserve at our hands. As we look over the map of Europe, our eyes can rest on few countries in which we can say theological study flourishes. We have made comparatively little progress for a hundred years or so in editions of the Fathers, in Catholic commentaries on Scripture, in Catholic handling of the science of the time, and in sound Church history. As for theology, strictly so called, the theologians of the last century can almost be counted on the fingers, and the consequence is that volunteers of very indifferent capacity have to be accepted as the defenders of orthodoxy. An age of ignorance seems to be setting in—at all events, there is the greatest need of a serious and earnest revival of sound and normal Catholic theology from one end of Europe to the other—while Rome, the citadel and centre of Catholicism, from which the impulse ought naturally to flow, is in the hands of the enemy, whose presence is most felt for the moment in the disturbance which it involves of all those parts of the work of the Church which require tranquillity, length of time, and a considerable command of material resources.

Father Paria tells us that one of the reasons why these very important commentaries on St. Thomas, the result of many years of teaching by their author in the Roman College, have never yet been published, is to be found in the difficulty of decyphering his writing, not so much on account of its badness in itself, as of his frequent abbreviations, the smallness of his hand, and the state in which the manuscript—about which he seems to have taken unusual pains—now is from defects of paper or ink. It must have been a hard task to prepare such a book for the press, but the labour has not been thrown away. These four volumes are a real addition to our theological library. Toletus was one of the first lecturers in his day, and we have now his own carefully prepared summary of those lectures. His method is first to explain the text of St. Thomas, then to explain the commentary of Cajetan on St. Thomas, and lastly to discuss the more difficult questions according to the opinions of the best theologians. Toletus does not mind now and then departing from his author, as for instance in the celebrated question as to Predestination *post prævisa merita*. Here and there he has a word or two which he might have altered, if he had seen the issue of later controversies, on account of such errors as those with which the names of Baius and Jansenius are connected.

3. That the Ritualist party among the Anglicans should desire to have their own *Lives of the Saints* is very natural. They are strong in literary activity, and it is perhaps this that gives them so much more importance in the public mind than their numbers or their influence

warrant. Mr. Baring Gould may not perhaps be a Ritualist—some of his many publications have hardly looked like the production of this school. We can only say that his *Lives of the Saints* (Hodges) appear to be written from the Ritualist point of view. The first volume, which contains the Saints of January, is all that we have yet seen. It seems carefully written, and will certainly do a great deal of good among the coreligionists of its author. Mr. Baring Gould disclaims the idea that his book is meant to supplant Alban Butler, at least he professes to have in view an aim somewhat distinct from that of the good old Catholic writer with whom we are all familiar. Still, a comparison between the two series is almost inevitable. Alban Butler is far more solid and far more learned than Mr. Gould. As was to be expected, Alban Butler is not always equal to himself, but his longer lives, especially those of the old Fathers of the Church, in whose case a considerable knowledge of their works was required in a biographer, are usually extremely good. No doubt, if he were writing now, he would say many things that he has left unsaid, and perhaps unsay a few that he has said, but, on the whole, his work is one of the choicest treasures in English Catholic literature. Mr. Gould is lighter, perhaps more popular; he is less severe in rejecting ancient *Acts*, and thus he gives us some beautiful stories of the Saints which Alban Butler would have omitted. On the other hand, we miss the thoroughly Catholic spirit of the elder writer. Mr. Gould says in his preface—"A priest of the Anglican Church, I have undertaken to write a book which I hope and trust will be welcome to Roman and Anglican Catholics alike." In our opinion, to attempt this is to attempt an impossibility. Mr. Gould may write books on many things which will be welcome to Catholics and Anglicans equally, but they must not be books about doctrines or about ecclesiastical history, or about the Saints of God or about the feasts of the Church. It may be the dream of himself and a few others that, as some people talk of a "common Christianity," so there may exist what may be called a "common Catholicity." We doubt whether any one can live or die in such a dream if he makes himself at all acquainted with realities and truths. Certainly, the lives and actions of the Saints are not very likely either to produce such an illusion or to encourage it. If Mr. Baring Gould goes through his task one of two things will certainly happen. Either he will have to "adapt" the Saints as some of his coreligionists have "adapted" the works of the Saints, or he will have to leave the "East Merton Rectory," from which he dates his preface, and "adapt" himself to the Church to which alone the Saints belong, and to which alone they bear witness.

4. *Louise Lateau*, the Ecstatica of Bois d'Haine (By Dr. Lefebvre. Translated by J. S. Sheppard), is the title of a little volume giving an account of the marvellous phenomena of a stigmatized Ecstatica at Bois d'Haine, in Hainault. The speciality, if we may so say, of the account from which this translation is made lies in the fact that it has been drawn up by a physician who has most minutely investigated all the physical phenomena of the wonderful state into which the Ecstatica passes from time to time. The medical details, however interesting in a scientific point of view, were somewhat wearisome to ordinary readers, and Mr. Sheppard has done very well to omit the greater part of them, valuable as they must be considered, as having established beyond a

doubt the genuine character of the extraordinary phenomena of the case. We can imagine few things more striking than the scene which passes Friday after Friday in the little cottage where Louise Lateau lives with her mother and sisters, and it would seem as if it were in the Providence of God that no age should be without some few such witnesses to that love of our Lord in His Passion for us, which it seems to delight Him to have ever freshly renewed in our memories and in our hearts. No doubt there may sometimes be mistakes as to phenomena of this kind, and there may sometimes be exaggeration and restlessness in the appetite for such wonders. Still, the Church, though cautious, recognizes such things, and they are full of profit to many souls. In these days of selfindulgence and unbelief, we may well attach a special value to such divine visitations, and be thankful for every fresh remembrance of His Cross with which Providence furnishes us. Mr. Sheppard has done his part of the publication well and judiciously.

5. During this month of our Lady many of our readers may be glad to hear of a story book for little people, which may help them to know and love her better. We think they will not be disappointed in *Chats about the Rosary*, which consists of fifteen chapters, each corresponding to a decade of the Rosary, and giving an account of the mystery very prettily. Besides the history thus drawn out, a particular virtue is impressed in a clear and practical manner, while it is illustrated by whatever event in sacred history may be the subject of the mystery under consideration. The conversations that are furnished to draw out the teaching conveyed in the Rosary will assist children greatly in understanding as well as realizing the great truths that are here set forth, at the same time that their interest is kept alive. The style of the book is pleasing, and has a slightly allegorical tone, which may probably attract children of a more advanced age than would otherwise have recourse to this unpretending little volume. Those even who are called upon to instruct youth can gather a hint or two from its perusal. There is scarcely any devotion so calculated as the Rosary to keep up a taste for piety in little children, and we must be grateful for any help in applying its lessons to the daily life of those who already love it in their unconscious tribute to its value and beauty.

6. There are many readers who have an avidity for Irish stories, and who never tire of the humorous descriptions of character for which this style of light literature gives so wide a field. That this should be the case, proves the advantage to society afforded by a variety of tastes, for while there are many whose gifts lie in the direction of lively anecdote, there are also persons who will not look at a book that has the most distant connection with Ireland. We need hardly say that our sympathies do not lie with these last. The two short volumes (*Only Three Weeks*. A Novel, by the author of *Ereighda Castle*. Chapman and Hall, 1872) before us are a happy medium, deserving to meet with a favourable reception from both parties, since they are far removed from the conventional Irish story, although they contain some clever and amusing sketches of Irish peasantry. The character of Norah is fairly well drawn, and the story, upon the whole, sustains its interest, though there is, perhaps, too great a tendency to seek this end by those delineations of human passion to which we have become enured in the novels of the day. As the author of *Only Three Weeks* shows some promise in the rôle

of novelist, we may point out that to create an interest in characters guided by right principle, and to depict, in an engaging style, a high tone of morality and feeling, would do more for wholesome literature than the system of lending our talents to the morbid taste for what deserves condemnation, and then acquitting our conscience by wholesale retribution in the last chapter.

7. We welcome the translation into English of Father Gagarin's book (*The Russian Clergy*. Translated from the French of Father Gagarin, Paris. London: Burns and Oates, 1872), but as we have already had occasion to refer to that work, there remains but small need to comment upon it. We are very glad it has been made accessible to those who could not study it in the original language, and it may clear up many of the false impressions entertained by a certain school in the English Church who are attracted to what is ancient and "orthodox," but who dread at the same time any approach to the Holy See. The class of readers to which we allude are generally keenly alive to the evils forced upon their own Communion by the dictation of Government. Therefore it is as well they should not bestow their admiration upon the Russian Church, in unconsciousness of the extent to which it is in bonds to the State. We have mentioned elsewhere an amusing story of Paul the First of Russia, who determined to say mass in his capacity of head of the Church; and in spite of his mental aberrations, it is a good illustration of the lengths to which the principle of State control might be pushed. However, without thus reducing the whole matter to what is absurd, Father Gagarin's book will, we trust, serve to convince many of the evils that will eventually creep in when a Church, even orthodox in other respects, is severed from the centre of Catholic Unity.

4. *The Virtues of Mary, the Mother of God*, by Francis Arias, S.J., with Preface by Father George Porter (Burns and Oates), is a short but solid work by a great ascetical writer on the virtues of Mary, particularly adapted for the month of May. No one can read Father Arias on the humility, the faith, and the other virtues of our Lady without acquiring a deeper devotion towards the Mother of God. The brief words of Holy Scripture, carefully meditated, fully justify the most ardent client of Mary. Her excellence, her dignity, her place in the scheme of Redemption, her high virtues, proclaim her Queen of Heaven and earth. We cordially recommend this volume.

5. *Pleadings of the Sacred Heart* (Burns and Oates) is a translation of a solid and beautiful little work, which in French has secured the approbation of Mgr. Giraud, Bishop of Rodez, and which appears in English with the recommendation of the Bishop of Kildare and the *imprimatur* of the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin. The thirty three chapters into which it is divided will serve as a new *Mois de Juin*. The examples attached to each meditation seem to be very good and fresh. Perhaps the most valuable portion of the book is the translator's Introduction, which gives a very clear and accurate account of the Devotion to the Heart of Jesus.

[We omit several notices of important books for want of room.]

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THE MONTH.

MAY—JUNE, 1872.

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